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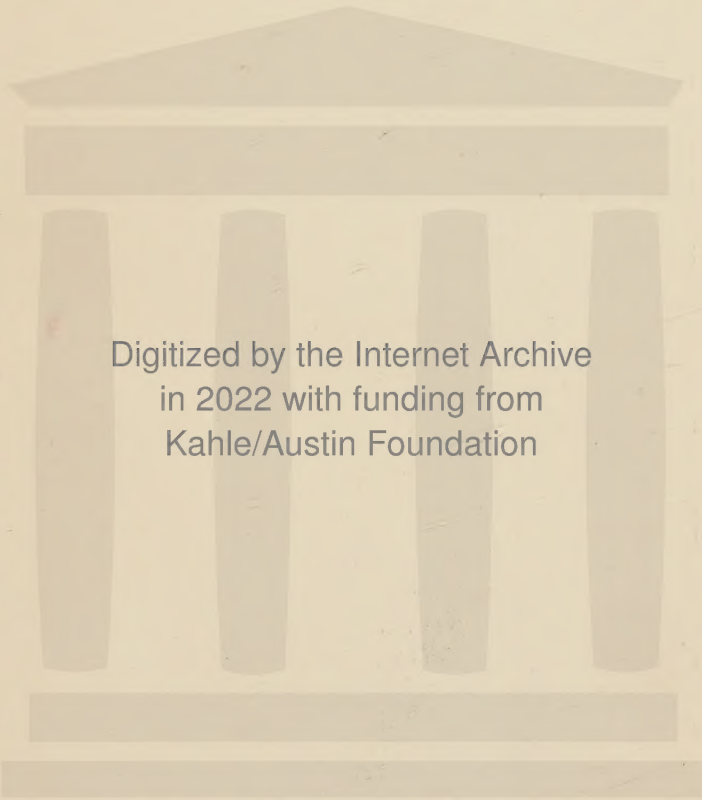






THE DRAMA OF YESTERDAY  
AND TO-DAY





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CLEMENT SCOTT.

*[Elliott & Fry.]*









THE DRAMA  
OF  
YESTERDAY & TO-DAY

BY  
CLEMENT SCOTT

IN TWO VOLUMES  
VOL. II

London  
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# THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY





# THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY

## CHAPTER I

“ ENTER HENRY IRVING ”

How well I can recall it all ! It was evening ! It was late autumn ! It was in the year 1866 ! Yes ; there I was, sitting, all alone, in one of the prettiest rooms contained in the long rambling rabbit warren known as the War Office, Pall Mall, scribbling away at my desk.

In my novitiate days, with “ youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm,” I thought myself lucky to occupy a ground-floor window close to the Pall Mall pavement, where all the swells in London were to be seen ; to watch the familiar faces of the veteran warriors at the “ Rag ” over the way ; and on Levée days to see the grand uniforms passing, and repassing, from the various Service and other clubs, to St. James’s Palace.

We did not, I fear, do much work on Levée Days, or Drawing Room Days, in Pall Mall, and invariably begged the “ Chief ” to send us off to Craig’s Court to Cox and Co., the army agents, or on some feeble excuse to the Horse Guards, where the military side of the War Office then resided—for by this means we got out into

the streets and park ; and, with the joy bells ringing away so gaily, we could feel and understand, with that rhapsody of youth only, which knows no cares or sorrows, the exquisite sensation called "*la joie de vivre*."

But now, with anxious, arduous work at the elbow, it was a welcome change to be removed upstairs to the other side of the building, and to look through a plate-glass window on to the most picturesque corner of Carlton House Gardens, with the grand old Abbey in the immediate background, fringed with tall shadowy trees.

I did not care now to be sent out on any missions, for the hard work of life had begun in earnest for me, and every spare minute was devoted to surreptitious "*copy*" for the various newspapers that I served. On such an evening as this, when I was absolutely at peace, and working away in comfort and silence, I heard a soft knocking at my door.

"Come in !"

In response to my invitation there entered a good-looking, well-preserved man, whom I immediately recognised as Fred Charles, the actor. This genial fellow, like Newcombe of Plymouth, Charles Mathews, and many more of that time, like the Henry Neville and W. H. Kendal of to-day, seemed to have acquired the secret of "*perpetual youth*."

Behind him followed a tall, pale-faced, young man, with a very interesting, earnest face, and a shy, nervous manner.

Said Charles to me, "I have come to introduce you to a comrade of mine, Henry Irving, about whom you have already written some very kind things ; he is anxious to make your acquaintance."

I told Fred Charles, who had acted with Fechter in the "Duke's Motto," and was now at the St. James's Theatre with Irving, that there were few young actors I was more desirous of meeting.

I wanted to congratulate him, personally, on his "Doricourt," with which he opened his new London career on my birthday, on the 6th of October, 1866, at Miss Herbert's Theatre, and to tell him how truly delighted I was with his performance of Rawdon Scudamore in "Hunted Down," written by Dion Boucicault, originally called "The Two Lives of Mary Leigh," when produced at Manchester, but brought up to London at Dion Boucicault's request, in order that Irving should be seen in his clever creation of a down-at-heel spendthrift, a gambling ne'er-do-weel, who bullies his patient, pale-faced wife with relentless cruelty—a part that was excellently played by Ada Dyas.

Walter Lacy was John Leigh, R.A.; Miss Herbert was Leigh's wife, compromised by "the broken-down gambler," Rawdon Scudamore; and Mrs. Frank Matthews, a first-rate representative of lively and comic old women, was Mrs. Bolton Jones.

I am fortunate enough to possess Boucicault's "prompt copy" of "Hunted Down," where I see jotted along the margins all Irving's admirable business.

I shall never forget his last exit, handsome-looking devil as he was, when he scowled at the sad, pale-faced wife, and hissed, "So you have played the game against me! You shall pay dearly for your triumph!"

Clara—an artist's model—prepares to follow her husband, but her friends entreat her to leave him, saying, "The brute will kill you!"

But, with an air of beautiful resignation, Clara replies,

“ No, I thank you kindly. He is my husband. I must follow him. He could not get on without me, *and he loves me sometimes*. I had rather die so than live away from him ! ”

What a life's poem is contained in those words, “ He loves me sometimes ! ” and what will not good women endure for that occasional spasm of affection ? The best of our women love brutes, in the wild hope of that brief interval of absolute devotion, which they long to gain. Affection is comparatively nothing to them. It is part of their nature. The reaction from brutality is everything.

I suppose that we did not quite know why Henry Irving was so good. I for one felt it was something I had never seen before, but I was not experienced enough then, to give my reasons ; it was a strong impression, but little more.

I have thought it all over since, and have arrived at the conclusion that it was the early dawn of strong, natural acting in drama. Irving was one of the very first to break the captive fetters of the artificial school. It was not only that he looked Rawdon Scudamore so well, or dressed the part so correctly, but he seemed the absolute man that Boucicault described. It was not acting as we knew acting then.

In the earlier days of his successful, yet struggling, career, Henry Irving was lucky enough to win the friendship and evoke the artistic enthusiasm of Charles Mathews and his charmingly pretty young wife. The actual introduction was probably made by dear old Mrs. Frank herself, who, together with her husband, had been life-long friends of the irresistible “ Charley.”

In connection with the early struggles of Henry Irving before he came to London, this note from a

Manchester correspondent will be found very interesting :—

"I have said that Irving made his *début* at Manchester a complete stranger.

"He had, however, found a friend in a gentleman well-known in theatrical circles, who had a habit of hiding an abounding warmth of heart under a somewhat cold exterior.

"I well remember Tom Chambers, John Knowles's *Fidus Achates*, saying to me one evening, sitting in his favourite corner in the Theatre Royal Hotel, then conducted by as genial a host and hostess as ever entertained company, 'I should like you to look in some evening. I have engaged a young fellow from Edinburgh, and, if I'm not mistaken, he'll make his mark.'

"Well, good Tom Chambers happily lived to see his prophecy fulfilled.

"The play with which the season of 1860 opened, on the 19th of September, was an adaptation from the French, entitled '*The Spy*,' in which Henry Irving made his first bow in the walking-gentleman's part, *Adolphe*, a young carpenter.

"It was only a one-part piece, all the other characters being mere foils to Michel Perrin, a poor curé, admirably played by Charles Calvert. As an experienced man Mr. Chambers was enabled to detect the latent talent hungering for an opportunity; but to the ordinary theatre-goer there was really nothing in Mr. Irving's impersonation which suggested the historical future in store for the young actor.

"The press sneered at him or damned him with faint praise; but gradually and imperceptibly he grew upon the public as the season grew apace, and almost every



class of drama found a place in the bills, testing the versatility of the company severely, until for playing Slipton Slasher in Mr. Calvert's version of the 'Porter's Knot,' he received the distinction of a severe 'slating,' pointing out his jerky walk, his stiff neck, and his spasmodic elocution, and asking if such personalities were 'Nature's idea of a gentleman.'

"There was great rejoicing on the part of his admirers, of whom he had by this time won over to his side a goodly number, and who followed the progress of their favourite with the greatest interest; for, they argued, 'He has compelled the press to take notice of him.'

"The first time that he succeeded in drawing from the critics unstinted praise was in October, 1861, when he played Dombey in John Brougham's version of the novel.

"It was, indeed, a mimetic performance upon which too much praise could not be lavished. He was the relentless Dombey of Dickens, whose god was wealth, and whose boy's death turned his heart to stone. Soon after he found a congenial, but totally different, part as Cornelius Nepos, a raw collegian, in the 'Dead Letter' of a local author, Mr. W. S. Hyde.

"Another part which brought him still further to the front was Prince Gonzagues, in the 'Duke's Motto,' in which he portrayed the quintessence of a gentlemanly villain; and then, to show that astounding versatility that has drawn forth the critic's remark, 'there are distinctly two Irvings—Irvings the comedian in its broadest sense, and Irving the tragedian,' he would, after making his sonorous voice as Bassanio entrance his audience, treat them to Robert Macaire or Jeremy Diddler.

"I often wonder, when the news of the constant recurrence of his successes reaches me, slightly altering an 'Umpire' ballad, if, in—

" 'That blessed spring-time of life  
He dreamed of the glad, sunny summer,  
Unmarred by tempestuous strife,  
That high youthful hope and ambition  
Would sketch of the glorious time,  
When up to the pathway of roses  
The ladder of fame he should climb,'

he ever thinks of that little coterie who used, at Horatio Webb's hostelry, to welcome his visits to them; how they encouraged him and helped him in various ways?

"Will he have forgotten the memorable tercentenary celebration of the 'Titans,' and the crowning of the Bard's bust; or fun at the rehearsals for the Davenport Brothers' exposure; and, lastly, the great benefit at the Free Trade Hall, attended by 4,000 enthusiastic admirers, by that time no longer to be counted on your fingers?

"I venture to stake my judgment that they are before him in his mind's eye just as clearly as they are in mine. To me, they might only have occurred a few weeks back."

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews lived in Pelham Crescent, Brompton, a few doors removed from the Keeleys; whilst old Frank Matthews and Mrs. Frank owned a delightful little one-story cottage, standing in a pretty garden, in Linden Grove, Bayswater.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank were always pretending to "nag" at one another, as they were, as a rule, compelled to do on the stage—the old lady pretended



that Frank was dreadfully extravagant, and he insisted on the other hand that she was outrageously stingy, and did not allow him sufficient pocket money when he went out to dine or play whist at the Garrick. In reality, this childless "cosy couple" were the very dearest friends on earth.

Thanks to my ever-good and affectionate friend, George Rose, to whom the Charles Mathews were extremely attached, I was fortunate enough to obtain an introduction to this invaluable theatrical society, and to have my early acquaintanceship with Irving cemented into friendship and esteem.

If he were the dramatic Johnson, I was very pleased to be his critical and biographical Boswell.

Not only was I introduced to the Charles Mathews, but I had good luck enough to be included very often in those famous dinner parties in Pelham Crescent, or Linden Grove, or Thurloe Place, where dwelt Lady Atkinson, a somewhat eccentric old person, the mother of Mrs. Gowing, who was in turn the first wife of "Walter Gordon," then in the stock company of the Haymarket Theatre, the most amiable and good-natured of men, and the best and most loyal of friends.

Those were jolly days indeed! Life seemed to have no care. I lived in a diminutive room with a cupboard in it for a bed, in some chambers in Bruton Street, Berkeley Square. I was fairly feeling my feet in light literature and journalism, writing verses to some lovely lady living "over the way," contributing to *Fun* every week and looking forward most of the time to the welcome Sunday dinner party, where care and disappointment, if suggested, were speedily forgotten; where spite and jealousy never entered; and where the

brightest and wittiest men, and women, vied with one another, in recounting good stories over the hospitable board, or singing to us in the drawing-room after the convivial feast was over.

It was a slice of luck indeed that I managed to tuck my young legs so early in life under these famous mahogany trees. Whenever there was a vacant place for one, and dear Mrs. Charley asked who should sit in it, her husband generally said: "Oh, ask the boy; he is such a good listener, and it does one good to hear him laugh. He knows how to hold his tongue, and he knows how to listen as well."

Your experienced raconteur likes a good listener.

Some one at my side hints that the "art of silence" has become slightly broken in the mist of years; and she is apt to describe how this same "good listener" of 1866 returned home from a brief visit to the seaside in 1898 radiant, and beaming with happiness.

"Why, you look as if you had been at the seaside for a month, dear," was the greeting I received on arriving home. "Do you feel well?"

"Well? Well? 'Well' is not the word for it, I never felt so fit in my life!"

"What on earth has happened in these few hours? You left London a worn and jaded man?"

"What has happened? Well, I'll tell you what has happened! Yesterday was Sunday! I set off at nine o'clock in the morning with three men for a twenty miles drive, we lunched at ——, and did not get back again until ten at night."

"Was that all, dear?" asked a gentle voice.

"All? No, that was nothing! But look here, when we started not any of my companions had heard a single one of my stories."

“No wonder you look well, dear! The chest is evidently relieved. I understand now.”

And I fancy I heard a deep drawn sigh.

Charles Mathews was a model but most original host. It was his custom to sit down to dinner and take the head of the table in his dressing gown, smoking cap, and slippers. I suppose he donned evening clothes so frequently on the stage that he was sick to death of them.

He gave his guests the best that could be provided,—simple fare, but the very choicest of its kind; but then, as regards his own tastes and mode of life, a simpler man never breathed.

He had absolutely no palate. Fish, flesh, or fowl it was all the same to him. He could not tell a good glass of wine from a bad one; and as to cigars he has often told me that he would as soon smoke a “penny pickwick” as the best “Henry Clay” that could be procured.

“What does it matter, my dear boy, as long as it draws?”

They used to tell a story of him, when he had no faithful “Mrs. Charley” to look after him, that at his own table one of the guests clutched the arm of another who was helping himself to wine—it must have been Benjamin Bond Cabbell—as he whispered: “Not out of that bottle, for God’s sake! That is Charles Mathews’s wine. Take it out of that decanter. It is my wine. I brought it myself!”

Here, on these Sundays of Sundays, sacred to friendship and good fellowship, I met several celebrated characters who linked the then present with the past.

First, the veteran James Robinson Planché, who as a

boy had seen the London illuminations for the Peace of Amiens in 1801, and had been acquainted with all the great actors and actresses and literary men and women of the century, including Mrs. Jordan, John Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons. In point of fact he was born in Old Burlington Street on the 27th of February, 1796, and died on the same day that George Honey departed this life, on the 28th of May, 1880.

Planché was, when I first knew him, a little bent, bowed, and shrivelled old gentleman, who in a second could twist his features so as to resemble a chattering monkey. He was one of the old school of good manners, obviously a courtier, and at times a veritable "pocket Polonius."

Having been all through the Vestris, Covent Garden, and Lyceum campaigns with Charles Mathews, he was necessarily a "persona grata" at Pelham Crescent; and I sat absolutely spellbound at his wonderful recollections of kings, princes, artists, actors, and musicians. His memory was always faultless, and his anecdotes inexhaustible.

One of his last theatrical engagements was as decorative and dress adviser to Mrs. John Wood when she started an admirable series of revivals of the old classic comedies at the St. James's Theatre; and his final effort in the way of burlesque was for a Christmas drawing-room entertainment organised and arranged by "Mrs. Charley," in Pelham Crescent, at which I was present.

He also is at rest with so many of his—and, alas! my—old friends in Brompton Cemetery.

Palgrave Simpson was another of the marvellous old men of that time, and, being the devoted comrade of Walter Gordon, was always to be found at one or other of these celebrated dinners. He came of a well-known

Norfolk family—the black Palgraves—was a graduate of Cambridge University, and a confirmed bachelor.

He must have been a wonderfully handsome man in his youth ; and I used to weave a little romantic story around his good-looking head, in which a bitter love disappointment in his early days had broken his kindly heart—for he never married, and he lived alone all the time I knew him in a charming little house in Alfred Place, West Brompton, the front of it twined and wreathed with creepers ; and it was only when he adopted clever Jack Clayton as his son, and took under his safe wing his dramatic interests, that the pretty home was completely furnished and rendered habitable. The Sunday breakfasts at dear old “Pal’s,” in Alfred Place West, were things to be remembered.

In this little house he wrote his plays, magazine articles for “Blackwood,” and light literary work of every kind and description. He had travelled a good deal, was familiar with almost every sort of foreign literature, and, being an extremely liberal man, was the first to encourage us all in our love for the French, German, and Italian stage. One of old Palgrave’s eccentric notions was that he had lived before, and knew every detail of his former existence. “I was once the King of Sweden,” he said to me, in sober earnestness ; and then he described his court, the courtiers, and nothing would shake him from the idea that he once wore a crown.

And when we asked him what he would be in the next transition, he would reply,

“Lawk a mussy, I don’t know. Perhaps a woman !”

When the fight first began for free trade in art Palgrave Simpson was our boldest champion, and he transfused his lifelong enthusiasm into such clever youngsters as Herman Merivale, Lewis Wingfield, and



his adopted "Jack." A popular member of the Garrick and the Athenæum, he was decidedly in the movement.

They nicknamed him the "benevolent brigand," a joke of Leigh Murray's, who laughed so loudly over the fact that the "brigand," who passed his window in the Brompton Road every day, invariably distributed pennies to importunate beggars, that Leigh burst a "quinzy," sent for the "benevolent brigand" and accepted, as well as played in, Palgrave's first play, named "Poor Cousin Walter."

Dear old "Pal" remained young as long as nature would allow him to do so : he adored the society of the youthful and the merry ; he was a delightful specimen of a cheery, clever old man ; was our companion on many a summer's holiday when he and the Bancrofts travelled to the Kaltbad on the Righi or the Engadine ; became the Secretary of the Dramatic Authors' Society in succession to Sterling Coyne, and "passed over into the sunshine," after a long, industrious, and honourable life, regretted and mourned by innumerable friends.

Old Buckstone of the Haymarket, Ben Webster of the Adelphi, and Ruth Herbert came to these Sunday parties in Pelham Crescent ; and a constant visitor was Augustus Spalding, who to-day does not look a year older than he did in 1867. In addition to others we met Joseph Jefferson here for the first time, and every "star" in fact who might be shining in the theatrical firmament.

It was amongst this delightful crowd that I listened with delight to the jovial, happy laugh, and incomparable stories of Edmund Yates. It was in the midst of this brilliant assembly that we screamed and roared over the droll witticisms and repartee of Henry James Byron. It was at these gatherings that we were en-

chanted with delightful music from Signor and Madame Arditì, and that gifted artist Ferdinand Wallerstein; and here too came the most popular of the younger guests, Harry Montague, the "squire of dames," and, as I before said, Henry Irving, beaming with intelligence, and even then somewhat of a "man of mystery."

He lived in humble lodgings in Quebec Street, Portman Square, just opposite the chapel; and we all knew in our hearts that he was destined to make a mark some day or other.

When once Henry Irving had made his first start, he never went back. At one time, he may have lacked energy, and allowed things to drift a bit; but he has never played a part of any kind, to my recollection, successful or unsuccessful, to which he did not devote himself heart and soul, body and brain.

He was always on the upward grade. When he had ended his career at the St. James's Theatre under Miss Herbert, where from the beginning he was stage manager, he passed on to the Queen's Theatre in Long Acre, once owned by Henry Labouchere, but since destroyed. Here again Henry Irving was ever in the front.

At the St. James's Theatre from the 6th of October, 1866, to November, 1867, he had been working hard, and most successfully.

After his creation of Rawdon Scudamore, he never rested on his oars. He played Harry Dornton in "The Road to Ruin"; he appeared as The O'Hooligan in Robertson's disastrous failure, "A Rapid Thaw" ("Le Dégel"), which was really a terrible "frost" for every one concerned in the unfortunate play.

He gave us a very admirable reading of Joseph Surface in "The School for Scandal," taking up the

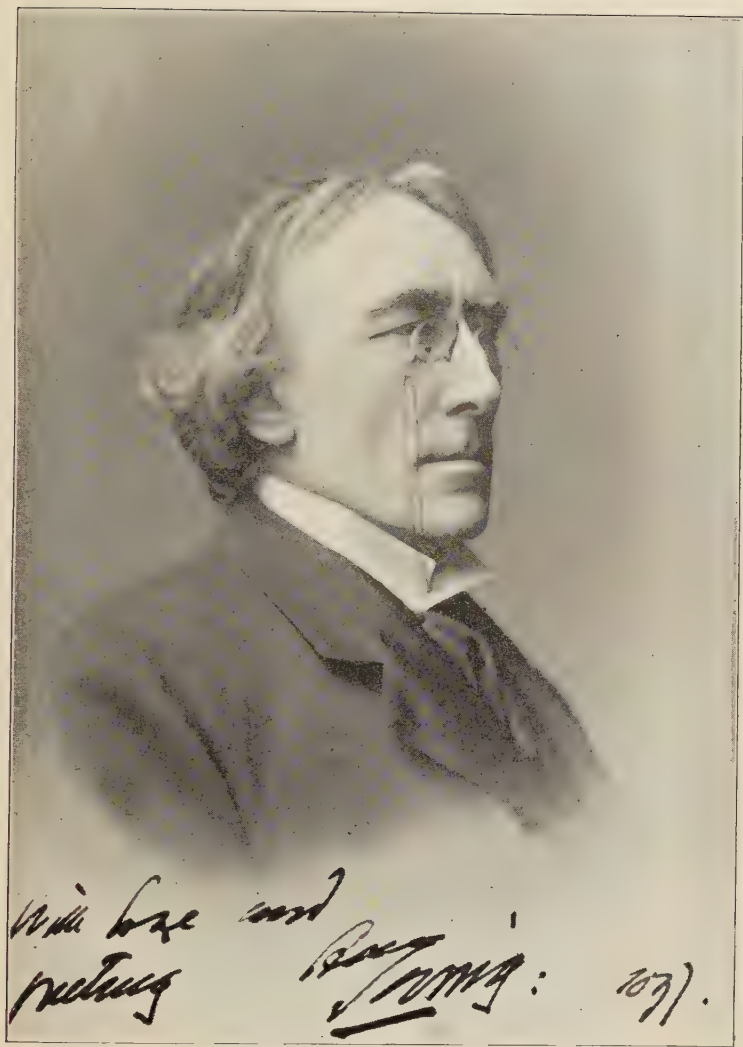


Photo by]

SIR HENRY IRVING.

[Window & Grove.





line, on which I have ever insisted, that Joseph Surface is not a tragedian gone silly, as the actors of old, particularly Charles Creswick, were determined he should be; but a good-looking light comedian, as young, as modern, and as up to date as his brother Charles; but a hypocritical, plausible fellow, as compared with the reckless dare-devil, spendthrift.

Until Irving took up Joseph Surface, the brother of Charles, was, according to stage tradition, a prig in a wig; but he made of him a handsome, cynical, sensuous, seductive betrayer of women, by means of his brain and his artifice.

When I was young, the ex-tragedian, the bad tragedian, the tragedian who had failed, was invariably cast for Joseph Surface. He was a mass of stage trick and artifice.

Now, Irving tried his best to make him a bit of the youthful eighteenth-century blade or buck, as young as Charles, but of a totally opposite temperament. Sir Oliver's trial of the two nephews is incomplete and ridiculous if Charles Surface is played by a bright, gay, *débonnaire*, fascinating comedian, and Joseph is relegated to the sententious barn stormers who have failed as Hamlet or Othello.

The view that Henry Irving took of Joseph Surface was subsequently followed by John Clayton at the celebrated James and Thorne revival of Sheridan's immortal play at the Vaudeville—perhaps the best Joseph Surface that the present generation has seen.

If I were to cast the "School for Scandal" to-morrow I could not find a better Charles than Charles Wyndham, or to my mind a more ideal Joseph Surface than Beer-bohm Tree. Temperament has, after all, a great deal to do with casting plays.

Admirably and artistically as John Hare played the Gay Lord Quex, the character by temperament and manner belonged more, I think, to Beerbohm Tree.

It was at the St. James's Theatre that Henry Irving first played Robert Macaire in London, a part that he intensely loved. Fechter gave us the traditions of the great Frédéric Lemaître, and the best stage version of the old play that has ever been seen in England, notably the conclusion where Robert Macaire when shot falls backwards down a staircase into the arms of his son—an invention, I think, of Charles Dickens.

But there was much more splendid and grim humour in the Robert Macaire of Irving than that of Fechter—Fechter gave us the fantastic comedy, Irving the tragic humour.

Then came Count Falcon in "*Idalia*," taken from one of Ouida's novels—another dreadful St. James's failure—an evening of mishaps, brilliantly related by Charles Wyndham, who was in the cast with Irving.

Accidentally, some water had been spilt on a rustic bridge, over which various characters had to pass. The water became frozen, and as each of the important people crossed the bridge, he or she slipped, slid, sprawled, and finally came to grief, much to the delight of the audience. Amongst the "trippers" were Henry Irving and Charles Wyndham.

The frozen pool sealed the fate of "*Idalia*."

One, however, of Miss Herbert's successes, so far back as 1863, was a version by George Roberts (Robert Walters) of "*Lady Audley's Secret*," by Miss Braddon. Irving appeared as Robert Audley when it was revived later on.

Miss Herbert made one of her most remarkable

successes as Lady Audley. Frank Matthews was the original Luke Marks.

Shall I ever forget his "Good night, Peter! Good night, Jack! Good night, Ebenezer!" all in a different tone of voice, as one by one the labourers filed out of the village public house? The original Robert Audley—to which Irving succeeded—was Arthur Stirling, who made a great hit here when he came from Bristol, where he was a member of the stock company playing in Arthur Sketchley's "Dark Cloud," and both Miss Cotrell and Ada Dyas were at their best as Alice Audley and Phœbe.

Irving's list of successes at the St. James's includes Charles Arundel in "My Aunt's Advice," Harry Thorncote in "Only a Clod," Charles Torrens in "The Serious Family," Charles Mowbray in "A Tale of Proceda," Ferment in "The School of Reform," and Felix Featherley in "A Widow Hunt."

It was in this last-named play that we first saw the strongest comedian of our time, John Sleeper Clarke, who played Major Wellington de Boots. He had previously for six or seven years fulfilled annual star engagements in New York, comprising one hundred nights consecutively each season, applauded by large audiences, and encouraged by remarkable encomiums from all the best critics of the American metropolis. One of them, George William Curtis, after witnessing his "Farmer Ashfield" ("Speed the Plough"), and "Toodles," wrote in *Harper's Weekly*, in the course of a lengthy essay upon his acting, the following:

"Mr. Clarke is a dramatic artist of unquestionable genius. He is a comic actor; but it is not genteel comedy, nor broad comedy, nor grotesque comedy, nor

farcical comedy that he plays, but joyous comedy; joyous, elegant, and intellectual, and of the most delicate, sensitive, pure humour. The purity of his comedy is as remarkable as the same quality in Dickens or Washington Irving. It is not clouded with a moral purpose; it is fun for the sake of fun; but so human that the moral effect is sure. With his shrewd instinct, infinite play of humour, intellectual perception, and natural elegance, Mr. Clarke is a comedian of the best and purest school, and by far the finest artist that has been seen upon these boards since Rachel."

It was during one of his English provincial tours, that, in consequence of the sudden indisposition of the actor allotted the rôle of "Zekiel Homespun," John S. Clarke found it imperative to take upon himself, on the same night, Zekiel as well as Pangloss. Owing to the favourable reception of the enforced experiment, Mr. Clarke "doubled" these parts throughout the tour.

"Mr. J. S. Clarke," wrote the *Scotsman*, "tried the expedient—a very daring one from an artistic point of view—of doubling his well-known impersonation of Dr. Pangloss, in Colman's 'Heir at Law,' with the very different one of Zekiel Homespun in the same comedy. Mr. Clarke's merits as a comic actor are many, and his dual impersonation of last night proves that he may rank versatility amongst them. His reputation has been won by the elaboration he has given to strongly-marked characters—the wealth of humorous expression he has infused into them, largely by his play of feature and peculiar vocal inflections. These are, it is true, mannerisms, but they are mannerisms which give distinctive force and drollery to his impersonations. He

has, however, now given proof that he possesses other and independent resources. His conception of Pangloss is original. He must have played the part some hundreds of times since he last essayed it in Edinburgh; but he threw himself into it last night with as much zest as ever, and provoked continual laughter from a house surprisingly large considering the counter attractions. His Zekiel furnished a wide contrast to the artificial demeanour of the tutor. Zekiel is an honest, warm-hearted, thoroughly countrified fellow, speaking with a strong accent, and more than all thoroughly unselfish. All the phases of this part were delineated with such fidelity, facility, and appropriateness of manner that it was difficult for the audience to realise the exponent to be the same as that of Pangloss. There were, indeed, touches of pathetic expression such as could hardly have been looked for from an actor whose chief forte lies in comedy, that added great force and truth to the performance."

On Mr. Clarke's return to London, he sustained the dual impersonation at the Strand with unmistakable success, as is well remembered.

John S. Clarke came out in London in October, 1867, at the St. James's Theatre. There he was complimented upon his performances by Lord Lytton (Bulwer) and Charles Dickens, and their voices were but two of many personages. His Bob Acres is far and away the best I have ever seen; his Dromio of Syracuse ("Comedy of Errors") will always be remembered with admiration. I remember writing as follows about his sketch of Newman Noggs:

"Dickens in a dramatic nutshell. This is surely the correct description of the vivid and powerful little



sketch which professes to skim the cream of the famous novel of 'Nicholas Nickleby,' and to present it—all episode, incident and situation—in the short space of an hour. It is but the veriest trifle, the merest bagatelle, a summer thistledown of humour, a quick lightning flash of serious interest; and yet how many dramas of greater pretence lack this one strong element of humanity, which the episodic sketch in three tableaux unquestionably contains?

"It says much for the unknown dramatist, and much more for the soundly dramatic Dickens, that it is possible to move an audience quickly and suddenly to laughter and applause by the power of this unfinished sketch. Yet we get the laughter and feel the interest. The cruel avarice of Squeers; the heartrending misery of the children entrusted to his care; the bold, heroic, manly front of Nicholas when he wrests the cane from the oppressor's hand, and thrashes him in the presence of his scholars; the pathetic isolation of Smike and the ever-presence of the avenger, poor broken-down semi-inebriate Newman Noggs, are felt, and acutely felt, by all who witness the little play, which may be a heresy in the eyes of the admirers of Dickens, but is at any rate a leaflet well illustrated, and dictated to a true, honest, and wholesome cause.

"Mr. John S. Clarke has evidently made a careful study of the inner nature of Newman Noggs. He is no buffoon, the central figure of an impossible and incomprehensible play, a mere vehicle for getting a laugh at any cost and at all hazards. Far otherwise. It is in its way one of the most serious things that this curiously versatile comedian has hitherto attempted.

"Newman Noggs comes upon the stage the wretched wreck of a good man, the palsied counterfeit of his

former self. The twitching of his fingers, the nervous irritability patent in his frame, the muscular contortions of his woe-begone face, show the disaster that drink has caused. But the brain is not yet gone. There is a light still left in this darkened cottage of the soul ; we who watch the wreck feel that there is hope.

"It is in the denunciation of his old oppressor, Ralph Nickleby, that Mr. Clarke most thoroughly gets at the sympathies of his audience. There has not been time to tell all that poor Noggs has endured, but the actor has conveyed much in a marvellous short space ; and, taken as a whole, it is an all too brief but very interesting performance, pitched in the right key, and with no false notes to jar upon the most sensitive ear."

John S. Clarke as an actor had strength, virility, and absolutely magnetic power. With his mobile face, his marvellously quick changes of expression, his rare intensity and his splendid humour, he was within an ace of being a great tragedian. His impersonation of Tyke, in which part he made his audiences smile and shed a tear at will, is not likely to be forgotten.

As the noted critics' opinions of Mr. Clarke's early essays in London are in accordance with my own, I shall transcribe a few brief extracts from their written articles and verbal observations.

John Oxenford concludes a eulogistic notice in *The Times* with these remarks :

"An actor who can play Tyke and Major de Boots, and produce a sensation in both, is an unquestionable acquisition to the London stage."

Desmond Ryan wrote in the *Standard* :

"After performing the eccentric, not to say extravagant, part of Major de Boots, it might have been

thought an act of presumption in Mr. Clarke to assume for his second essay on the London stage the character of Tyke. That he has succeeded, proves Mr. Clarke to be a performer of superior talent."

Charles Dunphie said in the *Morning Post* of Mr. Clarke's performance of Tyke at the Haymarket Theatre :

"If there be upon the London stage any performance more profoundly pathetic than the Tyke of Mr. J. S. Clarke in Morton's old play of 'The School of Reform,' we have yet to learn its name. That an artist chiefly celebrated for his achievements in comedy should have attained such excellence in a tragic character is assuredly a fact which deserves attention at a time when the decay of histrionic art is a theme of universal lamentation. Though he had been born in Leeds, the American actor could hardly have mastered the Yorkshire dialect more completely. He is 'York' all over, and not in language merely, but also in all particulars of look, manner, and expression. In the greatest situation of the play, that when the interest reaches a most pathetic climax, and the conscience-stricken felon—recalling the remembrance of his father on the sea-shore—is maddened by the sense of guilt, and convulsed by the pangs of intolerable remorse as by some deadly malady, what especially excites admiration is the masterly combination of perfect grace with intense and overwhelming passion."

Dutton Cook thus bestows praise upon Mr. Clarke's personification of the tragic rôle of Tyke :

"He earned the applause of the audience. He has fairly mastered the country dialect of the part, and avails himself skilfully of the opportunities for dramatic display it affords. In the situations of the comedy that most trench upon melodrama he was occasionally very powerful."

This is an extract from a criticism in the *New York Albion*, by the gentle American poet, and masterly dramatic critic, William Winter :

"Bob Tyke, in 'The School of Reform' may be seen at the Winter Garden, to-night, and, I presume, for many nights to come ; and, once seen, it will not soon be forgotten. It is a remarkably strong and truthful and affecting effort in art, at once revealing—as by a lightning flash—the secret of Mr. Clarke's power. That secret is profound sensibility. I have before expressed a suspicion to this effect. Now, the time gives it proof. His success in Bob Tyke is perfect and memorable. The character is a singular but natural blending of the lights and shadows of virtue and vice. The poor fellow is naturally good hearted and honourable ; but, tempted by the peer, he assists in that little rascality of the desertion of wife and son, and accepts a golden reward. The possession of money leads him into betting and gambling at horse races, whereby he loses everything, and becomes a thief and a wretch. He is transported, but ultimately returns to England, where he is once more brought into contact with the peer, just as the fortunes of the latter are reaching a climax. His reform is brought about by the influence of filial affection, reawakened in his heart by an encounter with his father, whom he had supposed to be dead. In the third act the reformed criminal appears in the garb of respectability, a happy, hopeful man. Mr. Clarke presents these two aspects of character and experience with fidelity to nature, and with alternate pathos and passion and humour. His costume, his facial expression, his play of gesture are marvellously perfect. In two points he attains to tragic excellence ; in his interpretation of mingled despair and reckless agony,

as shown in Tyke's narrative of his transportation, and in his interpretation of horror-stricken filial affection on recognising the father whom he had robbed, and of the conflict of dejection and hope in the sinner's mind when bidden by that father to take refuge in prayer. In these passages Mr. Clarke's acting evinced that genius which intuitively reads the heart, and that skill which bespeaks the conscientious, earnest, and faithful artist. His management of the scene with Ferment, wherein the latter apprehends him, is also peculiarly free and graphic and striking. Altogether his personation ranks with the best that have been seen upon our stage for many years."

J. R. Planché said in my hearing :

"I have seen about all the actors of Ollapod ('The Poor Gentleman'), including Fawcett the original; and I consider John S. Clarke's rendering of the character superior to any player I have witnessed in it."

Walter Lacy pronounced Mr. Clarke's Doctor Pangloss ("Heir-at-Law") "the best I ever saw, and I've seen most of them."

Celia Logan, a clever authoress and actress, wrote in the *New York Dispatch* :

"Charles Reade told me that to see Clarke merely walk across the stage was more amusing than to see any other comedian play a whole part through."

John A. Heraud wrote in the *Illustrated London News* :

"So minute are the touches, so consistent each with the whole, so decided the delineation, and so well pronounced the idea which gives life to Mr. Clarke's acting, that the spectator is at once satisfied that in it he has all that study and skill can bestow on the representation of the character assumed. His Pangloss is a marvel—his De Boots a miracle; and the reader may be safely left



to define the two words so as to make what difference he pleases in the meaning, or shade of meaning, between the terms in question."

John S. Clarke was a star actor of both hemispheres for three decades, with as great drawing power as I have ever known, for many years crowding, at intervals, by his individual charm, the Haymarket, Strand, Adelphi, and other London theatres. He married a sister of Edwin Booth, and both of his sons—Creston and his younger brother—adopted the stage as their profession, and have won enviable positions.

John S. Clarke in his earlier career played in America every leading comic character in the acting plays of Shakespeare, Falstaff excepted. He quietly withdrew from the stage over a dozen years ago; and since about twenty years of his life have been associated with the English theatres, I have compiled a list of some of the contrasted characters he has acted in London:

Acres ("The Rivals"), Haymarket, Vaudeville, and Charing Cross Theatres.

Brown ("Neighbour's Wife"), Strand, Charing Cross, Opera Comique.

Beetle ("Eloped"), Strand.

Johnnie ("Cousin Johnnie"), Strand.

De Boots ("A Widow Hunt"), St. James's, Strand, Haymarket, Adelphi.

Dromio of Syracuse ("Comedy of Errors"), Strand, Opera Comique.

Graves ("Money"), Haymarket.

Gosling ("Fox *versus* Goose"), Strand, Holborn.

Joe ("Rough Diamond"), Strand, Olympic.

Jones ("Among the Breakers"), Strand, Haymarket, Adelphi, Opera Comique.

Dove ("Married Life"), Haymarket.



Noggs ("Nicholas Nickleby"), Strand.

Ollapod ("The Poor Gentleman"), Strand.

Pangloss, Strand, Haymarket, Adelphi, Olympic

Paul Pry, Strand, Haymarket.

Red Tape ("Red Tape"), Haymarket, Adelphi, Olympic.

Dimple ("Leap Year"), Haymarket.

Zekiel Homespun ("Heir-at-Law"), Strand.

Roger ("Frolique"), Strand.

Salem Scudder ("Octoroon") Princess's.

Asa Trenchard ("American Cousin"), Strand.

Toodles, Strand, Haymarket, Adelphi.

Tyke, St. James's, Haymarket.

Waddilove ("To Parents and Guardians"), Strand.

Before I take leave of "A Widow Hunt" at the St. James's, where, in addition to John S. Clarke as the immortal Wellington de Boots, we saw Henry Irving and Ada Cavendish as Mr. and Mrs. Featherley, Eleanor Bufton as Mrs. Swansdown, and Miss Larkin, as Mrs. Major de Boots, it may be recorded that the play by Stirling Coyne had been previously acted as "Everybody's Friend" at the Haymarket in 1859.

It is with sincere sorrow that I have to record the death of the above admirable artist, John S. Clarke. The sad event occurred on Sunday night, September 24, 1899, as this volume was passing through the press. It was quite unexpected, and was due to heart failure following an attack of bronchitis and congestion of the lungs.

I have frequently been asked if at the outset the critics, and the public generally, recognised the great merit and ability of the "coming king" of the English stage, Henry Irving.

Candidly I do not think they did! The stage had grown old fashioned, and so had some of the critics. Enthusiasm was out of their line, they were content to let things slide. If the stage was asleep, they were not indifferent to a doze either.

It was in private and artistic circles that the young actor was mostly talked about: it was there that we heard, "Mark my words, that young man will become famous." Prominent amongst such enthusiasts were Charles Mathews and Charles Dickens, and that earnest and devoted patron of the play, the kind-hearted Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

For my own part I can honestly say that I received very little encouragement at the start from influential editors when I went out of my way to allude to the capability of this or that performance by the actor of the future.

They had a literal horror of enthusiasm, and a distrust of superlatives. The "jog-trot" method suited them best. If I talked of some character-painting as "fine," I was gravely told that I could not use a stronger adjective if I were criticising a David Garrick or an Edmund Kean.

Repeatedly when I spoke of Rawdon Scudamore or Bob Gassett or Bill Sykes or Robert Redburn I was met with the deprecatory, "Dear me! Who on earth is Henry Irving? I never heard of him."

It seemed at that time to be impossible that any one could be an actor of talent who had not been before the London public for a course of years. And yet Henry Irving went through the mill with a very severe training in the provinces. Reputations are made far more quickly now than in the sixties. Years of toil then: a night of success now.

From the St. James's, Irving transferred his services to the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, in December, 1857.

In this playhouse he found an admirable and most congenial company. It was here that he first met and acted with Ellen Terry before she temporarily retired from the stage. Here he laid the foundations of a lifelong and beautiful friendship with that dearest and best of all good men—Johnny Toole.

Here he had as faithful companions Lal Brough, one of the cleverest and largest hearted of a noble "band of brothers," containing Bob Brough, the brilliant writer of the radical "Songs for the Governing Classes," father of our delightful Fanny Brough, an actress who in her line it would be difficult to beat; and William Brough, the dramatist, and John Brough, the scientist.

The Broughs have done their full share in giving glory to the stage, and literature, and journalism; and "Lal Brough," the comedian, has naturally enough dedicated his clever children to the calling that he himself has so conspicuously adorned.

Here again, at the Queen's Theatre, Irving met Charles Wyndham, a young actor of enormous promise and ability, justifying the praise of those who knew, and prophesied, that he would rise to the very topmost height of his profession. On the opening night of the New Queen's Theatre, on the 24th of October, 1867, Charles Wyndham made the hit of the evening as Colonel Dugardin in Charles Reade's "Double Marriage" (*Le Château de Grantier*), which, however, was a failure.

Here also by Irving's side was "Jack" Clayton, who began his interesting career as the rawest of raw amateurs and veriest "stick," and ended it,—alas! all too soon—as one of the most charming romantic actors



*Photo by* SYDNEY GRUNDY. [*Mendelssohn.* *Photo by* HENRY ARTHUR JONES. [*Alfred Ellis.*  
*Photo by* ARTHUR W. PINERO. [*Alfred Ellis.*  
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of his time, and an eccentric comedian of very remarkable merit.

No one could have believed who saw John Clayton make his *début* at the St. James's Theatre in "*She Stoops to Conquer*," that he could ever have given us such performances as Sidney Carton in "*All for Her*," and Henry Beauclerc in "*Diplomacy*," or in the various comic parts in A. W. Pinero's celebrated Court Theatre farces.

Once having put his hand to the plough "Jack" Clayton never turned back, and he was an excellent example of what industry, perseverance, and pertinacity can do in a stage career. He did not waste his time, or believe that the actor's art "comes of itself." It does nothing of the kind. It is an art that must be studied thoroughly—as indeed must every other art; and "Jack" Clayton studied it from the best masters at home and abroad.

Here again, at the old Queen's Theatre in Long Acre, Irving met Henrietta Hodson, a charming, bright, and ever intelligent artist—who had graduated in the famous Bristol school of Chute with Kate and Ellen Terry, Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal), and many more well-known actresses—one whose loss to the artistic and refined stage was very great indeed.

Henry Irving's creations at the Queen's Theatre were numerous, interesting, and important. They included Bob Gassitt in Byron's drama "*Dearer than Life*." What a cast! Michael Garner, Toole; his son Charlie, Charles Wyndham; Bob Gassitt, Henry Irving; Mrs. Garner, Mrs. E. Dyas; Lucy, Henrietta Hodson; Mr. Kedgely, John Clayton; Uncle Ben, Lionel Brough.

Johnny Toole is fond of telling a story of one of his practical jokes that was suggested during the run of "*Dearer than Life*." Toole and Lal Brough appeared



in the play as two miserably clad old men, steeped in the utmost depths of poverty. One day they had an appointment with a photographer in the neighbourhood of some fashionable and swell houses. They were, of course, attired in their wretched stage dresses. As the photographer could not attend to them for the moment, Toole thought it a fine idea that he and Brough should saunter out into the streets dressed as Michael Garner and Uncle Ben, having first of all ascertained who was the owner of the most important looking of the "palatial mansions" in the district.

Up to this house the apparently half-starved creatures went and tapped at the door.

A gorgeous flunkey with powdered hair answered the summons, and, with horror depicted on his aristocratic countenance, gazed at Toole and Brough without being able to utter a word.

"Is Lord —— at home?" whined the couple, in begging unison.

"No, certainly not! Go away! How dare you knock at the front door?"

"But we want to see his Lordship," again in unison.

"I tell you it is impossible. Be off with you this instant, or I'll call a policeman!"

"Oh, we can't see him, can't we? Well, tell his Lordship that his two poor cousins from the work'us came to call on him. Tell him that, will you? Good morning."

To this very day Toole and Brough have wondered what the powdered flunkey and the "ladies and gentlemen" of the servants' hall thought of his Lordship's "genteel" relations.

The next character of importance that Irving created

at the Queen's was Robert Redburn in "The Lancashire Lass," a vivid bit of picturesque delineation that elicited the warm admiration of Charles Dickens—as good a judge of acting as ever lived, and not only a good judge, but an admirable actor into the bargain.

Irving also created here Robert Arnold in "Not Guilty," one of the failures of the unfortunate but brilliant Watts Phillips.

In addition to these, Henry Irving played at the Queen's Theatre from time to time Petruchio in "Katherine and Petruchio"—Ellen Terry was the Katherine! Fancy Ellen Terry a Shrew, and Henry Irving cracking his whip in her presence and forcing on her a blackened leg of mutton and all the atrocities contained in this monstrous farce and poor parody of Shakespeare, which has, unfortunately, defied the scorns and whips of time!

He also appeared between December, 1867, and March, 1869, as Bill Sykes in "Oliver Twist," a magnificently powerful performance; as Charles Surface in "The School for Scandal," as Faulkland in "The Rivals," as young Marlow in "She Stoops to Conquer," as Henri de Neuville in "Plot and Passion," as Victor Dubois in "Ici on Parle Français," and as John Peerybingle in "Dot."

The mention of the Queen's Theatre in Long Acre, built on a site once dedicated to popular music by the enthusiastic John Hullah, reminds me of a scrape I got into in 1872, when on the 8th of January was produced a version of Bulwer Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii," written by John Oxenford.

Henry Labouchere was in power, the new Nydia was to be the delightful Henrietta Hodson, and for generalissimo in chief had been chosen John Ryder, one of the

most violent and explosive of stage managers of his time.

It was the intention of the management to spare no expense, and to be very realistic. If they could have procured a "king of the beasts" from Jamrach's, and could have had him tamed he would certainly have been used for the amphitheatre scene. As it was, they hired a music-hall acrobat, called "the famous Christoff," to dance on a tight rope over the triclinia, where the guests reclined drinking thick classic wine; they introduced the "Sextillian troupe" to dance; and they intended the earthquake and the descent of the head of Isis to be the most astounding thing the stage had ever seen.

To begin with, rehearsals had not gone well, and a cloud of ill-luck hovered over this magnificent story, which ought to be dramatised again for the theatre or the opera.

One day John Ryder was rehearsing the earthquake, and this cataclysm was to be accompanied by terrific peals of thunder, with flashes of lightning *ad lib.* The thunder was represented by the old dodge of rolling a cannon ball over the theatre roof, but the effect did not suit John Ryder at all.

Again and again it was tried.

"Not a bit like it! Not a little bit!" roared out John, in his stentorian voice, with the usual classic accompaniments.

At last there was another loud crash.

"Worse than ever!" screamed Ryder. "It is scandalous, it's disgraceful that I can't get any thunder in this — theatre."

"But, Mr. Ryder," interposed a meek and plaintive voice.

"What do you want?" snapped out the irritable stage manager.

"Excuse me, Mr. Ryder. But that was *real* thunder. Outside there is a fearful thunderstorm, and it is going on at this minute."

"Then all I can say is," bawled the imperturbable John, "the authorities up there ought to be ashamed of themselves, for I never heard worse thunder in all my life. It is not good enough for John Ryder."

When the play came out the realistic effects were even worse.

The earthquake was a ghastly failure. Nydia's share in the rescue of Ione by Glaucus was not even hinted at. Owing to some hitch in the mechanism, the earth refused to quake at all; the monster head would not illuminate, and remained as black as a coal; and Isis, in spite of John Ryder's imploring attitude, refused to fall and crush him.

When, at the request of the "Rex Convivii," the "famous Christoff" appeared at the back with a huge balancing pole and attempted to struggle on to a tight rope most awkwardly placed over the guests reposing on the triclinia, it was evident that another mishap had occurred. Christoff could not keep on the rope; he utterly failed to manage his pole, and when after two unsuccessful attempts he disappeared, the next line in the dialogue, which happened to be a "a wonderful fellow," was received with a yell of derision.

I summed up the situation as follows:

"Poetry, story, interest and dramatic effect being denied us, we have only to rely on the scenery, the mechanical business and the 'special engagements.' But when an earthquake is obstinate; when the 'famous Christoff'

cannot keep on his rope ; when the Sextillian troupe has rivals in many a Christmas pantomime and circus ; when the real lion does not show up ; when Vesuvius is damp and the noise is excessive, we must look for speedy remedy of these defects before 'The Last Days of Pompeii' can be recommended even as a show."

This was pretty plain speaking for a young critic who had only just been appointed to a great daily paper. Down they all came on my back, from John Ryder downwards ; but though they would have liked with their shouts to condemn me "ad leones," my kind and faithful old master stuck to me, and my earliest enemies were routed.

On the death of John Ryder, an old friend of mine, Godfrey Turner, sent me some very interesting notes on this actor's career that I published in the *Theatre Magazine* :

"The recent death of excellent John Ryder has recalled to my memory very vividly the occasion when I first beheld him. I was a very small boy when I was taken to see the pantomime of 'Harlequin William Tell' at Drury Lane, in the year 1843 (January). The pantomime was preceded by 'King John,' with Macready in the principal part. Fancy, ye modern holiday makers, a five-act tragedy followed by a pantomime ! Nowadays, at the same theatre, the pantomime occupies the entire evening. Ryder played Cardinal Pandulph. Little did I think that, forty years subsequently, I should form one of a circle of listeners at the club, while the veteran actor poured forth a stream of anecdotes of his theatrical career, related as only he could tell them.

"The charge is frequently made that actors are somewhat disappointing when encountered in society. How-



ever this may be, I have never met actors with any experience who were not amusing in the highest degree when discoursing on what they naturally understand—their profession and the history of their early struggles and experiences. Accustomed to study effect, they are capital anecdote tellers, never missing the point, and leaving off when the climax is reached.

"On Ryder's arrival in London, he had an interview with Charles Kemble, who proposed that he should make his first appearance as Romeo. Ryder objected, on the ground that he was too tall. Kemble rose from his chair, and extending his arms and drawing himself up to his full height, exclaimed, 'Too tall, Sir! Look at me. I have played Romeo scores of times.'

"Ryder made no response, but considered that the public would condone much in a Kemble that it would not excuse in a novice. Ryder eventually appeared at Drury Lane in 'As You Like It,' in the character of the banished Duke. On the occasion to which I have referred, Phelps played Hubert; Helen Faucit, Constance; Elton, Salisbury; and James Anderson the Bastard Faulconbridge. I am frequently asked by the members of the rising generation whether we have better actors now than we had thirty or forty years ago? My reply is always the same: that different types flourish at different periods. Thus I can recall no actress in the past who can be compared with Mrs. Bancroft. There is no actress of our day who resembles Mrs. Keeley. Then the style of acting is completely changed.

"Were the 'Lady of Lyons' played now at a West-End theatre in the stagy manner formerly adopted (the only way, in my opinion, it would be played), the representatives of Claude and Pauline would be received



with shouts of laughter and derision. What is called the natural manner is adopted ; and the result is a misfit.

“ When ‘ London Assurance ’ was revived at the Prince of Wales’ Theatre under the Bancroft management, the part of Lady Gay Spanker was played in the modern style. The famous description of the hunt was spoken by Mrs. Kendal, seated at a drawing-room table, precisely as a lady in real life would relate the incident ; and the effect was nil. Mrs. Nisbett was accustomed to deliver the lines close to the footlights, with eyes fixed on the audience ; and at the close would cross from left to right, and back again, cracking her whip as she did so. The effect was electrical. All honour to the exponents of the modern realistic school of acting ; but dramas written under different conditions must be acted in a different manner. There is no actor of the present day who at all resembles James Anderson, with his magnificent elocution, which echoed through Drury Lane two-and-forty years ago. By the way, it is a singular fact that actors who have reached the topmost rung of the professional ladder have never been remakable for elocutionary excellence, but the reverse.

“ John Kemble suffered from an asthmatic cough ; Edmund Kean could not speak half a dozen lines without temporarily losing his voice. On the occasion of his first appearance as Shylock at Drury Lane in 1814, he was chased by the stage manager from the stage to his dressing-room with continual supplies of oranges, fears being entertained that the marvellous success which was then being achieved would be marred by complete loss of voice. Macready, with his jerky, disjointed mode of utterance, was not a model of elocution ; and the most

devoted admirers of Henry Irving would scarcely hold him up as a perfect elocutionist. These men succeeded, in spite of this defect, by the sheer force of genius and brains.

"The most excellent samples of elocution in my experience have been James Anderson, John Vandenhoff, Gustavus Brooke, John Cooper ("utility John"), and Hermann Vezin. Charles Young is reported to have been renowned for his musical elocution; yet none of these actors attained the topmost rank. I can only compare the tones of Vandenhoff to the notes of a cathedral organ.

"We are accustomed to boast, and with reason, of the excellence of modern representations, so far as scenery and costumes are concerned; but nothing could surpass the magnificence and correctness of the mounting of 'King John,' under the direction of Macready. Plays which I have witnessed at long subsequent dates are blurred and indistinct in my memory; but the recollection of that evening is as vivid as though I had witnessed the play a month ago. I can still hear in imagination the pathetic tones of Helen Faucit, as, seated on the floor of the stage, she exclaimed:

" 'Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.'

"I can see the citizens on the walls of Angiers (admirably trained supers), as they watch with excited gestures the approach of the English host. The evening was an epoch in my dramatic experience. Ryder always received a round of applause for his 'make-up' of Salemenes in Byron's play of 'Sardanapalus,' when it was produced at the Princess's Theatre. He might have walked from one end of ancient Nineveh to the other without exciting remark. He was a truculent looking Ironbrace in 'Used Up,' and constituted an

admirable foil to the slim figure of Charles Mathews in the character of Sir Charles Coldstream. His Macduff, though somewhat coarse and wanting in the pathos with which Mr. Phelps was accustomed to invest the part, was of considerable merit, and so fierce in the final scene that a spectator ignorant of the termination of the play (if that is possible), could have no doubt of the result of the combat with the puny representative of Macbeth—Mr. Charles Kean. Apropos of Phelps, I witnessed his performance of Macduff to the Macbeth of Macready on the occasion of his farewell visit at Drury Lane in 1851. At the end of the fourth act, after the great scene in which Macduff bewails the loss of his wife and children, there was a universal call for Phelps; but the actor modestly (and properly) declined to appear, considering that all the honours of that evening rightly belonged to his old chief.

“Ryder was very good as the brusque colonel in ‘The Lancers,’ in which David Fisher made his first appearance from Glasgow, in the year 1853, This is the same character which Mr. Hare plays so effectively in ‘The Queen’s Shilling,’ another version of the same piece. Ryder was admirable as Gabor, in Lord Bryon’s play of ‘Werner.’ This play seems to have died with Macready. Only one word can describe his performance of Werner—perfection. Creswick was Ulric—a noteworthy trio. It seems but yesterday that I was seated in the Haymarket pit, watching with delight Miss Neilson as Juliet; Charles Harcourt, the Mercutio (his best part); while in a private box was seated Ryder, in earnest conversation with Tom Taylor. The play of ‘Anne Boleyn’ was at that date in rehearsal; and doubtless the editor of *Punch* was delivering his views as to how the hapless Queen should be portrayed by the

Juliet of the night to the old coach and tutor of Adelaide Neilson."

After Irving's engagement at the Queen's was ended in 1869, there occurred an awkward and very disheartening interval. He was far too good an actor for such a part as Compton Kerr in Boucicault's flashy and extravagant "*Formosa*" at Drury Lane. It seemed as if managers were determined not to engage him, and that luck was dead against the young actor just as his foot was firmly planted on the ladder of fame. It was at this precise moment that Johnny Toole proved the best friend that man could have. He knew Irving's merit—none better. He had acted with him for years, and he was sincerely attached to him.

At that time Toole was certainly the most popular "star" actor in England. His annual provincial tour was a little gold mine. So, in order to serve his comrade, Toole refused to book several important London—one was at the Surrey in the days of Shepherd and Creswick—and provincial engagements, unless he could bring Irving and secure him the salary his talents deserved. This generous and kindly thought was the means of Irving being engaged at the Gaiety, in December, 1869, to play Mr. Reginald Chevenix in "*Uncle Dick's Darling*," one of those Dickensian performances so admirably played that again made London talk of this remarkable actor, and led up to the famous Digby Grant in "*The Two Roses*," by James Albery at the Vaudeville, where he was once again associated with his old friend, Harry Montague.

I possess a curious bill which shows that, in 1869, the two young actors, when business was not exceptionally flourishing for either of them, gave a miscellaneous





In those thrice happy days, when there was no "little rift within the lute" of any of our Bohemian friendships, when we were constantly at one another's houses, and sitting up till "daylight did appear," proud all of us to be "one of the boys," given to joking, chaffing, and carrying out the most elaborate "sells" with the invaluable aid of Johnny Toole—the captain of the practical jokers, and past-master in the art—David James, Tom Thorne, and Lewis Wingfield, Irving himself did not disdain a practical joke in which he could display his weird and tragic humour.

He laughed as loud as any of us when David James and Tom Thorne, admirably made up as two cabmen, forced themselves into Johnny Toole's house in Orme Square on his birthday, and demanded fares which they swore Johnny had owed them for months past. Johnny got furious with rage, and declared that he had never owed a cabman a penny in his life. Things were just at fever heat when suddenly James and Thorne took parcels from under their "coachmen's capes" and shouted, "Well, never mind, here's a birthday present for you!" But Johnny was mad, and dashed the parcels to the earth, whereupon the two make-believe Jehus tore off their beards and wigs, and, to the surprise of every one, started dancing a wild fandango, chortling all the while that they had managed to hoodwink the captain of the band.

But the practical joke that Henry Irving devised with Harry Montague was of a far more elaborate kind; and in its execution was seen the first dawning glimmer of that tragic force that was ultimately to find expression in Hood's "Dream of Eugene Aram" and "The Bells."

It was in the summer time, when a number of the



“boys” happened to be in Dublin, including Irving, Montague, Tom Smale—a desperately earnest fellow, who was deeply attached to his friend Montague—Tom Thorne, and a few others.

One lovely sunny morning a picnic was proposed at that romantic spot, “The Dargle.” On the way to this delightful rendezvous, where lunch was to be spread near a waterfall in a leafy dell, it was noticed that Irving and Montague—hitherto the most faithful of allies—were perpetually nagging and wrangling. What one said the other contradicted in the rudest possible fashion. On every subject they disagreed. At last the “ruction” became almost intolerable to the rest, whose day was being completely spoiled; and Tom Smale, fearing the vengeance of Irving against his friend, begged them, with his eyes full of tears, to desist and “give over,” in fact to become pals again.

During luncheon a rather tattered flag of truce was flying. It would have been difficult to keep a quarrel up for long on such a heavenly day. But afterwards, when some were quietly dozing in the sun, and others were puffing away at their comfortable pipes in the shade, it was discovered that Irving and Montague had suddenly disappeared.

Smale’s face turned deadly pale. He felt that his worst fears were being realised.

With one wild cry—“They’re gone! What on earth has become of them?” he made a dash down the Dargle over the rocks and boulders, with the remainder of the picnic party at his heels.

At the bottom of a “dreadful hollow behind the little wood” a fearful sight presented itself to the astonished friends.

There, on a stone, sat Henry Irving in his shirt sleeves,

his long hair matted over his eyes, his thin hands and white face all smeared with blood, and dangling an open clasp knife.

He was muttering to himself in a savage tone :

"I've done it ! I've done it ! I said I would ! I said I would !"

Tom Smale, in an agony of fear, rushed up to Irving, who waved him on one side with threatening gestures.

"For God's sake, man," screamed the distracted Smale, "tell us where he is !"

Irving, scarcely moving a muscle, pointed to a heap of dead leaves, and in sepulchral tones cried :

"He's there ! there ! I've done for him ! I've murdered him !"

Smale literally bounded to the heap, and began flinging aside the leaves in every direction.

Presently he found the body of Harry Montague lying face downwards. Almost paralysed with terror, Smale just managed to turn the head round, and found Harry Montague convulsed with laughter, with a pocket-handkerchief stuffed in his mouth to prevent an explosion.

Never was better acting than this seen on the stage.

The year 1869 witnessed another very fine creation on the part of Irving. It was on the 13th of December that he appeared as Mr. Chevenix in Byron's "Uncle Dick's Darling," a play that was evidently inspired by Dickens's story of "Doctor Marigold." Mr. Chevenix, like Digby Grant later on, had a pronounced Dickens flavour. Mr. Dombey and Mr. Murdstone lurked round their neighbourhood, and it will be remembered that Irving had made a great hit as the real Mr. Dombey in his "salad days" ; but the new characters were admirable in talent, detail, and expression all the same.

Once more, what a cast ! Johnny Toole as Dick Dol-

land, a Cheap Jack ; the lovely Adelaide Neilson as the heroine, Mary Belton ; John Clayton, again identified with Irving's successes ; Miss Elsworthy, one of the best "grandes dames" I ever saw on the stage ; and the picturesque Marie Litton—nearly all of them destined to be managers or manageresses of London theatres.

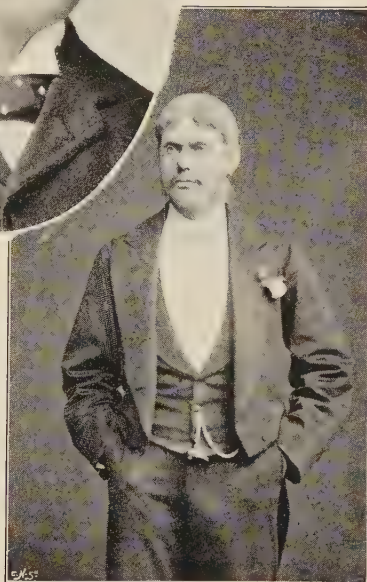
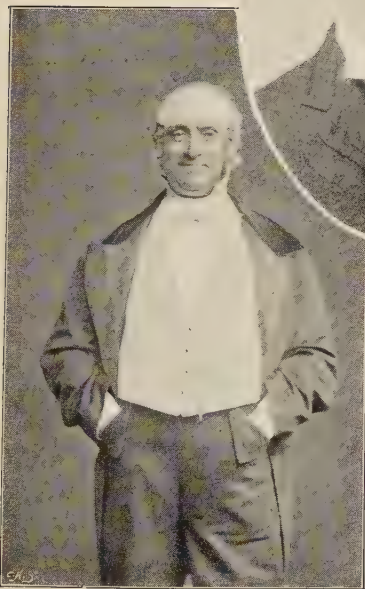
At last the press woke up from its lethargy, and one and all gave Irving the praise he so richly deserved. On the 4th of June, 1870, Henry Irving created Digby Grant in Albery's "Two Roses," and his little cheque was presented, to the delight of the public, for 294 nights in succession.

Shall we ever forget it who were present on that first night ? The charm of Harry Montague's young, handsome, and enthusiastic Jack Wyatt ; the simple pathos of Tom Thorne, as poor blind Caleb Deecie ; the infinite humour and quaintness of George Honey's "our Mr. Jenkins," contrasted with the plump good nature of the Mrs. Jenkins of Miss Lavis ; the professional air of old Stephens, as the solicitor, Mr. Furnival ; the refined charm of Miss A. Newton (afterwards Mrs. Tom Thorne), as Ida ; the girlish gush—it was just what was wanted—of Amy Fawsitt, as Lottie ; but, head and shoulders above them all, was the Digby Grant of Henry Irving.

I have always thought that the scene at the Jenkins's on Sunday afternoon was the most natural English picture seen in modern comedy. By the way, how few know that the story of "The Two Roses" first appeared in the *Family Herald* !

From that moment it was all plain sailing with Irving. He soon became the most popular, and most talked of, man in London.

Colonel Bateman, an experienced showman of the old school, who was devoted to his children and could talk



*Photo by* , ARTHUR CECIL. [*Alfred Ellis.* *Photo by* JOHN CLAYTON. [*London Stereo. Co.*

*Photo by* GEORGE GIDDENS. [*Alfred Ellis.*

*Photos by* DAVID JAMES.

THOMAS THORNE. [*London Stereo. Co.*





of little else, and who thought his good wife was the best writer and judge of plays in existence—she certainly was a very clever and charming woman—determined to take the Lyceum Theatre—not, as people have said, to make Irving a star—but to make his family famous.

He engaged Irving to play a silly lover, Landry, in still another version of George Sands's "*La Petite Fadette*," called "*Fanchette, the Will o' the Wisp*," written by Mrs. Bateman. But, notwithstanding the assistance of George Belmore, Mrs. Pauncefort, old Addison, and Isabel Bateman, the play was a failure.

So, in a short time, was Colonel Bateman's venture!

The Lyceum stronghold, commanded by the Colonel, was on the point of capitulating, but Henry Irving managed to "hold the fort."

As good luck would have it, he had in his pocket a version of a play that had made some success in an out-lying theatre in Paris. It was called "*Le Juif Polonais*." An amiable and eccentric solicitor—Leopold Lewis—had got hold of the play, and had translated it for Henry Irving. He named it "*The Polish Jew*," but, at the clever suggestion of Irving, he altered the motive of the play to suit the weirdness and morbid psychology that were ever part and parcel of Irving's nature. He had just made an enormous hit by reciting in public Hood's poem, "*The Dream of Eugene Aram*." He saw another Eugene Aram in "*Matthias of the Bells*."

The original creator, Talien, played the part as a simple unimaginative bourgeois peasant—as Coquelin did afterwards; but Irving saw in Matthias a higher development of character, and a finer conception of a conscience-haunted man. By one of those strange coincidences so common in the theatrical world, another author had got hold of the same play. This was Frank Burnand. He



called his version "Paul Zegers," and it was produced by Charles Harcourt, at the Alfred Theatre, as the old Marylebone Theatre was then called, a few nights in advance of "The Bells." This was in reality an adaptation, and not at all a translation of the Parisian drama. The scheme of the work on presentation was entirely altered. The murder of the Polish Jew was represented in action, and the subsequent scenes transferred to dreamland, as in "Victorine."

It created very little impression; but Irving in "The Bells" soon took the town by storm. The house was small when the play was produced; but it drew all London. Irving and the play "saved the ship."

The Dublin practical joke that I have recorded may or may not have suggested the first public recital of Hood's "Dream of Eugene Aram," which electrified the public. We had all of us heard it many times in private.

I think that it was the recital more than the admirable performance of Digby Grant that induced old Bateman to offer Henry Irving an engagement at the Lyceum to support his daughter Isabel. At that time his trump card, if any, outside his own family, was George Belmore.

I give the programme of the old Colonel's opening night at the Lyceum:—

#### ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE.

Licensed by the Lord Chamberlain to MR. H. L. BATEMAN, sole  
Lessee and Manager.

Mr. H. L. Bateman begs to announce that this establishment will be opened under his management on Monday, Sept. 11, 1871, on which occasion will be presented, for the first time on the English stage, a Romantic Love Legend, in four tableaux, adapted expressly for this theatre from the novel of George Sands, "La Petite Fadette," and the well-known German play "Die Grille" by Madame Birch Pfeiffer, entitled

#### FANCHETTE, THE WILL O' THE WISP,

With New and Beautiful Scenery, by Hawes Craven and H. Cuthbert

Characteristic Breton music, composed especially by Mr. Edward Silas. Properties by Mr. Arnott and assistants. Correct costumes by Mrs. Riddler and assistants, prepared from designs furnished by Alfred Thompson, Esq.; and Dances arranged by Mr. John Cormack.

Stage Manager—Mr. Addison.

Monday, September 11, 1871, and during the week, the performance will commence at seven o'clock with

### BAMBOOZLING,

<i>Sir Marmaduke Meadows</i>	Mr. Collett.
<i>Capt. Frank Bamboozle</i>	Mr. Charles Warner.
<i>Frank Tiverton</i>	Mr. W. L. Branscombe.
<i>Humphrey Sims</i>	Mr. F. Rivers.
<i>Doiley</i>	Mr. A. Tapping.
<i>Waiter</i>	Mr. Fotheringham.
<i>Lady Meadows</i>	Mrs. Mackenna.
<i>Emily</i>	Miss Leigh.
<i>Sophy Weston</i>	Miss Middleton.

After which an original Overture, composed by Edward Silas.

At eight, the new Play entitled

### FANCHETTE, THE WILL O' THE WISP.

*Fanchette* (the Will o' the Wisp) . . . . . Miss Isabel Bateman.  
(Her first appearance in London.)

*Mother Fadet* (her grandmother, a reputed witch) Miss G. Pauncefort.

*Madame Barbeau* . . . . . Mrs. F. B. Egan.

*Madelon* (the belle of La Priche) . . . . . Miss Marion Hill.

<i>Suzanne</i>	} . . . . (her companions) . . . .	Miss Gordon Murray.
<i>Julie</i>		Miss Ellen Mayne.
<i>Rosalie</i>		Miss Middleton.
<i>Leontine</i>		Miss Maude Morice.
<i>Marie</i>		Miss Jenny Henri.
<i>Annette</i>		Miss Ellen Leigh.

*Father Barbeau* (the rich proprietor of Twin Farm) . . . . . Mr. Addison.

*Landry Barbeau* . . . . . Mr. Henry Irving.

*Sylvinet Barbeau* . . . . . Mr. George Belmore.

*Father Cailland* (a wealthy peasant) . . . . . Mr. Collett.

*Martineau* (a villager) . . . . . Mr. A. Tapping.

<i>Etienne</i>	} . . . (peasants of La Cosse) . . .	Mr. John Royston.
<i>Claude</i>		Mr. Fredericks.
<i>Pierre</i>		Mr. W. L. Branscombe.
<i>Antoine</i>		Mr. F. Rivers.

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

Act I., Scene 1—Homestead of the wealthy Breton peasant.

Scene 2—Landscape.

Scene 3—Rocky glade near the mill stream ; hut of Fadet, the reputed witch ; distant view of the village of La Priche.

Act II.—Public square in the village (decorated in honour of the festival of St. Andoche) ; characteristic dances by the villagers.

Scene 3—A street in the village.

Act III.—Breton landscape, with the village fountain.

Act IV.—The Breton homestead.

The performances to conclude with the laughable Farce, by John Oxenford, entitled

## TWICE KILLED.

<i>Mr. Euclid Facile</i> . . . . .	Mr. George Belmore.
<i>Mr. Ralph Reckless</i> . . . . .	Mr. Herbert Crellin.
<i>Tom</i> (his servant) . . . . .	Mr. John Royston.
<i>Mr. Holdfast</i> . . . . .	Mr. A. Tapping.
<i>Robert</i> . . . . .	Mr. F. Rivers.
<i>Mrs. Facile</i> . . . . .	Miss G. Pauncefort.
<i>Miss Julia Flighty</i> . . . . .	Miss Ellen Leigh.
<i>Fanny Pepper</i> . . . . .	Mrs. F. B. Egan.

Private Boxes, from two to three guineas and a half ; Stalls, 7s. ; Dress Circle, 5s. ; First Tier, 3s. ; Pit, 2s. ; Gallery, 1s.

Box office open from ten till five o'clock, under the direction of Mr. Henry Griffiths.

Doors open at half-past six, to commence at seven.

The Lyceum speculation turned out a disastrous failure. The public would not stand "Fanchette" at any price, and was not appeased by Albery's version of "Pickwick," in which Henry Irving played Jingle.

Old Addison was Samuel Pickwick ; George Belmore, Sam Weller ; E. J. Odell made his first appearance at the Lyceum as Job Trotter ; Herbert Crellin (Standing) was Augustus Snodgrass, and F. W. Irish an excellent Perker. But it was no good ! It would not do !

And now we come to the first night of "The Bells," which saved the Lyceum from wreck, and started Henry Irving on his triumphant career. No one in power believed in the play but the author and the

gifted interpreter. Bateman, with his life-long experience, pooh-poohed it, but gave Irving permission to "try his luck." It was a last chance, and it came off with the happiest results for the English stage.

Who can tell what would have happened if "The Bells" had failed? The Lyceum Theatre would have been closed; Bateman might have been ruined, and Henry Irving sent back to seek an engagement elsewhere. Never mind that! I shall now proceed to state what *did* happen when the artistic gambler won with his last coup. He played the maximum, and he carried off a big stake.

In the year 1871 the Parisian theatre was not so well known as it is now. Few were aware where the Théâtre Cluny was; very few had an idea that "Le Juif Polonais" was a dramatic version by M.M. Erckmann-Chatrian of their own psychological study in prose; and fewer still had ever heard the name of M. Talien, the actor, who created Matthias out of not very promising material.

No one who was present at the Lyceum on Saturday, the 25th of November, 1871, will forget the extraordinary effect produced on the audience by "The Bells" in its adapted form. The play was strange and unconventional enough; but the spell created by the actor was irresistible.

Instantly the name of Henry Irving was on the lips of every one—not merely as a clever character actor, but as an artist of very striking and original power. What he did had been thought out for himself; he had not been to Paris to study M. Talien, or to imbibe from others the secret of his success. To M.M. Erckmann-Chatrian he owed the suggestion; to his own intelligence the splendid execution. Never

before was an audience so puzzled; they did not know what to make of the drama, whether to dislike it or to like it; some shuddered at it, others could not be got to admire it. It was a nightmare, rather than a play; it was a dramatic expression of a bad conscience and insomnia.

But, for all that, grim and fantastic as was the story, there was still a fascination in the great scene where the mesmerist demoralises the conscience-stricken man; and, beyond all question, the young actor had held his audience fast as in a vice, and, most wonderful of all, in a scene probably the most risky and exhausting in the long catalogue of the modern drama.

It is all very well now, when we know "The Bells" by heart, when we can tell precisely what is going to happen, and, when the plot has been unfolded before us, to weigh it well and analyse it, and to talk of it as a most remarkable study in psychology; but think what the difficulty must have been that evening in 1871, when a young actor, by his own energy and individual effort, kept in subjection the ridicule that such a subject instantly suggests. One careless laugh, one sound of depreciation or disapprobation, would have ruined the idea, and shipwrecked the actor's ambition.

Everything was against him. He had no strong popularity to carry him through, no practice in such characters to justify the attempt, no point in the play in which he could justly claim sympathy; and yet he travelled on from point to point, increasing the interest as he went. He caused such a silence in the dream scene that a pin might be heard to fall, and, notwithstanding the horror of the concluding death scene, he caused by his art such a reaction of applause that from that minute his fame, not as an artistic actor but as



an artist of intelligence quite out of the ordinary run, was established.

The career of Henry Irving from that first night of "The Bells" is a matter of history. Opportunity came to him, and he greedily seized it. Having obtained the public ear, the rest was a case of industry, and bold endeavour, of study, and intense application. Matthias is a character in which Henry Irving shows beyond all question how devoted he is to his art, how he follows it up and works at it, how his early designs mature, and his powers ripen.

The actor lives in the part; from the time that the door is flung open and the snow-covered innkeeper embraces his wife and daughter, trying to banish his gloomy thoughts, to the last instant when Matthias—awakened from the nightmare of the scaffold and death, becomes a rigid corpse—the mind of the artist was dominated by the study.

In no character is Henry Irving's command of facial expression so pronounced as in this play of "The Bells"—not facial expression as we so often see it, a mere trick or affectation of art; but the natural changes on the countenance that denote agony or relief to the tortured mind. His face is an index of his mind, changeful, capricious, now sunny with smiles, now gloomy with impending storm. There is no need to say that the respected burgomaster (Matthias) has for greed and gain committed a murder fifteen years ago and slain an inoffensive guest, and that the idea of the study is to show the terrors of such a man's conscience when awake, the agony of a murderer's dream when he is asleep.

It is in the quick transition of fitful sorrow to despondency and gloom that Irving's art is so admirable.



He is, according to his face, perpetually trying to cheat his own conscience and to believe what is not. Every circumstance that agitates him gives rise to an acute mental struggle; he is never at rest in mind or body. The burden of fifteen years' remorse is increased by heated wines, by fevered dreams, and wretched sleeplessness. He is a madman not yet bereft of reason—a mass of acute irritability and restlessness.

Now that the character stands out ripe and complete before the audience, they will notice the actor's art in what has been called "the subsidence of emotion," as well as his expression of the growth of fear. On his face can be seen the sudden agony superinduced by the jangling of the sledge bells, and the relief experienced when they die away in the distance. To the mind they are spasms of acute pain. There are three strong instances among many others of this remarkable gift of registering the thoughts on the face.

When Matthias returns from his journey in the first act, he is clearly trying to drive out of his conscience the terror given to him by the sight of the mesmerist in the market place. Still he cannot help talking of the man; he returns to the subject, as a murderer does to the body of his victim. Drawing off his boots with averted face, Matthias tries his simple audience by endeavouring to deride the mesmerist as a superstitious fool. But the casual remark of his friend that the Parisian hypnotist can make people when they are asleep tell everything that is on their conscience, awakens the whole terror; and the face of the man when uplifted is terrible to behold.

Again, in the second act, during the scene with the future son-in-law—admirably played in one revival by William Terriss—the burgomaster pretends to discuss

the old murder story with nonchalance. He approaches Christian, who has got an idea, with a false smile upon his face.

Again he is cheating his conscience. But the mention of the limekiln sends the wretched creature into a cold perspiration again. He becomes livid with terror.

The third and last instance is during the realised dream. The accused Matthias is raving at the injustice of the charge, and shrieks out that proof must be produced. In the tempest of his rage he touches the clothes of the murdered man exposed on a table in the court. The change from rage to terror is singularly fine, and indeed the whole dream scene is played with intensity, variety, and power. The pain depicted on the actor's face was Promethean in its torture. He was bound to his crime as the serpent-entwisted victims in the Laocoon. Cleverly also was conveyed in action that indefinite sense of mystery which all dreams have. A daring idea was never better realised to the imaginative spectator.

Bateman, with the astuteness of an old showman, at once "plumped" for Irving. It was the old story. He "knew what Irving was going to do all along." For this reason "he had engaged him." Nonsense! It was a turn of Fortune's wheel—nothing more. Irving staked his all. Bateman won!

All's well that ends well. "The Bells" rang in the coming English Hamlet.

## CHAPTER II

### “ THE COMING KING ”

NATURALLY, theatrical London was a little startled when Manager Bateman announced that he would produce “ Hamlet ” at the Lyceum Theatre, with Henry Irving as the Prince of Denmark. Here was a rise indeed ! The Rawdon Scudamore, the Bob Gassitt, the Digby Grant, and Jingle, of yesterday,—the Hamlet, of to-day !

We who had followed the career of the young actor so closely, and so intimately, were not in the least surprised ; but with some a new Hamlet is something of a heresy, and invariably a theme for controversy.

Prior to the appearance of Henry Irving as Hamlet the inevitable discussion was opened as usual ; and I am able to give the main features of the debate between playgoers old and young.

It is not to be supposed that idols are dashed down and ruined without a murmur. No Hamlet has yet appeared who did not provoke a controversy and a war of words. It may be interesting to note how opposite were the opinions, how violent was the criticism, and how antagonistic the demeanour of all who supported, or opposed, the various representatives of the greatest character in the greatest play of English literature.

Do not let any one imagine that the present time is unrivalled in the art of bellicose criticism and violent personalities. Before the present century dawned, there were those who hindered the advancement of art by appealing to the lowest tastes and pandering to the most vulgar prejudices.

Art cannot be encouraged without a revolution and a civil war. Garrick did not conquer the sleepy, obstinate and ignorant traditions of his time, save with a drawn sword. Edmund Kean, with the fire of his triumphant genius, did not burn into the heart of the people and crush the dull and vapid stupidity of the antecedent heroes, without many a bitter criticism and frequent literary feuds. In those days there were no police courts or libel suits, but there was plenty of hard hitting in the cause of art.

Hear them talk of John Philip Kemble, who first appeared as Hamlet in the year 1784. "Some of the cat-lappers of the press (who afterwards extolled him to the skies) dissected his performance from beginning to end with severity ; but he had obtained the ' vox populi,' and he was above what hirelings could then effect. In 1784, a British public was not led by such ignorant critics as those who spit out their dramatic venom in *The Times*, the *News*, or the *John Bull*." Who would imagine that such words as these were written for a vulgar public in 1784 ? These "catlappers of the press who spat out their dramatic venom" were William Hazlitt, who wrote for the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Examiner* ; and Henry James Leigh Hunt, who, in the year 1808, "resigned his situation in the War Office to undertake the joint editorship of the *Examiner* newspaper, which he and his brother John had established."

The playgoers of my generation had seen at least one striking and original performance of Hamlet before the arrival of Irving. It was that of Charles Fechter; and though it would not commend itself to a deeply contemplative or æsthetic school, it made its mark mostly by way of contrast to the tiresome and lugubrious style of the tragedians who preceded him. It was a showy, fascinating, and eminently French reading of the play, extremely clever, but erring, some said, as much on the side of "froth" as the old tragedians had erred on the side of tenderness. I do not agree with that criticism. Few can question the fascination of the performance or the picturesque character of the new Hamlet, with his pathetic eyes, his melodious voice, and his fair flaxen hair. It was attractive in an unæsthetic age, and was highly popular with such writers as Charles Dickens, whose views on art were popular, if considered by some critics of his time, superficial.

When Fechter, at the request of the elder Augustus Harris, first played Hamlet at the Princess's Theatre (1863), the usual Hamlet war began. It was embittered by the fact that Fechter was a foreigner, though before his time Herr Emil Devrient had played Hamlet in German in London. But it was at the St. James's Theatre, where foreigners were not tabooed in the worst days of protection. The admirers of Macready and Charles Kean, headed by C. L. Gruneisen and Cole, made a dead set against Fechter.

Although Fechter may have misunderstood the poet, he certainly made many in his audience first acquainted with the beauty of the play. "I think his Hamlet," said a critic, "one of the very best, and his Othello one of the very worst, I have ever seen; and I have seen all the good actors, and many of the bad ones, from Kean



downwards. On leaving the theatre after 'Hamlet,' I felt once more what a great play it was, with all its faults, and they are gross and numerous." An excellent criticism on Charles Fechter was given in the "Cornhill Magazine," in 1863. After Ruy Blas and the Corsican Brothers, "he then played Hamlet, and gave a new and charming representation to a part in which no actor has been known to fail; and the uncritical concluded he was a great actor. But when he came to a part like Othello, which calls upon the greatest capabilities of an actor, the public then remembered that he was a foreigner, and discovered that he was not a tragedian."

I wrote in hot haste when Henry Irving first appeared as Hamlet (1874). I prefer to place on record my more matured opinions on Irving's Hamlet when the play was revived in 1883, just before his departure for America :

"Now that the time has come round for 'Hamlet' to be revived on the eve of Henry Irving's departure for America, and at the moment when the actor, for obvious reasons, is in the floodtime of his prosperity, it is interesting to take the memory back to nigh ten years ago when Mr. Bateman put forward an advertisement, now historical.

"On Saturday, the 31st of October, 1874, the then manager of the Lyceum Theatre announced a very sumptuous revival of 'Hamlet,' although in point of fact the play was the thing on that particular occasion, and not the decoration. 'Those who have a voice potential in art matters,' Mr. Bateman said, 'have fixed unanimously upon Mr. Henry Irving as the young English actor best fitted to be the interpreter of the great English dramatist's masterpiece; that the manager



shares this belief the manner in which the play is cast and mounted will distinctly show.'

"It indeed was a very remarkable cast, for, to support the 'young actor' were veterans like Thomas Swinburne, Chippendale, Thomas Mead, and Compton, and, as was quickly proved, the faith of Mr. Bateman was fully justified. All the best of Mr. Irving's work for the stage has been done between then and now; and he is not likely to forget the anxiety of the occasion, when the play, superbly produced and finely considered, was the stepping stone to a series of classical characters that, for good or ill, will ever be identified with his name.

"The chief characteristic of Henry Irving's Hamlet was simply this, that he intended to do far more than speak the words of the greatest creation of Shakespeare,—he was determined to think them. It has been said, and no doubt very justly, that Hamlet remains the most profitable of all Shakespearean characters. 'Hamlet' will always draw a good house. But the result might be obtained by merely declaiming a text so full of pregnant philosophy and gigantic thought.

"Whether people like or dislike Henry Irving's Hamlet, they must, at least, admit this, that no actor, for at least thirty years past,—and this embraces a very wide experience,—has ever made so many students of Shakespeare from one individual character. At the very outset he avoided point-making and theatrical trick. He never sacrificed his conviction in order to get a round of applause or to bring down the house. He seemed to say, 'I, an actor of studious purpose and very fair intelligence, have duly thought out this marvellous creation in all its bearings; if, by my power of expression and transfer of deep mental thought, I am able to inoculate you with some of the imagination that is the

outcome of a study of Hamlet, my time will not have been wasted, and you may be the gainers.'

"It was exactly this transfer of the student's absorption into the actor's art that so struck every one when they saw Irving's Hamlet. It was not a Hamlet of wilful new readings, or aggravating unconventionality; but it was the product of a student's brain, that strongly influenced some of the most thinking men and imaginative women. An ideal Hamlet as acted on the stage is beyond the regions of possibility; but it may be questioned if there have been many Hamlets that have so carried the brains of an audience along with him as Henry Irving has done.

"Judging from the experience of the revival it may be truly said that Irving's Hamlet has improved vastly in intellectual vigour. More than ever he avoids point-making, and the theatrical tradition that is so inconsistent with a profoundly intellectual view of Hamlet. He refuses more than ever to declaim or recite the text; he thinks it, and to watch the process of thought is a most interesting study.

"If any proof were wanted of Henry Irving's scholarly process we should in the first instance cite all the scenes in which Hamlet is engaged with Rosencranz and Guildenstern. They show the actor's method at its very best. Note, for instance, in the second act, after the celebrated rhapsody over the 'brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire'; what a change comes over the spirit of Hamlet at the detection of a strange glance between Rosencrantz and Guildenstern on the words, 'And yet to me what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me!' In an instant the rhapsody stops, the train of thought is arrested, and, with a lightning glance and irritable

petulance, Hamlet turns upon the courtiers with his suspicious, 'No! nor woman neither—though by your smiling you seem to say so.'

"It is impossible to convey the effect of this change as indicated by the actor. It was electrical, and admirably effective.

"Equally clever was the splendid emphasis, not only in tone, but in face, gesture, and bearing, when Hamlet explains his fantastic tricks in so many words, 'You are welcome—but (with deliberate and intentional emphasis) my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived. I am but mad north-north-west; when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.' Few intellects in the house could fail to be roused by the actor's triumph in such scenes as these; and even they were very little superior in effect to the so-called 'recorder scene,' that is aptly concluded with the cleverly interpolated speech about sponging and sycophantic courtiers in general.

"These things are not point-making; they are part of the actor's intellectual process, and they are brilliant examples of it. If, then, such scenes as these remain the most effective in action and also the most subtle in idea, it must be noted as well how the Hamlet of Henry Irving has gained in vigour of execution.

"It is less fettered than it was, freer, more impulsive and abandoned, the soliloquies even more than ever, are thoughts aloud as distinguished from recitations; and the play scene ended with its old daring effect of hysterical passion, as Hamlet in his triumph seizes the throne that the guilty King has left.

"It is only the love scene with Ophelia that Mr. Irving has reconsidered; a most touching position, and in doing so has not improved it. We greatly prefer the original reading of the scene, which was one of

the most striking features of the Hamlet of nine years ago.

"To make up for this, however, Miss Ellen Terry gave us an Ophelia such as has not been seen on the stage since her talented elder sister played the part with such marked success. A more tenderly plaintive or ideally pathetic rendering of the sweet mad girl cannot be imagined; and the entrance of Ophelia in her clinging white robe, her fair, clustering hair, and a lily branch in her hand, will be an abiding memory. A better Ophelia it would be difficult to find, if Ophelia is to be played as Shakespeare wrote and imagined the character."

As regards the beautiful scene with Ophelia which Henry Irving altered or modified in 1883, I had already written in 1874 the following words:

"In the third act the artist triumphs. No more doubt, no more hesitation, no more discussion. If Hamlet is to be played like a scholar and a gentleman, and not like an actor, this is the Hamlet. The scene with Ophelia turns the scale, and the success is from this instant complete. But we must insist that it was not the triumph of an actor alone; it was the realisation of all that the artist has been foreshadowing. Mr. Irving made no sudden and striking effect, as did Mr. Kean. 'Whatever nice faults might be found on this score,' says Hazlitt, 'they are amply redeemed by the manner of his coming back after he has gone to the extremity of the stage, from a pang of parting tenderness, to press his lips to Ophelia's hand. It had an electrical effect on the house.' Mr. Irving did not make his success by any theatrical *coup*, but by the expression of the pent-up agony of a harassed and

disappointed man. According to Henry Irving, the very sight of Ophelia is the keynote of the outburst of his moral disturbance. He loves this woman : ' forty thousand brothers ' could not express his overwhelming passion ; and he seems mentally to suggest what might have happened if he had been allowed to love her, if his ambition had been realised. The more he looks at Ophelia, the more he curses the irony of fate. He is surrounded, overwhelmed, and crushed by trouble, annoyance, and spies.

" They are watching him behind the arras. Ophelia is set on to assist their plot. They are driving him mad, though he is only feigning madness. What a position for a harassed creature to endure ! They are all against him. Hamlet, alone in the world, is born to ' set it right. ' He is in the height and delirium of moral anguish. The distraction of the unhinged mind, swinging and banging about like a door ; the infinite love and tenderness of the man who longs to be soft and gentle to the woman he adores ; the horror and hatred of being trapped, and watched, and spied upon, were all expressed with consummate art. Every voice cheered, and the points Henry Irving had lost as an actor were amply atoned for by his earnestness as an artist. Fortified with this genuine and heart-stirring applause, he rose to the occasion. He had been understood at last. To have broken down here would have been disheartening ; but he had triumphed."

Strange to say that in this very scene that Irving, Fechter, and Sarah Bernhardt played so admirably, Forbes-Robertson, a charming, youthful, student Hamlet, comparatively failed. The dreamy actor, the student and poet actor was not inspired at this point.



From the moment that the feat of Hamlet was satisfactorily and successfully accomplished it was all plain sailing with Henry Irving. He had fought his way to the front; and from that hour, though he has had many loyal disciples, and a few imitators, he has had no serious rivals.

I have said that every new Hamlet provokes controversy; so do all historical plays. The "Charles the First" of W. G. Wills created the usual storm in a teacup. It was the old story. Cromwell had been outraged, he had been called "a mouthing patriot with an itching palm"! History had been falsified! To the dogs, or anywhere else, with poor W. G. Wills, who had in reality written a very beautiful play! Radicals and Royalists fought it out to the bitter end. A new Cromwell play to vindicate his hero was soon after written by a staunch Radical, Colonel Bates Richards, for some time editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, and produced at the old Queen's Theatre, with George Rignold as the hero. But "Cromwell" is among the plays of the past, whilst "Charles the First" is of the plays of the present, and ever will be so long as Henry Irving and Ellen Terry are with us to play that exquisite farewell before the "Martyrdom," a scene evidently suggested by the parting of William and Black-Eyed Susan in Douglas Jerrold's play.

In fact the story goes that Wills designed his last act in the conventional and historical fashion, with Whitehall, the scaffold, the headsman, Bishop Juxon, and the rest of them. When the play was read Bateman and Irving looked at one another and shook their heads, whereupon Irving got up and acted the parting of William and Black-Eyed Susan. Wills took the hint, and came back the next day with the beauti-

fully written last act that has caused so many tears to flow.

I said of "Charles the First" on one of the many occasions on which I have seen it :

"If the play is ever to have any hold upon the public it will be mainly due to the most finished and excellent acting of Henry Irving, whose reading of the King's character is eloquent with poetry and expression.

"To say that Henry Irving has never done anything better is but faint praise, and conveys to the reader but a trivial idea of the praise that may be in store for him. Physically gifted for such an attempt, it almost appears, as the character is unfolded, that to play Charles was the realisation of the actor's ambition. A careful avoidance of over-emphasis is everywhere noticeable in such strong scenes as exist, and the impersonation from first to last is stamped with a dignity and refinement most welcome to behold. But to the critic accustomed to watch carefully for nice points of expression and subtlety of thought, the acting of this character is most noticeable on account of its being an instance of careful and reflective study.

"An actor, if he would truly act, should do far more than is set down for him. He should express hidden thought, as well as say given words. We are not saying that the conception of the character is a right one or a wrong one. We have nothing to do with the historical side of the question ; but this we do say, that the dignified passion of the second scene with Cromwell, the melancholy and incisive pathos of the third with Moray, and the intricate exposition of manly sorrow in the fourth with his wife, renders Henry Irving's Charles the First a

most interesting study, and most welcome specimen of acting. And, besides acting, Henry Irving suggests a mind and a character which according to some may be false to history, but which are nevertheless very interesting and beautiful."

It is sometimes hastily assumed that the "old critics," as they are now called, uphold nothing but what is conventional, stogy, and commonplace; and they are held up as the champions of "goody goody" endings to plays of every size, colour, and pattern. There is no hard and fast rule on the subject. A happy ending is often most desirable, but an unhappy one is as often absolutely necessary, and artistic into the bargain. The trouble is when dramatists insist upon giving pain and bringing down the gloom of mist, when the sunshine might just as easily be seen.

I think still, as I said to my friend John Hare, when he read to me Pinero's beautiful play, "The Profligate" a few hours before it was produced at the Garrick Theatre, that Pinero would have been wrong to end his play gloomily and with the persecuted hero's death, because the poor fellow had been punished enough for a somewhat trivial fault. He was separated from his wife at her desire because she was sceptical about his virtue before he married her; but we all knew she was ready to forgive him, and we wanted her to be a little merciful; but with her hand on the door, and her lips framing the word forgiveness, it would be distressing to any audience to find her brought face to face with a corpse, and that corpse a suicide—her husband.

And when this original ending was tried, I believe, by Mr. Charles Cartwright in Australia, it failed completely. The tendency to-day is to aggravate the horror of life,

and to turn every simple story into a tragedy. We do not insist for poetical justice, but for justice poetical or otherwise. At any rate, the author was not particularly keen about the sad ending to "The Profligate," as originally devised, for he wrote as follows when the discussion was at its height:—

"I feel that Mr. Hare, in his friendly anxiety to spare my shoulders, has laid a burden upon his own which I am not justified in allowing him to bear. The alteration in the ending of 'The Profligate' was made by me very willingly; and I am unfortunate if I conveyed to Mr. Hare the impression that I was making any sacrifice of my convictions. Indeed, I could never allow the consideration of mere expediency to influence me in dealing with subjects upon which I feel deeply and write with all the earnestness of which I am capable.

"I had long settled the form of my play when a friend for whose judgment I have great respect raised through Mr. Hare a question for my consideration: Could not the moral I had set myself to illustrate be enforced without distressing the audience by sacrificing the life of a character whose sufferings were intended to win sympathy? Reflection convinced me that such a course was not only possible but was one which in no way tended to weaken the termination of my story, whilst it promised to extend that story's influence over the larger body of the public.

"This sparing of the life of Renshaw has in no way distorted my original scheme as it affected the other characters of the play. Murray's love remains unrewarded; Janet suffers for her partnership in Renshaw's sin, and passes away; Wilfrid's boyish passion

shares the fate of most boyish passions, and is left to become a memory; Renshaw pronounces his own doom—than which not even the death penalty could be heavier—in the speech which has for its burden "She knows you!"—all these things are as I always intended they should be. The forgiveness of Renshaw by Leslie was from the first part of my scheme, and this softening of the wife towards her husband arises now, as it did originally, through the good offices of Murray.

"I am aware that in dealing with the destinies of many of the characters in 'The Profligate' I have not been guided by the usual and often valuable mechanism of stage-craft; but it has been my purpose to yield unresistingly to the higher impress of truth, and from the truths of life as they appear to my eyes I have never wavered in any degree.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"ARTHUR W. PINERO."

"WEYMOUTH, 7th May, 1889."

Every one who has seen the play will agree with Mr. Pinero that the healthy influence of the story is as strong as ever, and the value of each character remains unimpaired, notwithstanding the change of plan from the original conception and design.

On the other hand it is clear that in 1873 I was in favour of a sad ending for "Eugene Aram." Anything else would have been wrong, and contrary to the canons of art.

" 'Eugene Aram,' whether it is disliked or liked, will attract to the Lyceum all who have any sympathy with or appreciation for art. Whether it is hated or praised, it will do definite good to the stage. Whether it is



terrible or not, it will declare emphatically we have an artist among us who has done a thing, whether it be pleasing or displeasing, which is a distinct honour to the English stage, and a crushing blow to the assertion that we have no actors amongst us, that acting is a lost art, and that the stage is kept up only for the amusement of the idle, the frivolous, the uneducated and the contemptible.

“Let those who will have every play made good in the end, and who would banish tragedy from the boards, avoid the Lyceum, and ‘Eugene Aram.’ Let those who believe the theory of Mr. Boucicault, that an English audience must always have a goody-goody termination to their amusement, steer clear of the new play. Let those who will not treat the drama as an intellectual study, and persist in viewing it as an after-dinner entertainment, take their stalls for another house. Let those who, in spite of contrary proof, bleat out the old platitudes about the degradation of the drama, the absence of life, heart and soul in certain dramatic quarters, kindly stay away, for they are only impeding the progress of an onward, proud and praiseworthy movement.

“But in all charity let those who have some kindly feeling towards English dramatic art, in spite of innumerable difficulties, remain behind and see ‘Eugene Aram.’ Let them linger awhile, and note carefully the performance of Mr. Irving. It is not, perhaps, a play that will please the multitude. It is no *ad captandum* succession of surprises, situations and trial scenes.

“Eugene Aram is not tried for his life. We have no barristers, and courts, and judges, and docks; we have no forensic eloquence, with Mr. So-and-so in a wig and gown; we have no ghastly gibbet, with Eugene Aram hanging in chains on Knaresborough Heath.

"There is little for the posters, but much, very much for the imagination. We have here photographed the mind of Eugene Aram, the mind of a man who has murdered another fourteen years ago, the mind of a wretch who has hoped to live down conscience, the mind of a poor devil who is flung once more amongst roses and love ; and just as he is smelling the exquisite flower, it falls to pieces in his hand.

"In many quarters I anticipate there will be adverse criticisms. It will be said the play is horrible beyond endurance, and many will, unfortunately, miss the pleasure of Mr. Irving's acting for fear of shuddering more than ever over 'The Bells,' or weeping more than ever over 'Charles the First.' The three plays have literally nothing in common. 'Eugene Aram' is no paraphrase of 'The Bells,' and no hint is given of Matthias in Mr. Irving's performance. Mr. Wills has executed a difficult task, in my humble opinion, remarkably well ; and Mr. Irving's successful career has never shown such a stride as this in the right direction. The task is herculean for any actor ; and once more Mr. Irving has triumphed."

Poll all Henry Irving's admirers, and opinions will be divided as to his greatest personation in the brilliant and varied picture gallery of portraits that he has exhibited on the Lyceum stage. Some will say with emphasis and decision, Louis XI. Others will linger on the singular merits of Becket. Many will declare with astonishment how brilliantly his earliest method of elaborate detail was sublimated in the old Waterloo veteran in Conan Doyle's clever little play.

A few notes on the subject may be found interesting.

This was written of Louis XI. just before Henry Irving sailed for America in 1883.

“The Louis XI. of Mr. Irving stands out as the one character in which his picturesque force, his variety, his humour, and his artistic method are shown to the greatest advantage. I must claim the privilege of being true to a firm and fixed impression. I have not wavered or faltered in my faith, and this enthusiasm seems to be confirmed in that it was endorsed by others who have seen character after character, and play after play pass before their eyes whilst being presented for critical judgment.

“The tenderness and dignity of King Charles, the wild frenzy of Matthias, the tipsy savagery of Dubosc, the scholarly mastery over the interminable difficulties of Hamlet, the hungry malignity of Shylock—all seemed to yield the place of honour when contrasted with Louis XI., who is not Henry Irving at all, in tone, in voice, in manner, or in individuality; but, what a great effort of acting should be—a distinct personation.

“As the shifty, crafty, changeable, bigoted and humour-loving King, Henry Irving is really the ‘persona’ he desires to represent. He ceases to be himself, and by a rare grasp of art he transports his audience into the Court of France, and forces them to follow the shifts and changes, the light and shadow, in a great and interesting personality. When ‘Louis the Eleventh’ was first revived for the sake of Henry Irving six years ago, an attempt was made to prejudice the performance by a contrast with Charles Kean, who was here also seen at his very best. Such a contrast was unnecessary at a time when nine-tenths of the audience had

never seen Charles Kean at all ; it is useless now, when the Louis XI. of Henry Irving is inimitably richer in expression, more full-bodied in humour, and far higher in power than it was at the outset.

"Then we saw a brilliant outline, a flash of cleverness ; now we are conscious of an artistic triumph and rare embodiment. The comedy scenes in 'Louis the Eleventh' could not, one would have thought, have been easily improved upon, even by Henry Irving. Constant Lyceum playgoers will remember the infinite variety, the jerks and odd grimaces, the mind registered in the face, when Louis gives an audience to the impetuous and insolent ambassador, or feels his youth revive at the sight of the cherry lips and buxom form of Martha the peasant.

"They will recall the changes from grave to gay, the curious and heterogeneous mixture of fervour and fawning, of craft and cunning, of terror and turpitude, as the King, when represented by Henry Irving, draws nearer to the more dramatic and anxious moments of his life. Columns of critical analysis have been written to explain or describe the skill of the artist in these brilliant flashes of comedy power in a sustained performance. But even here Mr. Irving has improved upon himself ; the art is more closely concealed ; trick, or even shadow of it, is seen no more.

"If proof were wanted of the truth of what I urge it would be found in the attitude of an audience, literally fascinated by the spell that the actor exercised. No eyes could wander from the stage, nay more, no eyes could release their hold on the actor's countenance, so highly magnetic was his expression, so complete was his grasp upon his auditors.

"Only acting of a very remarkable character can so impress a mixed audience. At the first performance

of Louis by Henry Irving, however, there was a certain hesitancy to give the actor credit for pronounced power in the melodramatic and tragic as apart from the comedy scenes. This reservation can exist no longer in the minds of those who were influenced by the conclusion of the last two acts of the play. When the half-frenzied King in an agony of fear, after his terrible scene with Nemours, sees before him the phantom of his murderer, the actor held his audience, as he had never held them before, in a tragic outburst, an outburst so admirable in all its expression and detail that it became the death scene of a monarch fighting the last inch of life with the King of Terrors."

This again was an impression of Henry Irving in "Becket":

I am inclined to think that "Becket" is the very greatest of Henry Irving's stupendous achievements at the Lyceum. Splendid as have been his artistic gifts to the stage, this is, in a measure, the greatest gift of all. In the first place—a fact so little understood by the public, and less than ever by the poet with a hunger for the stage—Henry Irving has created a play out of an undramatic poem. He has formed, fashioned, and modelled a dramatic substance out of an undramatic cloud.

Take Lord Tennyson's play, as written by the poet in his study. For the stage—impossible. Look at it now as deftly handled by the craftsman, and behold a play that will last as long as an actor is found who can live in the part of the Chancellor Churchman, as Henry Irving does.

The actor has done splendid things before now, but I regard his Becket as the crowning point of his



artistic career. The more one sees the performance, the more one is riveted and fascinated by it. For in Becket—thanks to the artist's delineation—we find not exactly two men, but the worldly man, gradually ennobling himself and aspiring to the religious life.

The Becket, Chancellor of England, as we see him when the curtain rises on the scene, is not yet the same Becket as the priest who dies a martyr for his religious convictions.

It is a triumph for an artist to be able in so short a space of time to convey the illumination, as it were, of a life vowed to duty and consecrated by faith. The Becket who plays chess with the King, who wears his gorgeous lay robes, who shows his statecraft and ambition, is not the same Becket who has become half divine with the sense of his coming martyrdom.

Henry Irving has never done anything so subtle, so delicate, or so artistically graduated, as this merging of the statesman into a saint. The smile is ever there—very sweet, very captivating, most indicative of character. The smile of the man that won the King's favour is the smile of the martyr, ennobled by self-sacrifice and a sense of approaching death.

And there is always power. Becket is no weak priest. Look at his eye, and you will see his commanding force. But the power and the sweetness ultimately combine in all the last scenes of Becket's life. I can recall no artistic passage in the whole of Henry Irving's stage career so exquisitely tender, so absolutely truthful, and so full of beauty, as the one scene where Becket seems to yield to fate, and arms himself like a saint for the inevitable martyrdom. If ever an actor lived in a part, Henry Irving does in that of Becket. He is never astray, never out of picture. We have often and

often heard of this actor's faults : of his fantastic moods and accentuated manner : but when before, by one of the old school, during the last thirty years, has poetry in this case been more faultlessly delivered by an actor ? Every line, every sentence, every syllable, falls with rhythmical measure on the delighted ear.

In his time Henry Irving has had hard knocks, and borne them bravely ; but to hear him declaim or muse as Becket is to hear the music of perfect elocution. The fact of the matter is, he likes the part, and lives in it, and an inspiration of this kind is never lost on an attentive and appreciative audience.

I have been looking over Southey's memoir of Archbishop Becket in his " Book of the Church," and I cannot see that history has been falsified by the Lyceum production. The play starts well, centres well, and ends well. There are no dull or unnecessary moments in it. Then as regards dress, scenery and archæological detail, it is very doubtful if it could be improved upon. Charles Kean, with all his passion for archæology and his student researches, never did anything at the Princess's Theatre much better than " Becket."

The scene that shows the revolt of the nobles and the barons is as magnificent as is the death of Becket both impressive and true. If, over in France, M. Coquelin, cadet, had chanced to hear of Henry Irving's peculiar affectations, of his deeply-rooted mannerisms, of his curious angular ways, irregularities, and eccentricities, how surprised he must have been when he made the acquaintance of our leading actor as Becket ! As to manner and affectation, they do not exist. It would be difficult to find an elocutionist anywhere who could do more justice to the verse of Alfred Lord Tennyson than Henry Irving. If you want an example, take note of

the speeches spoken by Becket—those tender, impressive, prophetic speeches—that are forerunners of the scene of martyrdom in Canterbury Cathedral. For good balance, accent and music, and discretion in elocution, I have listened to nothing better for many a long day. And then the smile! We have heard of an actress's laugh, or an actor's chuckle, or some other memorable link that brings back the past to the present; but it seems to me that in after years, if ever they come, the sweet smile of Henry Irving as Becket will "haunt me still." Resignation, determination, and the proud spirit of a man chastened by religion, were never shown with greater effect. I once thought that Henry Irving could never beat his own record in "Louis the Eleventh," but he has done it, I think, in "Becket."

As I write I can see his parting with Ophelia in "Hamlet"; his superb individuality in Vanderdecken; his exit as Shylock; his resignation as Dr. Primrose, Vicar of Wakefield; his picturesque devilry as Iago; and his combined comedy and tragedy as Louis; but, high above them all, stands that exquisite preparation for martyrdom in "Becket." Few things more beautiful or less stagey, or less conventional, have been seen, I believe, on the stage of our time. No familiarity with the great actors of the *Comédie Française* could have prejudiced the mind of Coquelin, cadet, against his estimate of Henry Irving.

Here is another rapid impression of Henry Irving as Corporal Brewster in Conan Doyle's "A Story of Waterloo":

I must go back to the days of Lafont, an incomparable comedian, and Lesueur, a perfect representative of old men, to find a parallel to the marvellous picture of senility, pathetic, varied, and wholly true to nature,

presented originally by Henry Irving at the Bristol Theatre.

I remember that I saw Lafont, the great French actor, play a desperately old man in an admirable drama by old D'Ennery, the champion dramatist, called "*Le Centenaire*"; but Henry Irving's performance of Corporal Brewster rivalled the greatest efforts of his gifted predecessors.

Dr. Conan Doyle desired to paint in words and action what a Hubert Herkomer would have depicted on canvas. Here was a portrait straight out of Chelsea Hospital. Grey, bent, toothless, hungry for his rations like an old grizzled wolf, the actor impressed the audience at his early entrance. He was affectionate, yet testy; alternately maundering, and manly.

The poor half-witted man blubbered like a child over his broken pipe; gobbled up the food that warmed his withered old frame, and yet stood up alert as a dart, saluting as if on parade, when he is surprised by the colonel, to whom he owes no allegiance save an old soldier's sense of discipline and courtesy.

The great merit of Henry Irving's marvellous picture of senility is its suggestion of second childhood. Well may the bonny girl, who waits on the old man, think of her gallant young lover, stalwart and brave, and say to herself, as Hamlet said to the skull, "*To this favour*" you "*must come at last!*"

This is evidently the artistic idea of the actor. He wants to paint a strong, vigorous hero—who, in the old days, would fell like an ox—reduced to mere impotence and babyhood. The fire is in his memory, the life blood is in his heart; but he has to be helped from chair to chair, to be fed with a spoon; and this grand hero of Waterloo, who helped to save his country by his pluck,

whimpers over a broken pipe, and chuckles at the memory of days that are almost a forgotten dream.

The spectators were not prepared for such a superb performance as this. The artist had surpassed himself. When the first surprise had passed away—the surprise of the shrunken, shrivelled old man, with the long, half-paralysed arms and fingers, his sharp set face, like a grey old wolf, his voice alternating between a deep bass and a childish treble—the interest centred in the man himself. Was ever second babyhood better expressed than the whine and whimper over the broken pipe, a childish burst of petulance assuaged by a new toy in the shape of a newer and better pipe?

Were the devotion, the loyalty, and the discipline of the old soldier ever better shown than when, at the lilting tramp of soldiers, old Martin, the man at arms, shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won; or, when at the sound of the name of his colonel, the moribund warrior started to "attention"?

In fact, there is no point or detail in this marvellous study of senility that escapes critical attention. It is a little masterpiece of art. We have no mere acting here, but a photographic picture of mental and bodily decay. To make up as an old man is a trivial art. But to be old in all his peevishness, all his querulousness, all his little acquired obstinacies and dim recollections of the "Dook," who was his hero—that is quite another matter. That is the art that is priceless.

The English stage has seen few finer examples of art—nay, is it not genius?—than this since Robson played Daddy Hardacre. Henry Irving has in this charming play no dramatic opportunity such as Robson had either in "The Porter's Knot" or Daddy Hardacre; but, unquestionably, his picture of senility is painted with as



delicate taste and as fine a touch ; and this one thing is most certain, that Henry Irving touched the heart-strings of his audience as surely as Robson once did at the Olympic, and with material merely suggestive and not directly dramatic.

There is one character created by Henry Irving that is scarcely ever alluded to ; and yet it is in many respects the finest thing he has ever done on the stage. This is Vanderdecken—the Flying Dutchman,—the Damned Hollander, a story that stimulated the musical genius of Richard Wagner.

I shall not be rash if I conclude that Henry Irving had been impressed before he played Vanderdecken—sensibly and earnestly impressed—with the fact of the Wagnerian method in lyric art.

“Vanderdecken,” as written by Mr. Wills and as conceived by Henry Irving, I wrote at the time, is not a play that will ever be received without cavil or controversy. It will be detestable to some, it will fascinate others. By many it will be ridiculed as the concentrated essence of dulness ; to some, by means of its colour, its hidden music, and its silent suggestiveness, it will give satisfaction and delight.

On these abstract points of art the whole world cannot possibly agree. A ghost story is accepted in certain circles as childish folly ; elsewhere, society submits to the fascination of the unknown, and silently turns down the gas. The downright honest people who declare that Vanderdecken and his phantom ship are all “rubbish,” will go to the Lyceum, if Vanderdecken is ever revived again, and sit in open-mouthed astonishment at the actor’s method and intention : they may all ridicule it, and turn their backs upon it, but I

may take the liberty of observing, it cannot appeal, and probably was never intended to appeal, to this order of mind. To many the play may be dull, tedious, bombastic, or ridiculous ; but we must see for ourselves before we so hastily condemn what has to be done, and with what success it can be accomplished.

An old pilot, Nils, is hospitably entertaining his friends in his Norwegian cottage, near the entrance of the Christiania Fjord. At once the mind of the spectator is conveyed to the scene. The picturesque costumes, the shape of the beer jugs and flagons, the rough, hardy tone of the picture, do more than a dozen pages of conversation. It is a favoured occasion. The pastor comes in, the alderman follows at his heels ; the neighbours surround the board ; for the discussion at this moment is the imminent betrothal of Thelka, the old pilot's daughter, to Olaf, the bravest young sailor on the coast.

Thelka is a strange girl—we are prepared for that. She is dreamy, unsettled, imaginative. She has fallen in love with the face of an old picture discovered in a ruin ; and though she passively submits to the affection of Olaf, she is distracted and absorbed. She looks hunted, pale, and as in a dream. Her eye is restless, and her mind is absent. As the night is wild the conversation of the fishermen has turned upon the legend of "The Flying Dutchman" ; and Thelka is asked by her father to recite the ballad. She trembles and obeys.

At once the secret of Thelka's disease is discovered—she loves an imaginative hero, and his name is Vanderdecken. She sways and rocks to the pulse of the ballad music. She is lost in the fancy of the story.

The soul in her eye seems travelling to some immeasurable distance, and the climax of the legend is greeted with a thunderclap.

The ballad is over, the party is broken up. A ship in distress has been seen in the distance; the services of Nils, the pilot, are urgently required; amidst prayers and blessings the men depart; and Thelka, left alone with her nurse, sees out at sea the blood-red sails of Vanderdecken's phantom ship.

The sailors return from sea, and discuss the mystery of the craft they have met. Suddenly, strangely, and unexpectedly, a sail on the quay is lifted aside, and Vanderdecken stands before the astonished men. Calmly he answers their questions; courteously he accepts the invitation of old Nils. Left alone with Vanderdecken, we gather, in a beautifully written soliloquy, the secret of this forlorn and miserable creature. His time has come for a visit to earth. Once more he must seek for a woman who is to save him from an eternity of waiting. "Where is this woman ordained for my release? What mien, what nature, of what form is she? Who is she? What is she? A hundred years' repentance for one brief minute's sin! Oh God! How long! how long!"

This is Vanderdecken's solitary wail; this is the soul torment of the "ghost that haunts the sea," a terror to himself. As Henry Irving delivered this soliloquy, standing absorbed in anguish, it was impossible not to admire the picturesque appearance of the man, the grace of the outline, the careless art of the costume. At once he was a picture within a picture. But in order to fully understand what is to follow, particular attention must be given to the concluding lines of this

melancholy rhapsody. They form the melody of the whole play.

"I go to meet her as in a trance!  
My senses are dulled with sorrow!  
Sleeping without rest, but with sad dreams,  
A dead man with the consciousness of death."

When complaints were made of Henry Irving's method, and of his slow, sad impressiveness, it was forgotten that he is not real. He is a phantom, speaking to a girl in a trance; and if the first love scene is thoroughly comprehended, it is difficult to believe that the mysticism of the situation could be better conveyed. It is "a dead man with the consciousness of death."

Gradually, but surely, the influence of Vanderdecken over Thelka is declared. Thelka has lived upon dreams of this one face in all the world; for her, Vanderdecken has lived in this self-same love situation long ago. Both have loved, but both have hungered for this moment.

It is a dream revealed. What wonder that the father, home, duties, responsibilities and the present dread of Olaf, fade before the girl's delighted eyes?

But this love music cannot last long. It is too sweet to live. The greedy, jealous Olaf appears upon the scene, and the two men meet face to face in mortal combat. They fight with swords; they fight with daggers, swearing that the one who survives shall fling his dead adversary into the sea. This is the picturesque moment of the play.

The moonlight glares upon the pale faces of the desperate men; and when, after a terrible struggle up the cliff, Vanderdecken is flung headlong from its height, the conquering Olaf stands out in relief against a background of grim darkness.

True, all this is melodramatic effect, some indeed said, with a cruel and thoughtless sneer, that "it was only fit for the Surrey,"—meaning thereby, I presume, that melodrama is forbidden on this side of the water. The play, sombre as it is, required a melodramatic moment, and it was obtained by means of intensity and picturesque vigour. If this be not art, then Richard Wagner has lived in vain; but when Irving played Vanderdecken, the name of Wagner was unknown, save to the intellectual minority.

But the moment had not yet arrived when Vanderdecken's apparently lifeless corpse was hurled over the cliff, or when the triumphant Olaf stretched out his arms in relief for this deliverance.

It came when the sea gave up its dead and the immortal Vanderdecken was rolled by the breaking waves unhurt upon the pebbled shore. Then comes the last scene of all—strange, mysterious, and unconventional. Thelka, bound to Vanderdecken for ever, is carried off to the phantom ship; and here, awakened from her trance, she hears her lover ask her if she fears, or if she will sacrifice her love for his. The description of the dread alternative to Vanderdecken is so beautiful that the words must speak for themselves:

"What is my doom?

Worse than in hell! Eternal loneliness!  
Eternal silence! and, in that awful silence,  
The worm of memory gnawing in my heart,  
Anguish of thought within my brain! sleepless! intense!  
Just hope enough to keep despair awake!  
Around me forests of gigantic weeds,  
Waving and writhing  
As if the skeletons which people them  
But lie dead still did move them,  
Vast ribs of ships, and ribs of monstrous fish  
Which look like wrecks! Tall peaks of coral,



Rising like pale cathedrals richly carved,  
But where no bell is heard  
Or murmuring of prayer to comfort me :  
Ships I have seen go down, their crews  
Grasping the shrouds with bony hands,  
Or, hanging o'er the bulwarks, nod at me,  
In their dead eyes—silent upbraiding.  
Strange things move on with noiseless crawl,  
And lift their goblin heads to look at me.  
Around my phantom ship long shadows lie.  
The sharks, ghouls of the sea,  
Watch me with glassy hungry eyes, knowing their caterer ;  
For when the hurricane is loosed above,  
Crushing the sea to angry white, and sails  
Fly from their bolts, and coward seamen quail,  
Then do I rise upon my phantom deck  
Tranced at the helm, fatal decoy to wreck  
And to disaster.  
Before me seems to stretch a dreary headland ;  
Before it a fixed dawn that never grows to day ;  
But 'neath the dappled cloud one spring of light  
Shapes to thy angel face, like a sweet veiled Madonna,  
A fluttering hand then seems to beckon me ;  
I strive to round the point, but beat about—  
In vain ! In vain !  
Then the old frenzy rises to my brain,  
Wild curses to my lips, and in the thunder  
Sounds that do curse again shriek out—  
Sail on ! Sail on ! until the judgment day,  
Unless that woman come ! ”

Thelka has no fear ; her answer shows complete faith in her weird master ; the phantom crew disappear into the world of shadows, and, as they gaze, “ the wind a melody, and laden with the murmurs of God’s city,” kisses the upturned faces of the lovers as the curtain falls.

The greatest praise that could be given to Henry Irving was contained in the fact that his presence and influence showed a Vanderdecken clear and distinct to the audience, a Vanderdecken of picturesque and romantic interest, a Vanderdecken haunted by the

despair of an eternity of life, and comforted by the possession of an eternity of love.

There were many protests against this experiment; but I see in it the germs of a possibility of a cultured form of imaginative art. We do not stop; we improve as we go on. Here, at any rate, is a specimen of poetic melodrama. The fancy of the poet, the intensity of the artist, the charm of the scenery, the aid of the music, the richness of illusion, all combined in a performance which, if it was not perfect, was at any rate a decided protest against the conventionality of theatrical effect and the vulgarity of old-fashioned melodrama. Possibly the subject was too sombre, and it is certain that many of the speeches, beautiful as they may be, were too long; but dramatic laws were never outraged, and though the method was unconventional, there was a full appreciation of dramatic effect.

The form of the entertainment came with such surprise upon the audience, that the curtain fell occasionally without the usual applause. But I do not believe on that account the dramatic legend was the less impressive. We hear a sonata, or a song, and the meaning of the music is not instantly conveyed to any but a highly-trained or imaginative mind. Yet the impression lingers. Those who ridicule legendary matter, and who cannot conceive such a mind as that of Vanderdecken, will go on their way despising; but to others possibly, when the curtain fell, on the first night—June 8, 1879—of “Vandercken,” came satisfying thoughts of the absorbed devotion of Thelka, and the relieved misery of the Phantom Hero, of the beauty of poetry, and the inspiring influence of art. The

artists took a legend, and they appreciated it; they received a poem, and they respected it.

Much has been said and written about Henry Irving's mannerisms. I don't suppose his manner is more pronounced than that of every distinguished actor with whose style I am acquainted. Macready, as I have already pointed out, had a manner, a very decided manner, if those who followed his career are to be believed. So had Phelps, so had Charles Kean, so had Benjamin Webster, Buckstone, Compton and scores of others.

"Few who saw Henry Irving's admirable performance of Digby Grant in "The Two Roses," knew that his catch word was a phrase continually identified with Macready. In fact, Henry James Byron made an ingenious comparison between Macready, Charles Kean, and Irving so far as manner is concerned. "You annoy me, you annoy me very much," is often quoted as a chronic phrase of Macready's when he was disconcerted by actors at rehearsal.

Byron, in the *Green-Room*, Christmas Annual, 1880, says:—"Irving, no doubt, owes much of his success—his deserved and legitimate success—to his resemblance to Macready and Charles Kean. His 'you annoy me very much' was Macready over again, and much of his 'mannerism' is intensely Macreadyish. His intensity (for want of a better word, but it is not the one that quite expresses my meaning), is essentially Charles Keany—the combination is a happy one and the public benefit therefrom."

Referring to traditional "mannerisms," and speaking of Buckstone, James E. Murdock, *The Stage*, chapter xix., says:—

"All these abrupt transitions, chuckles and alter-

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nations from briskness to gravity, by which his audience was kept in a gale of merriment, were among the strangest vocal effects imaginable, and yet they were adroitly managed burlesque imitations of Kean, Macready and Kemble. Mr. Buckstone showed in such artificial methods his powers of analysis and recombination, and his skill as a dramatic artist, but confined himself within the narrow limit of a mimetic style."

## CHAPTER III

### QUEENS OF THE STAGE

I NOW approach a very difficult task, and I am conscious of it. If in discussing the beautiful, the talented, the witty, the pathetic, the domestic heroines and Queens of the Stage, I were to endeavour to pretend to make out a class list or award a prize of merit, I think I should be trying to attempt the impossible. To every saw and adage there is a conspicuous exception.

Comparisons may be odious in many circumstances of life, but in discussing dramatic art and its exponents comparisons are sometimes inevitable.

We cannot criticise a new Hamlet, a new Romeo, a new Othello or Iago without drawing on the capital of our experience; and it need not be offensive, when discussing an Ophelia, a Juliet, a Desdemona, a Portia, or a Beatrice, to recall what others did, rightly or wrongly; or what views were taken on the subject of Shakespeare's heroines, and heroines generally, by the greatest actresses that we have seen.

Acting is mainly a matter of temperament and personality, and we cannot advance one temperament or personality beyond another. Thus in my time I think that in pure comedy, in the sunlight, sparkle of



humour and in the art of immediately influencing her audience, Marie Bancroft (Lady Bancroft) stands unrivalled. I think also that in domestic pathos, in emotional drama, in the study of the human heart and in the mastery of every known and unknown effect in the lights and shades of her art, Madge Kendal in my time—and it is a long time—need fear no comparison whatever, not even from France or America—the France that has given us a Favart and a Fargueil, the America that has sent us an Ada Rehan and a Janauschek.

Whereas in the delight and joy of temperament, in the irresistible impulse of individuality, in her beauty, grace and captivating allurements, in the gentle sway of her queen-like qualities, and the peerlessness of her reign over the hearts of men and women alike, the stage of no country in the wide world has ever seen another Ellen Terry.

“Quæris Alcidae parem?  
Nemo est nisi ipse.”

“And but herself admits no parallel.” If ever it were true of any woman born, that in her “joy was a living thing,” it is true of Ellen Terry. Other actresses there have been of greater power, of more restraint, of stronger balance. In certain Shakespearean characters this delightful actress has strained her natural gifts somewhat severely; but in that undefinable word “charm,” whether as a Shakespearean actress or not, Ellen Terry stands absolutely alone.

If some have been known quietly to shake their heads at the mention of her Lady Macbeth and Queen Katharine, how their faces sparkle with animation when we talk of Beatrice and Portia—both the very best of our time—and Camma in the “Cup,” and Ellaline in



*Photo by]*

ELLEN TERRY.

*[Alfred Ellis.*



the "Amber Heart," and, possibly best of all, the purely English and enchanting Olivia,—one of the performances that can be pronounced absolutely faultless.

When Ellen Terry played Hero in "Much Ado About Nothing" at the Haymarket in 1863, a more ideal creature than this young, fair-haired Queen of the Stage had never been seen by the oldest playgoer. It was one of the most enchanting of Shakespearean performances.

She seemed to my lively imagination to be not quite human, but to have strayed to the stage from fairy land. No wonder that the Ellen Terry of those days was the inspiration of poets and painters; and we who were devoted in those early times to William Morris when he wrote almost his first book, "The Defence of Guinevere," containing "The Haystack in the Floods" and "Rapunzel," we who were enthusiastic about the art of Holman Hunt and Maddox Brown and Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Arthur Hughes and Dyce and Frederick Sandys, seemed to see the Ellen Terry inspiration in every volume and on every canvas.

As I have already pointed out, Ellen Terry was an actress from childhood. I wonder how many still living remember one of her first appearances in London at the Royalty Theatre, then managed by a dancer, Mdlle. Albina de Rhona (1861)?

Ellen Terry, still a mere child, was cast for the part of Clementine in a wild dramatic version of Eugene Sue's romance of "Atar-Gull." Clementine is attacked in a summer house, the door of which is locked, by a large serpent, and forces her way out of the window with the coils of the beast about her neck, shrieking with terror.

Ellen Terry's maddened shriek rings in my ears yet.

It would take many columns to record the full value of the stage work of Ellen Terry. Still, I may be permitted to revive a few old impressions.

The Olivia of W. G. Wills was first presented at the Court Theatre by John Hare in 1878, and was throughout as beautiful and poetical a production as the last half century has seen. All round it was a labour of love. John Hare suggested the subject to W. G. Wills, who smiled with delight at the notion. The little manager was determined to go "one better" than the Comédie Française itself with "*L'Ami Fritz*," its Alsatian dinner tables and its cherry trees in bloom. The subject was consoling to all; and Ellen Terry, in the perfection of her beauty and her power, might have stepped out of the pages of Goldsmith.

Seven years after, when the play was revived at the Lyceum, with Henry Irving as Dr. Primrose, I said :

"For seven years the Olivia of Miss Ellen Terry has been laid up in lavender; and the picture of a loving and lovable woman, with all her waywardness, trust, disappointment and anguish, is presented to us with an added sweetness and deepened colour.

"The artist has evidently not put this admirable study of a true woman wholly out of her mind. She has not played the part for a long time on the stage, but she must often have thought of it. New ideas, fresh suggestions, innumerable delicate touches, never lost on the observant spectator, have been brought to bear on the new Olivia, who stands out as one of the most striking personations—as fine in perspective as in outline, as tender in thought as it is in true sentiment—that the modern stage has seen.

"In the first act of the play Miss Ellen Terry has



little more to do than to strike the keynote of the poem. She has to show how Olivia is the fairest of the old Vicar's flock, the loveliest and the most winsome of his many children, the loved companion of her brothers and sisters, her father's idol.

"Dr. Primrose has a generous loving heart. He mounts the youngsters on his knee or lifts them on his shoulder to look across the lovely country towards the lights of cruel London ; for his good wife he has a deep affection, consecrated by long years of trial ; he is beloved by his neighbours, cheerful to all those around him ; but in Olivia, the favourite child, his whole heart is centred.

"She came between me and my love for God, and I am punished for it at last," says the Vicar, in his supreme anguish at the loss of her ; so it became necessary to show at the outset the truth and depth of the affection that is to be so cruelly shattered.

"Thus Olivia becomes the sunshine of her father's house.

"When the villagers assemble to congratulate him on his silver wedding and to sing a carol under the vicarage windows ; when the old Farmer Flamborough ventures to call and grumble at the fine airs of the Vicar's lady, it is Olivia with her sunny face and winning manner who seems to avert the storm arising on the domestic horizon. But, for all that, simple parson's daughter as she is, inexperienced in the world and in its ways, she already shows how strong and absolute is the affectionate nature that is in her.

"She loves the young squire, not because he has a fine coat and winning manners, not because he is above her social station, but because her nature leans towards some one who appears stronger in character and less

dependent on love than herself. Squire Thornhill's very indifference fascinates her.

"Olivia pretends to pet and pout when her Edward talks of the fine ladies in London; she makes believe that she will dismiss her lord if he treats her so carelessly as he sometimes does; but we who watch know full well that she would never let her lover stray far from her side, and would beckon him back, did he retreat only so far as the vicarage hedge. It is this loving, this trusting nature, the depth of this heart, the mine of this woman's love as yet unexplored, that the Vicar alone understands so well. Olivia's mother is occasionally inclined to resent her husband's determination to spoil the girl; there is an occasional sneer upon her lips as the old clergyman makes his Livy his comforter and his friend.

"But so it is. When the clouds of trouble darken on the old man's brow, when despair is settling down on the house, it is to Olivia that her father looks for help—not to his wife. In that evening hour, when the white-haired man gathers his family around him in the dying daylight to learn what trouble has befallen him, it is Olivia, who is at his knees kissing his hands, and looking up into his dear, tear-stained, eyes.

"We come to the second scene. Love, the master, has worked havoc in Olivia's heart. Gradually but very delicately, Ellen Terry shows how her father is forgotten for the sake of her lover. She hates Burchell because he dares to doubt the man she loves. She defends her Thornhill with a woman's desperation and a woman's unreason. He may have deceived other women, but he loves her! That is her argument, and it is urged with brilliant petulance.

"The second scene with Thornhill brings out some

very subtle suggestions. It was as excellently played by William Terriss as by Ellen Terry. Both are goaded on by destiny. For a moment she would hold back, and so would he. She cannot forget her father, or he his honour. The man is not wholly reckless yet. There is a pause, but it is momentary. Selfishness prevails; the strong man conquers, not the weak, but loving woman; and once she has given her promise, we know that she will not turn back.

"No father, no religion, no remembrances can step between her and her determined spirit. Then comes that exquisite scene, when, at the twilight hour, Olivia distributes her little presents to the loved ones before she steals away from home to join the master of her future life. The deep choking tones of Ellen Terry's voice, her fine power of absolutely identifying herself with the situation, the real tears that course down her cheeks, the struggle to repress as much as to express, made this one of the most pathetic moments that modern art has illuminated and intensified.

"It is powerful, but not morbid; it is terrible in its despair, but so true that the very grief it causes is satisfying and pleasant. Our deepest sympathies are roused, our better feelings stimulated. And so, when the Vicar is dreaming over the fire, when the mother is at her homely work, and the rest are singing at the old harpsichords, Olivia steals from home, and her pale face is seen at the lattice window, kissing farewell to the home she is to leave for ever.

"It is, however, in the third act that the actress has most visibly improved. She has here emphasised the contrast between the happy married woman and the heartbroken despairing dupe. The actress begins the scene with an excess of gaiety. If Thornhill's love has

grown more cold, hers has gained in force and impetuosity. Her object now is to retain her lover by her side. Her short life with him has intensified her affection. She coquets with him, she hangs close to his neck, she laughs and is merry.

“At the thought of home and Christmas time she becomes a child again. She kisses the leaves they have brought to her from the hedge at home, and ties them round her neck as if they made the most precious posy in the world. There is no joy like hers, no heart so light, no life so full of promise.

“Suddenly and without warning, comes the storm which is to wreck her life. Her lover tells her that he has deceived her. She is not his wife. The announcement at first stuns her. She cannot believe or understand. She beats her brains to get at the truth. The realisation of her situation is awful. Father, mother, home, friends, contempt, humiliation, crowd before her like ghastly spectres; the love has changed to savage hate, and as Thornhill approaches to comfort her, she strikes him on the breast, and in that one word “Devil!” is summed up the unspeakable horror that afflicts her soul. But as yet the act is not nearly over. The most beautiful passages of it have yet to come, when her father appears to rescue the lamb that is on the road. Never before, in our recollection, has woman’s grief been depicted with such infinite truth. Olivia has been beaten and very sorely bruised; but in her father’s arms she is safe.

“The sobs that wring her heart are the true cure. In her old father’s presence she is a child again. No mother in the world could give her greater comfort. She feels she is forgiven and at rest. She has passed through the purgatory trial and gained the paradise of

love. Here, as far as art is concerned, the study, complex and beautiful as it is, must necessarily stop. For the purpose of the play, Thornhill must be forgiven, and presumably Olivia must be reconciled to him; but we cannot bring our minds to believe that the reconciliation would be so sudden or the forgiveness so swift as this. We leave Olivia confronted with her father, and that is enough. The poem is complete at that point, and we want no more. Such acting as is contained in the Olivia of Miss Ellen Terry, as fine in conception as it is impressive in effect, is seen very rarely on the stage of any country."

Merriment is the abiding quality of Miss Ellen Terry's Beatrice. She is Shakespeare's "pleasant-spirited lady," she was born in a "merry hour," we know that a "star danced, and under that was she born," she has a "merry heart;" and the actress leans charmingly on this view of the character. All the people about the court love Beatrice, as well they may. They know her antipathy to the rougher sex is only skin deep, and they trick her into matrimony.

She is no virago or vixen, but a smiling, chaffing, madcap girl, whose laughter and high spirits are next door to tears. How true this is of life! Laughter and tears are only divided by the narrowest channel; and the art with which Ellen Terry expresses this in the scene after the cruel condemnation of her cousin is quite admirable. She wants to laugh with Benedick, but she must weep for Hero.

Most daring and original of all is her reading of the well-known outburst, "O! God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market place." Novel as it is, I hold it to be perfectly correct and natural in



such a woman. It is not the scornful rage of a vixen, or the scream of a vulgar shrew ; but a sudden, passionate sob of suppressed emotion. " O ! God, that I were a man ! I would——," and then there is a long pause, as if the woman were too passionately indignant to give her thoughts utterance ; but soon, with a wounded cry, and with rage expressed in the scarcely suppressed tears, come the words, " I would eat his heart in the market-place." When we object to unconventional readings we must remember the kind of woman presented to us.

There are many Beatrices who could not speak those lines in that particular way. But such a Beatrice as Ellen Terry must have so spoken them. All who understand and have studied the style of this gay and sprightly actress will guess how she could say such words as, " No, my lord, unless I might have another for working days : your Grace is too costly to wear every day," or her answer to the question if she were born in a merry hour, " No, sure, my lord, my mother cried."

Such sentences as these are ever received with a veritable shout of applause. But the audience was scarcely prepared for so excellent a delivery of the rhymed and lyrical soliloquy : " What fire is in mine ears ? Can this be true ? Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much ? " And how true is the well-known Shakespearean simile as applied to this actress, " For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs close by the ground." This is exactly how Miss Ellen Terry does run, on or off the stage, and has done so from childhood.

Here are a few recollections of Ellen Terry as

Margaret in "Faust," as acted at the Lyceum on the 21st of December, 1885. In the second act, the performance was found to be improving at almost every point. Ellen Terry became more and more the ideal Margaret, and her scene with Mephisto was better played than anything that has gone before.

For the drama gained in strength and interest—the gloom of the oncoming tragedy advanced. Mephisto has given to the moody and meditative Faust the fatal sleeping draught, which is to create the first disaster. Margaret is agitated between love and religion.

It is this last idea which will distinguish Ellen Terry's Margaret from any that have preceded her—the idea of her absorbing religious faith. She has shown it faintly before at her night prayers in her modest room. She is to show it bitterly afterwards, when on her knees in agony before the Mater Dolorosa, or when tortured by the avenging spirit in the church.

Even now, in her first supreme outburst of affection, she questions Faust about his religious faith; not so critically as Goethe does, but enough to justify Faust's after taunt to the mocking spirit:

"Mocker! thou couldst never understand  
How this deep-loving one, full of her faith,  
The only shining pledge she has of heaven,  
Is agonised to think that one she loves  
Can never meet her there."

All this is cleverly and delicately led up to by the dramatist, and exquisitely illustrated by the actress.

The third act is unquestionably the best—best in arrangement, best in colour, best in idea, best in execution. It contains as fine moments as have ever been seen in the acting of Ellen Terry; and the arrange-

ment of Valentine's death scene was a triumph of stage management. The celebrated scene at the well, with the girls' chatter over Barbara's fall, reveals the deplorable sorrow of Margaret, her agony of shame, the abiding presence of despair. The absolute truth of Ellen Terry's acting as she places the flowers before the Virgin's shrine and kneels prostrate with contrition before the Mater Dolorosa, brought tears into the eyes of the most hardened of the audience. Her deep, pleading voice—that wonderful voice of hers—half choked with sobs, that poured forth the most pitiable lamentation—

“ Oh ! holy maiden ! thou who knowest sorrow—  
Thou through whose anguished heart the sword has pierced—  
Incline thy gracious countenance to me,  
My misery is past my tongue to tell.”

Every word, and every tone, told upon the audience. Not one suffrage in this litany of sorrow was lost.

“ Oh, heal this bleeding heart ! Oh, rescue me  
From death and shame ! Mother of many sorrows,  
Have pity ! Oh, have pity ! Turn to me.”

Here was pathos drawn to its very finest point. But the tragedy is inexorable. The story has, indeed, its thoughts too deep for tears. Valentine has to come home from the wars to find his loved sister dishonoured, and to fall under the sword of her betrayer.

This was, surely, one of the finest scenes ever designed or realised on the Lyceum stage. The advance of the soldiers, the hurrying of the crowd, the tramp of the men, were all quick and effective. The duel itself was rapid and instantaneous ; and Valentine, in the dying daylight, fell by the well at which the women have chattered over the ruin of a sister. Then comes, as Margaret issues

from the house, one of the truest and soundest moments in the recorded art of Ellen Terry :

"My brother ! Ah, God help !—it cannot be ! (wildly) Who ?  
*Oh ! he will curse me !*"

I hold that those words, "Oh ! he will curse me," were as finely spoken as can be ; it was the true ring of agony that one so seldom hears. But the inexorable dramatist speeds on. For Margaret there is no cup of cold water, there is no pity for her. Her old companions jeer and flout at her, only one being found to kiss her in her agony. "Leave me !" she cries. "Leave me to think and pray." And so she totters from the speechless statue of the Virgin to the full church, where the organ and choir peal forth that awful hymn :

"Dies iræ, dies illa,  
Solvat sæclum in favilla."

But, alas ! she cannot pray. Mephisto is by her side, dinning into her ears the hideous consequences of her crime, her mother's death, her brother's murder. She would pray still, but her heart is crushed within her. Despair has taken the place of prayer ; and when Mephisto whispers his last devilish temptation to further mortal sin :

"Hast thou not killed thy mother ?  
Serpule not to kill thy babe !"

she falls fainting in the church, and the weird "Dies iræ" drives Mephisto out of the church into the darkness and shadows of the streets.

We are forced to hurry on from the demoniac fury of the Walpurgis night to the cold terror of the prison cell, where Margaret, in chains, half crazed and dying, is huddled on the straw awaiting her execution. We have not seen Faust or Mephisto riding over the plain

under the shadow of Margaret's gibbet. We have been spared that ; and is not this enough ?

Once more, who could fail to praise, unreservedly, the acting of Ellen Terry ? To the infinite tenderness of her Ophelia she here added a dramatic power and intensity for which very few had given her credit. No one who ever heard it will willingly forget the sweetness she gave to the lines of her approaching death :

“ To-morrow I must die,  
And I must tell thee how to range the graves.  
My mother the best place—next her my brother ;  
Me well apart ; but, dearest, not too far ;  
And by my side my little one shall lie.”

The expression put into the words, “ But, dearest, not too far,” is beyond description. It went straight to the heart. This scene, acted with such mingled purity, pathos, and intensity, was the climax of one of the most remarkable and beautiful performances Ellen Terry ever gave to the stage.

Margaret has been played and sung scores of times, but never so well understood, or so beautifully expressed. Innumerable ideas of Margaret have often been given, but here we seemed to read the woman's very soul.

On the 7th of June, 1887, Ellen Terry appeared as Ellaline in “ The Amber Heart ” of Alfred Calmour. The character fitted her like a glove. Once more she took us all to dreamland and fairyland. I said :

“ Ellaline is Miss Ellen Terry, and Miss Ellen Terry is Ellaline. Turn, and twist, and discuss the thing from a dozen points of view, and to the same conclusion we must all ultimately arrive.



"It is of no use debating what the play might have been without Miss Terry; it is of little profit at this moment carefully to discriminate between what is false and what is true in the poetic drama; it would be ungenerous to point out to Mr. Calmour where he is observant and where an echo. We have not so many fanciful writers that we can afford to despise graceful thoughts and poetic earnestness; the stage is not so overstocked with fancy that we need throw cold water on 'The Amber Heart.' Still, I do most emphatically insist that our memories will be fresher and pleasanter in the after years from the recollection of this pure, romantic Ellaline.

"In some romantic court of who cares where? at some imaginary period who knows when? at an age that is undated, and in a country unnamed, there dwells a girl without a heart—one Ellaline. The poet troubadour sighs for her, as poets will sigh for what is beautiful; the lusty warrior schemes for her, as warriors will for the unattainable; the old men rave about her charms; and the envious women curse her fantastic mysticism; but, through all this little world of hate and love, and greedy passion and envious jealousy, floats peaceful in her rest this loveless woman.

"She is not wilful, or frivolous, or heartless, or soured; her story simply is, she cannot love. Love, with its pain and tears, its delirium and regret, passes her by, and leaves her a creature to be loved, but innocent and pure.

"A learned man, Coranto, who has watched this fairy creature from her infancy, and loves her as a father does his child, tells Ellaline in an unguarded moment the story of her spell. Her mother loved too deeply, and was deceived; and for her relief they gave her as an

amulet an amber heart which should have charm against the poisoned spell of love. Around the neck of Ellaline, her child, still clings the treasure, which she, out of mere wilfulness, tears from her neck and flings into the lake below.

“All changes from that moment. As in the Palace of Truth, all the girl’s life is inverted from that hour. Love comes, with all its pain, its doubt, its misery unutterable. The poet egotist, who had cast his arms about the fair girl’s neck, is false to her. The pretty cousin rival is the theme of all his love-songs; and when at last the bitter truth breaks on the sad, abandoned woman, she sits sadly down under the lilac trees and sobs her heart out in the truest accents of woman’s grief that the modern stage has heard.

“There can be but one end to such a tale—a sad one. The amber heart must be discovered and restored, and with it surcease of love and dim forgetfulness. It is a strange ending to the poem, and full of reflection; for how is it that we who watch, pity poor Ellaline more on her return to love’s unconsciousness than we did in her extreme agony of love? The philosophy of Mr. Calmour’s muse is wrong. The grief of love is full of pain and torture and distress; but even that grief is preferable to the dull lethargy of nothingness. Tears flow at the sight of Ellaline’s dumb agony and wounded heart; but when she once more wears the amber amulet, scarcely a soul in all the house is found to envy her.

“All who have understood and studied these many years the nature of Ellen Terry on the stage can imagine how she would render this double woman. First the child, and then the woman; first the bud, and then the flower; first the prose, and then the poetry; first the innocence, and then the passion. But few could have

imagined who did not hear how truly she could convey the touching accents of a broken heart.

"This is not acting, as acting is commonly understood. Those deep throat notes broken into sobs, the woman wrestling with hysteria, the eyes and the heart at war with one another, the waving hands, the whole form crushed with emotion, the cry, the true cry of the heart that startles and stabs those who listen—these are the gifts of sudden inspiration as true as it is beautiful, added to well-trained and experienced art.

"Few who heard it are likely to forget the piteous wail of that heart-broken soliloquy :

" 'Methought it said  
The little heart is ours, and you have grief,  
And you have grief.'

"All staginess, all tawdriness, all theatrical glamour and tinsel were removed from this delightful picture. The grief was so womanly, so pathetic, so truly from the heart. And again :

" 'Oh, mother ! mother ! I am punished now  
For casting your sweet gift into the lake.  
My heart is broken, and I never more  
Shall know the joy of peacefulness again.'

And then there comes one short stage direction—'Sobs.' No need for any guidance such as this for such an actress. Her sobs rang with such plaintive accent ; there was in the woman's grief such piteousness ; there was such a memory of the child in the woman's love-pangs ; such intense sympathy existed between actress and audience, that when the curtain fell on the wild hysterical exit,

" 'They call on me again. Farewell ! Farewell !  
I must not stay. I come, sweetheart ! I come !'

the whole house broke into applause, and the actress

was called four times, whilst the tears streamed from every woman's eyes in the house. It was a very memorable occasion."

"Ellen Terry astonished dramatic students with her Imogen on the 22nd of September 1896. Ellen Terry's Imogen was not only a surprise—it was a revelation. It may not satisfy the old school; but it will certainly delight the new. It is not the reading of Helen Faucit, the best of the Imogens remembered; it may be picked to pieces by schoolmen and students; it was of course called un-Shakespearean: but Ellen Terry's Imogen is Ellen Terry with twenty years and more off her merry shoulders.

"I can only describe Ellen Terry's Imogen as her Beatrice mingled with a Rosalind that might have been.

"No, it was not that; it was Ellen Terry, that peculiar amalgam of witchery, charm and wilfulness which has baffled every critic of her work. I shall be told that this is not Imogen; but it is Ellen Terry's Imogen, and she held her audience in the palm of her hand. Imogen was never played in like fashion before. The scene in which Imogen was summoned by her dear milord to Milford Haven may not be Shakespearean, but it is pure Ellen Terry at her best.

"She bounds about the stage like a young fawn, she kisses her hand, she kisses her dear lord's letter, she is a wilful madcap and a romp. Is this Imogen, the King's daughter, the serious, thoughtful Imogen of Shakespeare? Who cares? What does it matter to the audience? It is the Imogen of Ellen Terry, and she has undoubtedly made out a good case.

"It may be heresy to the old school to hear an actress

interpolating asides and adding remarks and breaking in upon the text with charming gestures; but Ellen Terry does it, and every one loves her for doing it.

"So far, so good, for the earlier and middle scenes. There was a hesitating period, and an Ellen Terry period; but when we got to the *Fidèle* scenes then came the revelation, the touching of the heart, the true tears. There was only one remark in the house, 'Oh, what a *Rosalind* she would have made!' And many added, 'and ought to make.' Here in these scenes we had comedy of the finest flavour, and pathos exquisitely true. Few will forget the eminently *Rosalind*-like incident of the sword at the entrance to the cave—it was the bloody kerchief over again—and few indeed will fail to admire the nervous passion, the really eloquent grief, over the supposed body of the headless *Posthumus*.

"The success of the *Fidèle* scenes nerved the actress to a fresh attack, and in the grand reconciliation scene she played with the romance and activity of a girl of eighteen. It was a surprising effort from first to last; and of all the Shakespearean essays of this delightful artist from her own standpoint this was assuredly the best.

"Hitherto I should have said *Beatrice*; but here we have *Beatrice* with the pathetic touches of *Rosalind* superadded. Miss Terry is a model Shakespearean boy, there is no doubt about that, and has both laughter and tears at her winsome command."

The loss of such a *Rosalind* to the stage as Ellen Terry would, and must have been, has ever formed a subject for regret with her warmest and most enthusiastic admirers. If ever woman lived who displayed



in advance the temperament of Rosalind, it was Ellen Terry. What affection she would have shown for Celia; what tears would have been shed and anxiety displayed for Orlando at the wrestling bout; with what incomparable humour such a Rosalind would have started on her romantic journey; and, oh! the scenes with Orlando in the forest, the love, the sport, the joyousness, the masquerading and the tears,—it makes one almost sad to know and feel what we have lost in this incomparable Rosalind too long delayed.

Some one will say, "But how do you know all this?" I can only answer with the unreasoning child, "Because I do." Some may vote for Mrs. Scott Siddons; some for Marie Litton; some for Ada Cavendish; some for Mrs. Kendal.

I vote plump, straight and square for Ada Rehan, whose Rosalind and Katharine in the "Taming of the Shrew" distance all others I have ever seen.

But, "in my mind's eye, Horatio," I see the best of all the Rosalinds, the one that I and no one else has seen—the Rosalind of Ellen Terry. It would have been the best of all the Rosalinds because she is in nature and temperament the Rosalind of Shakespeare. We may at the outset have hesitated about Portia or Imogen, we may have trembled concerning Lady Macbeth and Queen Katharine with the Siddons pictures before our eyes; but Rosalind was a success assured.

The ideal Rosalind we may have lost. The ideal Olivia we have retained,—a green, abiding, and immortal memory.

Olivia is certainly one of those delightful plays which to have seen once is never to forget; and though the "Vicar of Wakefield" was dramatised years before, as far back as 1850, at the old Strand Theatre, I have ever



*Photo by]*

ADA REHAN.

*[Alfred Ellis*



held that the "Olivia" of W. G. Wills was, in its own pure English line, one of the most enchanting stage productions of my time.

I shall never while I live see such an Olivia as Ellen Terry, or such a Squire Thornhill as my faithful, much lamented, foully murdered friend, the brave, the handsome, the devil-may-care, the generous-hearted William Terriss.

Olivia has been played by Fanny Stirling, by Miss Chester, and by Miss Reynolds (Lady Brampton). Webster and Daniel Terry have each been Dr. Primrose, and dear old Mrs. Keeley has enacted Mrs. Primrose.

## CHAPTER IV

“JOHN BRAHAM AND—MRS. KENDAL”

AT THE ST. JAMES’S THEATRE

STARTING with the Bancroft reign, and the accession to office of Henry Irving, acting managers came “not single spies, but in battalions.” John Hare and W. H. Kendal joined forces at the St. James’s, and discovered, or at any rate encouraged, one of the most brilliant dramatists of our time, Arthur Wing Pinero gaining confidence with the public season after season, and giving distinction and style to their management.

No mention of the St. James’s Theatre in King Street, St. James’s Square—now owned by Lord Kilmorey, an enthusiastic lover of the stage and excellent amateur actor—and at present undergoing complete renovation by its spirited, popular, and clever manager, George Alexander—would be complete without some mention of John Braham, who built this celebrated playhouse.

John Braham—whose real name was Jacob Abrahams—king of English tenors, was born on the 20th of May, 1774, at 25, Great Alie Street, Leman Street, White-chapel; and in 1787, when only thirteen years of age, made his début at the first Royalty Theatre—afterwards the New Brunswick, Well Street, Cable Street, St. George’s-in-the-East, on which site now stands the first Sailors’ Home that ever was erected.



His father, Meyer Abrahams, was "Chazan," or Chief Reader to the Great Synagogue in Duke Street, Aldgate. But, great man as the famous vocalist was, he had imperative whims, to which all managers yielded, as his name, a tower of strength, never failed in drawing splendid houses at all theatres, except his own; and there, for three years, it only drew a "beggarly account" of empty seats.

Under an engagement at Covent Garden, neither lessee nor singer exchanged a word except on business matters, as Bunn was always opposed to Braham's habit of dragging in songs regardless of either author, scene, or situation. I am bound, however, to state that Alfred Bunn speaks very handsomely of Braham in his interesting work "*The Stage*." He says: "I have had the pleasure of being intimately acquainted with Mr. Braham for many years, am an enthusiastic admirer of his vocal abilities, and a devotee at the shrine of his general talent. Mr. Braham is gifted by nature with a powerful mind, the agreeable qualities of which have for the best part of half a century assembled at his hospitable board some of the most distinguished men of his country. He has an inexhaustible fund of humour, to which his listeners have been indebted for as much laughter as they can never elsewhere have enjoyed; and, to sum up all, he has arrived at that perfect state of human happiness, the possession of 'honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.'"

Here is a very good story:—

"As you are intimate with Mathews," said Braham to me one day at dinner, "tell him that a Jew came to Bristol the other day while I was staying there, and advertised for personation the whole of his (Mathews') last entertainment. He attracted a large audience in

one of the public rooms, and shortly after he commenced his performance gave such dissatisfaction that there was an universal cry of ‘Off! off!—Swindle! Swindle!’ The Jew, quite undaunted, and with a rare expression of candour that silenced the opposition, and convulsed its creators with laughter, advanced with all possible humility, and said, ‘Ladish and jentlemen, I shall not dishpoot dis business vid ye—*tish* a svindle!’

“Those who have not heard Mr. Braham’s rich delivery of the Jewish dialect, can have no idea of his humorous recital of this anecdote.”

Once, when playing Young Meadows, in “Love in a Village,” he said, on seeing a piano and music stool placed near a fountain, “How very careless of Rosetta to leave her piano in this damp place, although I am not sorry she has done so, as it will help to pass the time until she returns.” Then, seating himself, he sang a song.

Braham was the original “Rodolph” and T. P. Cooke the original “Zamiel” in Weber’s “Der Freischütz,” when that opera was first acted in England at the English Opera House,—now the Lyceum,—on the 22nd of July 1824.

For his benefit at Covent Garden, on the 11th of June, 1832, Braham, although a tenor of the highest compass, acted Steady in Dibdin’s opera “The Quaker”; and for his encore to “While the Lads of the Village” warbled another bass song, “The Wolf.” The piece that followed was Dr. Arne’s serious work, “Artaxerxes” in which he played the title-rôle, a part that had often fallen to Miss Stephens, Miss Foote, Miss Paton, and Madame Vestris. That night, at 11.55, the curtain went up on Bickerstaff’s musical farce “The Padlock.” In it Braham performed Mungo, a low comedy black

servant, who has to sing an incidental mock bravura, "Dear, dear, what a Terrible Life him Lead." This nigger ditty went with a rapturous applause, and when called on to repeat it, he gave the Irish song, "Pat was a Darling Boy."

In the month following, at the same theatre, he was cast for the Seraskier in Cobb's opera, "The Siege of Belgrade," and gagg'd thus: "I never see these Turkish banners, but I'm reminded of Bonnie Scotland," that line being his music cue for his song, "Draw the Sword, Scotland!"

During an engagement at the Surrey in 1829 Braham played Henry Bertram in "Guy Mannering"; and it may be remembered that the second scene in the second act is a desolate heath, in a wild part of Scotland. Here Braham enters, in thunder, lightning and rain, and is much depressed at having lost his way. During a short soliloquy "a shout" is heard "off"; and he, hearing it, said, "Friend or foe I care not, as long as I get from this devilish spot."

Turning he sees placed between the wings a piano and music stool, and exclaims, "A piano! who could be lonely with that? The moon will shortly rise, and will light me from this unhallowed place. So, to console myself, I will sing one of Julia's favourites." Then, sitting on the stool, he sang the big song from his opera "The Devil's Bridge," "Is there a Heart that Never Loved?"

This line of conduct on his part was frequently pursued, which seems strange in an age that prides itself upon its correctness in all theatrical details.

To Braham's qualifications as a singer that of a composer must be added, as witness his "The Death of Nelson," immortalised by him and Sims Reeves, which

still lives, albeit few know that its lovely melody was not wholly his, the air being French, and stolen from Méhul's "*Chant du Départ*," a Republican song, that ranks in France with that of "*Rule Britannia*" in the United Kingdom.

At Covent Garden, on the 5th of November, 1831, there was produced, for the first time in this country, Auber's opera of "*Fra Diavolo, or the Inn of Terracina*," in which Braham made a great hit as *Fra Diavolo*.

In all Braham's engagements it was stipulated that a box on the pit tier should be reserved for him each time he opened in a new part. On the "*Fra Diavolo*" evening, Mrs. Braham—a lady much given to *embon-point*—when arriving at the theatre, heard that her box had been let to the Countess of Harrington—Miss Foote—but one had been reserved for her on the first tier, to reach which she had to mount a flight of stone steps.

In ascending, she fell, dislocated her ankle, and had to be conveyed home immediately, where she remained helpless for a long period. Her husband, for consolation, promised that she should never be so disappointed again, and that some day she should have a theatre of her own. He most sacredly kept his word, and built the *St. James's*, which action, with the loss of personal salary, cost him eighty-five thousand pounds.

John Braham lost the savings of a lifetime by building the present *St. James's Theatre*, on a site that for years before had been an hotel. The opening night was the 14th of December, 1835; and within its walls failure reigned supreme until the hour he gave up the ghost, which, during his tenancy, "never ceased to walk." His goods were purchased in the best markets; he employed the most skilful hands: but all his wares, with the exception of two one-act farces, taken from the

French—viz., "Monsieur Jacques," by Morris Barnett, produced on the 12th of January, 1836, and "The Spitalfields Weaver" (Bruno le Fileur), by Charles Dance, first acted on the 10th of February, 1838—fell "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable," to both treasury and audience. His initial dish was a dismal drama, with music by Mrs. Gilbert A'Beckett, entitled "Agnes Sorel," and was not a success. Great expectations of large profits were not realised by the production of three plays from the pen of Charles Dickens. They were, "The Strange Gentleman," a comic burletta in two acts; "Village Coquettes," a two-act opera; and "Is She His Wife or Something Singular?" a one act-farce. The first of this trio was brought out on the 29th of September, 1836; the second on Boxing-night, same year; and the third on the 6th of March, 1837,—all of them were lamentable failures.

"Mabel's Curse," a two-act drama of Bower Saloon growth, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, the celebrated Irish novelist, ran but very few nights after production on the 27th of March, 1837; and pieces from the brains of Gilbert A'Beckett and Mark Lemon had very short careers.

Braham was grand master of the King Street revels for three years. After rowing a stern course against wind and tide, he confessed himself beaten, threw up the sponge, and closed his shop at the end of December, 1838. He then discovered that at sixty-five he was almost penniless; and dashing John Hooper next became the lessee. When just within the term of life's allotted span, Braham set sail for America, and opened on the 12th of July, 1840, at the Park Theatre, New York, as Henry Bertram in "Guy Mannering," and Tom Tug in "The Waterman." His success was tremendous, as his wonderful



compass of voice, ranging from bass to E alto, electrified the audience.

With his American success doubly assured, he toured the United States for two years, and then returned to England, *Home and Beauty*, with well-lined purse and pockets, albeit singers' salaries in those days were not Patti ones. John Braham died on the 17th of February 1856, aged eighty-two.

Here are a few more details of his remarkable career.

"At the opening of the Royalty Theatre in Wellesloe Square, Braham was included in the programme, and continued there till his voice broke in 1789. In 1796 he made his appearance in Horace's opera of '*Mahmoud*' at Drury Lane. The following season he was engaged at Covent Garden. In 1801 he reappeared at Covent Garden, in '*Chains of the Heart*.' The '*Cabinet*' succeeded, and was the first opera in which Braham composed all the music for his own part. He was the original Sir Huon in '*Oberon*,' translated for the English stage by Planché. Braham continued to sing until 1852, when he retired, and lived at Brompton till his death."

Braham lost a large sum by the Colosseum, Regent's Park, in the late thirties, opposite to which, in Albany Street, I lived for many years, and there spent many a gloomy evening in the Stalactite Caves and with the panorama, painted by Clarkson Stanfield, "*Paris by day and London by night*," and its various mouldy associations and tenth-rate entertainers.

On these historical boards in King Street, St. James's, Mrs. Kendal—once known as Madge Robertson, and sister of Tom Robertson, the dramatist—emphatically proved herself to be the very best English speaking actress of her time; an artist in every turn, look, movement or gesture; an artist who ever made the best

use of, and never abused, her acquired experience, and whose claims to unqualified and enthusiastic recognition have been universally endorsed by her own country men and women and the great and generous people of America.

Margaret (Madge) Robertson, says a very old friend of hers, was born at Great Grimsby, in Lincolnshire, on the 15th of March, 1849 (not 1848, as stated in Mr. Pascoe's Dramatic List). Her father, mother and family (especially her elder brother Tom, who has left his mark on the dramatic literature of his time), were all in the profession, and were for years on the Lincolnshire circuit. When their now celebrated daughter made her very first appearance on any stage (barring her advent at Great Grimsby) is probably unknown. Very likely she went on before she was weaned, "an infant, mewling and puking in the nurse's arms," but as that would not be a "speaking part" it does not count. She once kindly informed me that her father left some note books, and they may register her earliest walking and talking parts.

But, these provincial and almost pre-historic appearances, if any, apart, when did Miss Robertson make her first appearance on the London stage?

In October, 1853, the Theatre Royal, Marylebone, passed from the hands of E. T. Smith (who assumed the more national throne of Drury Lane) to those of Mr. James Wallack, formerly of the Haymarket company, who opened the house and the campaign with a new company. In the company was a Mrs. W. Robertson, from Liverpool, Mr. W. Robertson, Master Robertson, and a Miss Robertson.

The season opened 3rd October, 1853, with "A Cure for the Heartache," and "The Fair One with the Golden

Locks." The Christmas pantomime was "King Ugly Mug and My Lady Lee of Old London Bridge;" but I cannot find the name of a little girl I am searching for in the playbill, although it is exceedingly probable she walked or rather toddled on among the fairies on that occasion. On the 20th of February, 1854, Mr. Wallack produced a new grand romantic nautical drama, in five parts, by Edward Stirling, "The Struggle for Gold, and the Orphan of the Frozen Sea." It was a version of a French piece, "*La Prière des Naufragés*," an Adelphi version of which had also been running, called "The Sea of Ice." This play was also called "The Prayer in the Storm; or, The Thirst for Gold." It was revived at the Adelphi on 28th March, 1874, with Geneviève Ward, Fernandez, and Cicely Nott in the cast—the last the mother of clever Ada Blanche and the wife of popular Sam Adams.

Part First and Second Period, 1705. It was cast as follows:—

<i>Carlos</i> (The Adventurer) . . . . .	Mr. J. W. Wallack.
<i>Ralph de Lascours</i> (Captain of the <i>Urania</i> )	Mr. E. F. Edgar.
<i>Barabas</i> (A Cabin Boy) . . . . .	Mr. W. Shalders.
<i>Jean Medoc</i> (Ship's Carpenter) . . . . .	Mr. Wallis.
<i>Pierre Pacorne</i> (the Armourer) . . . . .	Mr. G. Tanner.
<i>Grose Paquin, Jose, Philippe, Vivine,</i> and	Messrs. Marchant, Matthews,
<i>Henri</i> . . . . .	Laporte, and Smith.
<i>Louise de Lascours</i> (the Captain's Wife) .	Mrs. J. W. Wallack.
<i>Marie</i> (a Child) . . . . .	Miss Robertson.

In this little part the young child, Madge Robertson, not then five years old, made her first appearance on the London stage in a speaking part, and with her name attached in the bill of the play. Her mother (Mrs. W. Robertson) played the small part of Madame de Bayard, who appears only in the third, fourth and fifth parts of the drama. The scenic feature of the drama

was "the Frozen Sea, stupendous effect of the breaking up of the ice, the child of the Lascours saved by the timely assistance of a Danish vessel, which appears in full sail. N.B.—This scene will occupy the entire stage, and will constitute the most magnificent mechanical effect ever witnessed."

The drama ran as a second piece (the first being, not an idiotic farce, as in these degenerate days, but a good substantial tragedy or play like "Ion," "Pizarro," "The Hunchback" or "The Stranger,") from 20th February to 18th March, when it was suspended. It recommenced again for a short time on 1st May. The Wallacks played from 20th February to 11th March, when their names were removed from the bill; and Mr. Henry Vandenhoff, and Miss Harriet Gordon, and afterwards Miss Markham substituted; but on 1st May I observe that Marie's character and Miss Robertson's name are dropped from the bill, probably from motives of economy and to lessen the printer's charges.

On Boxing Night, 1854, the pantomime of "Fairy Norval on the Grampian Hills, or Lord Ullin's Daughter," was produced; but Miss Robertson's name does not appear in the list of characters. On Monday, 26th February, 1865, Mr. Wallack produced as a concluding piece, the powerful drama of intense interest entitled "The Seven Poor Travellers."—Ben Daoud, by Mr. W. Robertson; Countess, Mrs. W. Robertson; Johnny (the little man), by Master Robertson; Jeannie (his blind sister), by Miss Robertson. This drama was founded on Dickens' Christmas Number of *All the Year Round* for 1854, and it ran some time. On 26th December, 1856, the pantomime of "Tit, Tat, Toe, and the Fairy Elves of the Fourth Estate," by Francisco Frost (E. L. Blanchard), was produced. Among the

little elves appears *Small Pica*, by Miss Robertson. So here we find Mrs. Kendal appearing as a little girl in a pantomime, in the same way as we found Miss Ellen Terry had also figured in pantomime. On 20th April, 1857, a drama was put on the boards (*Marylebone boards*), called "*Spare the Rod and Spoil the Child.*" Will and Mary Fondlove (the children of Mr. and Mrs. Fondlove) were played by Master and Miss Robertson.

I am not able to carry the record farther; but soon after this, the talented family left the theatre of Portman Market, Church Street, Lisson Grove. I think it may be taken as almost beyond question that Mrs. Kendal's first appearance on the London stage was on the 20th February, 1854, as the Child, in "*The Struggle for Gold, and the Orphan of the Frozen Sea.*"

The Theatre Royal, Marylebone (it seems to have picked up the "*Royal*" adjective, not earned it), has had a chequered existence, and many managers. It was built on the site of a former Portman Theatre by Mr. Love-ridge, and opened on 13th November, 1837, and has been managed by Mr. Hyde, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Nelson Lee, Mr. Fox Cooper, John Douglass, Mrs. Warner, Mr. Walter Watts, Mr. Edward Stirling, Mr. Joseph Stammers, E. T. Smith, George Bolton, J. W. Wallack, Henry Meadows, John Douglass (a second time), E. C. Seaman, Mr. Bigwood, Mr. Emery, E. G. Edgar, Mr. Elliston, Clarence Holt, J. A. Cave, Miss Augusta Thomson, Mr. E. Bodenham, Mr. A. Montgomery and Mr. C. Lacy.

Respecting Mr. Walter Watts, there is a tragical story which bears its own lesson. Mr. Watts was a clerk in the Globe Insurance Office, and filled up his leisure hours by running a theatre. One day a cheque with forged signature was discovered in his temporary absence



from the office, and in a short time he was standing at the Old Bailey, in that terrible iron spiked compartment with subterranean stairs in its floor, where many unhappy wretches have stood before and since. Mr. Alexander Cockburn was his counsel, and did his best to clear him from the imputation that he had stolen and forged away £80,000 ; but it was unavailing. Twelve gentlemen, sitting in another and more comfortable compartment, declined to believe the story of the future Lord Chief Justice of England, and Mr. Walter Watts was sentenced to ten years' transportation. He was passing the time in Newgate, waiting for a ship to convey himself and other involuntary emigrants to Tasmania, when one beautiful day in July, the warder went into his small apartment and found Mr. Walter Watts suspended from the ironwork of his window, dead, dead. Mr. Walter Watts had resigned the management of the unlucky Marylebone, to take the management of a theatre more unlucky and ill-starred still—the unfortunate, the doomed Olympic. Unfortunate as the managers, generally, of these houses have been, Mr. Walter Watts' career was the most unfortunate, tragical, and dramatic.

The result to all those managers was the short word which playing Shakespeare used to spell, *r-u-i-n*, with the exception of Mr. Cave, who not only succeeded in paying his way, but also in making his way pay him. The fact was, the house, like a bad dog, had a bad name, and so H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh was persuaded to go up to Portman Market, in October, 1868, and rechristen the house the Royal Alfred ; and again it started afresh in the belief the change of name would change the luck. Mr. H. R. Lacy took the helm, which he dropped at the end of four months, a sadder and more

intelligent man, and Miss Henrade took his place. She soon resigned. Then a lot of managers succeeded, which no man could number or name—among them Mr. Worboys, C. Harcourt, G. Sidney, M. Giovanelli, C. Harcourt, Miss Nelson, J. A. Cave, Albert West, Alfred Loveridge, &c., &c. It resumed its own old honest name about 1873. Time and space would fail me to tell of the many celebrated and uncelebrated actors and actresses who have trod its boards; but I ought to say that it boasts of possessing the longest stage of any theatre in London, which is very praiseworthy and creditable to the Marylebone, especially as about twelve other London theatres all make the same boast, and almost all with the same amount of truth.

“If you have tears, prepare to shed them now” may well be whispered whenever Mrs. Kendal elects to be pathetic on the stage. Her Susan in ‘Black-Eyed Susan,’ the new version by Wills of Douglas Jerrold’s immortal play, was one of the most poignantly affecting performances I ever saw. In fact it was so good that the public could not stand it. It harrowed them to the heart. But what a compliment to the artist! This remarkable gift, which cannot be taught, was emphatically proved in her last exquisite performance as the Elder Miss Blossom, in which she was rightly declared to be more brilliant in her maturity than in her youth; for Mrs. Kendal, though she may possess some of the eccentricities of her race—her brother Tom was often eccentric also—she does not ‘kitten about’ when time, however inclined to be kind, points with his warning finger. Perhaps I may be permitted to quote some of the words I wrote when inspired by Mrs. Kendal as

the Elder Miss Blossom, her last great creation and as fine a specimen of acting of the best English school as could be quoted.

"A bolt came out of the blue last night. So far as the art of acting is concerned, the very atmosphere of the theatre seemed to be relieved. Mrs. Kendal came back to us, to prove that in England we have still an actress, who, like Sarah Bernhardt in another land, grows better and better as the years advance, and seems determined to show that an artist such as she is has never reached the summit of her fame. Mrs. Kendal reappears at exactly the right time. Comedy has been sleeping, pathos has become affectation, the touch of nature has been conspicuously neglected. It was not strange that a note of despondency should be sounded. With good plays and scant interpretation, with laudable effort but often ludicrous result, it was not wonderful that the old playgoer, who flattered himself that he knew what good acting is, and was convinced what the public wanted, should cry, like the pessimistic poet,—

"Once I said, in my despairing, This must break my spirit now;  
But I bore it, and am bearing,—only do not ask me how!"

"Of late years we have borne a good deal, and when some of us talked of art as it should be, and nature as it is, our words to the majority were almost incomprehensible. The stage has passed through a dreadful period of amateurishness, self-esteem and insufficiency. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have come back to us to give, not a trick but a very human document. Such a human document is the Elder Miss Blossom, the very best thing of its kind that Mrs. Kendal has ever done—the truest, the best expression of woman that the modern

stage has seen, a performance powerful and yet illuminated with flashes of humour ; the picture of a strong, proud, affectionate woman, a woman of a noble nature and a warm heart, a brilliant type to be studied in these days of women's agitations, women's aims, women's ambitions, and, strange to say, the kind of woman, as illustrated by this remarkable artist, who will be revered by her own sex and heartily admired by the other.

"At last the most valuable starting point for a woman's play, that has been discussed, tried, tried again and rejected for years past, has been utilised with the greatest skill and strength by Mr. Ernest Hendrie and Mr. Metcalfe Wood. I cannot recall how many years ago it is, but certainly it was not yesterday or the day before yesterday, that a very gifted authoress—Mrs. Edwardes, was it not?—wrote a remarkably interesting novel called 'Stephen Lawrance, Yeoman,' or some such name. I think it was originally printed in the 'Temple Bar Magazine.'

"The story was that of a young farmer colonist in Australia, who, on the strength of a photograph which came into his possession, was corresponding with one sister, when he imagined he was in love with the other. He came to England to claim his bride. The photograph was a mistake ; the letters were written under a false impression ; and from that point the plot started forth in an admirable tangle.

"There were several methods of handling so rich a subject : the sisters might be jealous of one another ; one might be ugly, the other pretty ; it might be a mistake, an accident, or a fraud. Our present authors have chosen the safer, the truer, and the more human course. The devoted lover is not a colonial farmer, but

a scientific explorer ; but it is essential that he should be away from England for three years, and be stultifying himself in a correspondence with the wrong woman.

"The story, from pure comedy, is at once tinged with pathos when the wrong woman is not a mere girl, not a thoughtless, frivolous creature, but a beautiful woman ; not young, but still alluring ; a woman of women who do not with despair, but a gentle sigh, see the 'silver threads among the gold.' Do not let there be any mistake. The Elder Miss Blossom is no old maid, as frivolous society would call her.

"She is, by no manner of means, on the shelf. She is handsome, sweet-voiced, with a magnificent figure ; no silly doll to captivate a youth, but the woman of heart and brain, who should be the prize of reflecting men. When Andrew Quick, the explorer, comes back to discover his mistake, the situation is made more acute—not because the actual wedding is fixed, not because the country town is ringing with the details and gossip concerning it, not because the presents are pouring in ; but because her unconscious rival is her dearest friend, her pet child, the motherless daughter of her favourite brother.

"Such is Auntie ; such is the Elder Miss Blossom, who, after three years' anxiety and expectancy, is brought face to face with one of those life tragedies which only noble women know how to meet. All who appreciate Mrs. Kendal's marvellous comedy touches, her quickness of expression, her facial variety, rapid as lightning, her acute sense of humour always bubbling over, but always kept well in hand, will understand how she played the lighter scenes. It did not seem to be acting, all was done so spontaneously and without effort. There have been times when Mrs. Kendal's high spirits and acute



sense of humour have got the better of her ; there have been ‘ nods and becks and wreathed smiles.’

“ All that is over now. There is not one instance of excess. They say that English artists come home from America too highly coloured, too strongly accentuated. It is not the case with Mrs. Kendal ; for, if we may judge by her recent performances, she is infinitely a better actress now than she ever was in her life, and that is saying a great deal when we remember her exemplary comedy career.

“ But it was in the second act of the pretty play that the artist surpassed herself. It was a most difficult situation. She had, with all the dignity, the power, and the sweetness of a woman, to eat her heart out, to crush every womanly impulse, and with tears rushing to her eyes to blot out from her sight the man of all others she could have worshipped. Never shall I forget, in discussing acting of the very first class, that exquisitely womanly wail, ‘ It came to me so late ! The love that so many girls treat with such indifference would have been the joy and the substance of my life.’ All this was expressed in tones so firm, so true, so thoroughly with the heart, that she conquered her audience into the submission of tears. There was not a heart she did not touch, not an experience that she did not confirm. ‘ It came to me so late !’ She showed, if ever woman did, that wholesome pride, that dignity, that command which indeed proved this sad, defiant, broken-hearted creature was ‘ stronger than a man, prouder than a man.’

“ So much for the impression ; but let no young actress neglect to study the methods of this rare and accomplished artist. Note how gradual, but how sure, were the effects. Every chord of despair and pride was touched, but with the utmost delicacy. It was the very

mastery of emotion. She was on the verge of hysteria, but held it back ; her voice trembled, but the woman in her was not to be conquered ; the tears started to the eyes, but the proud woman kept them in restraint. Her only relief was a semblance of humour and indifference to mask her overwhelming grief.

"But the end of the scene was as triumphantly artistic as the prologue to this story of sorrow. The object lessons in fine acting are very dear to the critic, whose sorry fate is often to condemn. We may talk of schools and academies, and teachers, and tutors, and so on. Let the young actress go and see Mrs. Kendal as the Elder Miss Blossom, watch her method, mark her effects, note the dead silence that comes over the house when she holds them, as hold them she did ; and then they will know what acting is. It is not learned in a day, or a month, or a year, or in many years. It is the result of study, experience, sympathy, appreciation, but, above all, that splendid artistic temperament that no teaching in the world can give. It is no good to say to our hundreds of young actresses, 'Go and do likewise.' For Mrs. Kendals do not spring up with new theatres, and in proportion to the public interest in dramatic art. But here, at any rate, is acting so meritorious, in method so admirable, and in style so distinguished, that no one should readily miss it."

Again, later on, I said on the occasion of a professional *matinée*, given for the purpose of studying this artist :

"Mrs. Kendal has shown the brothers and sisters in art what the very best kind of English acting is ; and when English acting is good it is of the very purest manufacture. Years ago, when the gifted lady was

merely an enthusiastic, hard-working girl, Madge Robertson, an attempt was made to stifle independent criticism, and to run down free trade in art.

“It was a heresy to talk of a French, Italian, German, or American actress. The theory was, that to praise the foreigner, however accomplished, was to belittle ourselves. But Mrs. Kendal, one of the most gifted, most experienced, and in her art most disciplined actresses of our time, has risen to the occasion; and she has emphatically proved that she can hold her own with the greatest comedy actresses in any country in the world that have appeared in this last half century. I am not talking at random. I have seen, and I have criticised, Favart and Fargueil, consummate mistresses of comedy. We have welcomed Janauschek and Biersmans, and many more. But as an actress of tact, talent, and, when required, supreme emotion, no artist of any country could compare to Mrs. Kendal.

“She proved it to the chosen representatives of her profession. It was an object lesson. Dramatic critics may talk, but it is the actress that proves the truth or the falsity of criticism. Years before the Elder Miss Blossom was born the great and gifted artist, who was so enthusiastically received by her comrades, advanced with courage, determination, and energy to the front. The child of artistic parents, she was, as her brilliant brother said, ‘nursed on rose-pink, and cradled in properties.’ She was an actress from infancy. Reared in that best of schools, the Bristol Theatre, under grand old Chute, the school that gave us Marie Bancroft, Henrietta Hodson, the Terrys, the Rignolds, the Coghlands, and many more, Madge Robertson advanced to the Haymarket. Here, after an apprenticeship with Buckstone, in what one may call the old school, she

stood forward as the ideal of Gilbert's early poetical plays. Her *Galatea* has been imitated, but never distanced. Away again to the Prince of Wales Theatre, under the Bancrofts, and who could forget her creations in 'Peril' and 'Diplomacy'? Once more again to the Court Theatre, and we find her in 'A Scrap of Paper,' done to death before, but revived by her, and with her aid became a new play. Away once more to the St. James's Theatre, where she made triumph after triumph—perhaps the best one of all, which was the least appreciated—her performance of Susan, in Wills's version of 'Black-Eyed Susan,' was one of the very finest things of its kind ever given by an English actress of our times. It was the very perfection of her mature art.

"But an actress of this kind never goes back. She has the sense to know exactly where her consummate power and her determined experience can serve her; and so she plays Dorothy Blossom, and teaches many of her much-praised sisters what the art of acting is. We who have had some experience of acting, and in most countries in the world, can recall no creation at once so delicate, sympathetic, and faultless as Dorothy Blossom. The artist speaks in every line, gesture, and movement. She has humour, change, variety; and when she wants to touch the human heart she crushes it with an infinite tenderness and truth. I was glad that the dramatic profession had an opportunity of studying and commenting on this very remarkable performance. Without guides, without counsellors, with no schools, with little tact and less experience, they grope in the dark, and flounder about, and ask what acting is. They have found it now—Mrs. Kendal as Dorothy Blossom, as fine a thing in English comedy acting as the oldest

playgoer living has ever seen. We cannot talk of Mrs. Nisbetts or Mrs. Glovers. They may have been better or worse than the accomplished lady who has made the acting success of the fading year. But, in our own time, Mrs. Kendal was and is as an actress supreme and admirable; and had she the power to impart or suggest her art to the present generation, it would be the greatest of good gifts to the English stage. But, alas! that is impossible. Art of a certain kind can be acquired. Genius is born and dies with its possessor. Let the playgoer, old or new, enthusiastic or prejudiced, critical or cantankerous, rejoice that it has been his or her good fortune to see Madge Kendal as Dorothy Blossom. For that is the very perfection of English dramatic art."

Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal) was, like her sisters in art, Marie Wilton (Lady Bancroft) and both Kate and Ellen Terry and so many more, an actress from her earliest childhood. She has been acting all her life, and therefore she acts so well. Practice makes perfect; but it was practice acquired in the sternest and roughest of schools, not the practice of the actress of to-day at bazaars, charity performances, fashionable matinées and society functions. This gifted artist was one of an enormous family; her parents, an actor and actress, managed an important Lincolnshire circuit. She is believed, as I have said, to have made her first appearance as a child at the old Marylebone Theatre, but she first distinguished herself at the famous Bristol and Bath school, over which old Chute presided for so many years with such conspicuous ability. Marie Wilton, the Terrys, Henrietta Hodson, the Rignolds, W. H. Vernon, Arthur Stirling, Arthur Wood, Fosbrooke all fought under the Bristol and Bath banner, and this





*Photo by* SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT. [*Walery.*



*Photo by* LADY BANCROFT. [*Elliott & Fry.*



*Photos by* MRS. KENDAL.



W. H. KENDAL. [*Sarony, N.Y.*



western circuit has turned out more distinguished artists than any in the Kingdom.

From Bristol, Madge Robertson found herself, quite as a girl, at the Haymarket Theatre, under the management of John Baldwin Buckstone; and here she met her amiable, modest and excellent husband, W. H. Kendal. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have helped one another loyally and convincingly in their art and otherwise through a series of devoted years.

It was Madge Robertson who, by her talent and her perfect elocution, made the success of the early poetical plays by W. S. Gilbert,—“The Wicked World,” “Pygmalion and Galatea,” and the rest of the Haymarket series. She was admirably successful in her brother’s play of “Dreams” at the Gaiety, and, as an author or adapter in a humble way, I am indebted to her for her creation of Lady Ormonde in “Peril,” of Dora in “Diplomacy,” and of Mrs. Preston in “The Cape Mail,”—one of her beautiful, human, and pathetic sketches.

There are innumerable schools in acting. The pure and domestic English school has never been better represented than by Mrs. Kendal.

During the last half century there have been at least two partnerships of mutual self-help that have been as happy and profitable to the partners concerned as to the public that has reaped the fruits of their steady and conscientious labour. I allude, of course, to the artistic and commercial forces united in Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft and in Mr. W. H. Kendal and Mrs. Kendal. The husbands, in addition to their distinction and worth on the stage, were both sound, practical, business men. Tactful and resourceful by nature, admirably diplomatic, holding themselves aloof from the small quarrels and jealousies inseparable from a stage career, they have

been held in esteem equally by the playgoer as by every individual member of the various companies they have so discreetly guided.

If report errs not, fortune has favoured the enterprise in each case. The Bancrofts were enabled to take their honourable and deserved retirement at a comparatively early age, and their merit has been recognised by Her Majesty in a manner satisfactory to both of them and sincerely appreciated by their many friends.

Doubtless when it suits their purpose, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will be able to claim the same rest which in their case again is so thoroughly well deserved.

In these days of visionary and theoretical managements, as opposed to those that are practical and based on common-sense principles, it is well perhaps to place on record that theatres can only be made paying trade concerns if they are guided by trade and commercial principles.

Art for art's sake is all very well ; but art for art's sake must be subsidised either by the State or an art-loving millionaire. So far the English stage has got on very well without any subsidising whatsoever ; and I do not think on the whole that art has been the loser.

If they had not been actors at all, both Sir Squire Bancroft and Mr. W. H. Kendal would have been admirable managers ; but it was of inestimable value to them that they both had by their side to guide them in their counsels women so brilliant and clever as their artistic wives.

I have spoken of Marie Bancroft and Madge Kendal as taking the leading positions among the Queens of the Stage. It is pleasant therefore to record at least two instances where on the stage as well as in the manager's office husband and wife were able to be partners in art

as well as partners in business. The instances most suitable to illustrate my argument, I think, will be found in the plays of "Masks and Faces" and "The Queen's Shilling." It is not at all improbable that in the long after years, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft will be as well remembered by "Masks and Faces" as by any of the many modern plays with which their name and fame have been closely identified as artists in the highest sense; with a bold canvas to work upon, with human passions to show, and true tears at their command.

They were both here seen at their very best in a play of earnest truth, as contrasted with a comedy of modern manners and witty artifice. No false epigram, no cruel sarcasm, no ignominious repartee, disfigure the fair margin of this healthy and refreshing text.

We go back to the green-room of a playhouse in the days of Quin, and Clive, and David Garrick, and Peg Woffington, and understand the age better than we can learn from a hundred books and memoirs. The illusion is complete, and, above the mere transcript of a past age and faded manners, we have to guide and influence us that which is so much wanted in modern plays—human nature.

Squire Bancroft obtained his proper meed of recognition in the touching and tender character of Triplet. He undertook a difficult task, and conquered; and it will go down to his lasting credit that he affected an audience as suddenly and as truly in that beautiful part as has been done in recent years.

When Squire Bancroft first played Triplet, a most admirable conception was received with hesitation for two very potent reasons. The old playgoer would not allow that any actor could ever act Triplet but Benjamin Webster; the modern playgoer insisted that Mr. Bancroft



was Captain Hawtrey, and could never be any one else. Surely a most unfair assumption ! No one can possibly respect or admire more than I do the memory of Webster's Triplet, so bold in satire, so exquisite in finish ; but, charming as that performance was, it would have been hard to grudge the audience of a later day the luxury of tears over Mr. Bancroft's gentle, impressive, and most pathetic performance.

How admirably did the newer Triplet convey the " thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears ! " How cleverly he contrasted the light heart with the broken spirits ! how vividly he depicted the sunny nature crushed by the dead weight of poverty ! And, withal, James Triplet is a gentleman ; his coat is ragged, but his manners have the fine air of breeding and refinement ; his pockets are empty, but there is no cringing or sycophancy in his demeanour. At the outset Mr. Bancroft touched his audience with the scenes with Peg Woffington and Mabel Vane. No improvement was wanted there. They were true and good from the very first, and when it was heresy to say so. In after years the performance unmistakably improved in the long and difficult last act, which at first taxed the strength of a comedian unaccustomed to a stretch of pathos. Those who hesitated were soon converted, and from that moment Mr. Bancroft was no longer quoted as Captain Hawtrey *tout seul*, but as an artist of tact, taste, and versatility.

Mrs. Bancroft as Peg, the inimitable, clever, merry, witty, and human Peg Woffington, had a scheme of character before her of wider range and deeper significance than all the " Polly Eccles " and " Naomi Tighes " that were ever written. She proved that she could play on the organ with all the stops out as well as on a penny

whistle. It was more than comedy, this character of Margaret Woffington. There are grim and tragic moments in the life of this actress. Comedy! yes, when the delightful full-hearted woman sweeps the litter of Triplet's writings from the garret table, clears it for the phenomenal pie, puts the fiddle into the weary scribbler's fingers, and dances a jig with a face brimming over with mirth and a heart breaking down under sorrow; but tragedy, awful and spectral, at the contemplation of a wrecked heart and the prospect of a ruined life.

Mrs. Bancroft's Peg was a charming conception, natural in its joy, heartfelt in its grief. It contained no artifice or trick. It was the work of an artist in every phase of the complex character.

It is quite unnecessary to ransack our brains and recast our memories to discover how that often translated and very excellent play "*Le Fils de Famille*" was done in the old days.

We know—a few of us by recollection, and the majority by tradition—that it was extremely well acted when the Adelphi and the Princess's Theatres were competing together as to which could give the better cast in comedy. Leigh Murray, in his youth, or at any rate in his prime, was the hero in one theatre, and David Fisher was a clever comedian in another. Those were the days of "*The Camp at Chobham*," and many another often-quoted success, when finished or comedy acting was a very rare thing, and when polished actors were not nearly so obtainable as now.

The veterans who have memories for the past, and a healthy appreciation of the present, must, however, be difficult to please if they, on the whole, can assert that the "*Fils de Famille*" was ever turned into a better English play than by Mr. G. W. Godfrey in "*The*

Queen's Shilling," or if acting, at once so thoughtful, so light, so delicate, and so true, was ever before applied to it.

It is asserted, and far too often on insufficient evidence, that the public who patronise plays are deeply and seriously concerned when comedies, represented by an English-speaking company, have their origin in Parisian successes. I do not believe that those in search of amusement care one jot if Mr. Godfrey took "The Queen's Shilling" from the Dutch, or if Mr. Coghlan derived "A Quiet Rubber" from the Roumanian tongue, so long as they put before their audiences interesting plays, capable of being rendered with point and brightness by artists of grace, tact, and intelligence.

"The Queen's Shilling" was not only a skilful example of adaptation, but it was admirably suited to one of the few remaining companies that remained true to comedy in the teeth of the fascination for farce.

At the St. James's Theatre there was ever a consistent endeavour to get the best of comedy that was forthcoming in the market; and it is quite certain that, if better plays than "The Queen's Shilling" had been available, they would have been promptly produced.

But, after all, is there so very much in this play that jars against English prejudices and predilections? The Lancers are English soldiers to the backbone; Colonel Daunt and his military sister might have stepped out of the military lines at Chatham or Aldershot; the Chequers Inn may be found on the outskirts of every garrison town; and I defy any one to find a more thoroughly English girl, in sentiment, gaiety, good humour, and unaffected fun, than the Kate Greville of Mrs. Kendal.

In a cast so thoroughly even and symmetrical as this was, and in a company that worked so well together, it may look ungracious to select one artist for special praise ; but the circumstances of the play point to Frank Maitland as its most interesting feature, and the acting of Mr. Kendal entitled him to pointed recognition.

Whenever Mr. Kendal gets his opportunity, he comes out in his true colours as a comedian of the first class. It is his fate occasionally to overtax his store of pathos, and to tire out his sentimental stop. Even when burdened with idealism that he cannot quite grasp, or with imagination that is foreign to his nature, he seldom makes a mistake. He is always, and in any circumstances, a good sound actor, and excellent comedian.

But in characters like Frank Maitland, the gentleman Lancer, Mr. Kendal exhibited a power in light comedy that is possessed by few actors of his time. Handsome, manly, and cheery in his uniform, able to chaff a pretty girl without descending to vulgarity, as much beloved by the women as he is adored by his companions, the Frank Maitland of this play is a difficult character to deal with.

To be a boon companion of the rank and file and a Bayard of the drawing-room is a hard task for most actors ; but Mr. Kendal made light of any such difficulty. He was just as easy and natural when he sang his song over a mug of ale under the trees at the Chequers Inn, as he was genial and well-bred, chaffing the jealous old colonel in the drawing-room of Dingley Grange.

It would not be easy in the range of modern comedy to find a scene so well played as that at the piano when the peppery old colonel, egged on by his devoted sister, breaks down in his song, which is taken up with success

by the young lovers, who enjoy the old gentleman's defeat in their own more pleasant harmony.

When, I may ask, in the old days, was better acting found than was given here by John Hare, Mrs. Gaston Murray, and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal?

But Frank Maitland was at his best in the last act, when the scapegrace Lancer is confronted with his old enemy, the colonel. The tables are changed now; and it is necessary to feign drunkenness, and to conceal a wound, in order to prevent discovery that will end in the young soldier's disgrace and humiliation.

Here Mr. Kendal was at his very best. The drunkenness was assumed without any of that vulgarity and excess which disfigures most scenes of the kind on the stage. The concealment of the wound became in the actor's hands an incident quite pathetic in its naturalness. In an instant, when the colonel grasps the young fellow's injured arm, to test the truth of the trooper's story, a shudder of sympathy goes through the house. That is due to the situation. But the situation is helped by the actor. The man, though smiling, is in a cold sweat of pain. He laughs, but he is in torture. It is Mercutio with a difference; but, Mercutio-like, he is a soldier and a brave man.

The fainting when the reaction came and the strain was over seemed most natural, and the finish of a fine acting scene was, of course, rewarded with a genuine and well-deserved burst of applause.

As Kate Greville, Mrs. Kendal gave us comedy as bright and sunny as any one would desire to see. When dressed up as the inn-servant and chaffed by the soldiers, acting a part that would occur to any high-spirited girl, she never forgot her station or showed prudery or forwardness. She is in for it, and she



makes the best of a bad job; but she carries along every scene by touches of comedy that are in the highest sense artistic.

In Mrs. Kendal's admirable performance, her high spirits never for a moment ran away with her. With many a temptation to over-act and to win the laughter that was awaiting her, by an easy method she disciplined herself, held the rein over her impetuosity, and, as a necessary consequence, never acted better.

The Colonel Daunt of Mr. Hare has ever been, to my thinking, one of the most complete, consistent, and finished of his many sketches of characters. Indeed, it was far more than a sketch—it was a well-drawn and finely-coloured portrait. The effort of the bright little grey-haired martinet to pose as a lady's man, to sing a drawing-room ballad, was thoroughly amusing. The testiness of the little cavalry officer was rendered to a nicety; but in the after scenes, and particularly at the conclusion of the play, there came a call for a touch of sentiment which Mr. Hare rendered with great refinement and rare skill.

Versatile indeed must be the actor who gave us on one evening such contrasted pictures as Colonel Daunt in "The Queen's Shilling," and Lord Kilclare in that pathetic and admirable play, "A Quiet Rubber." I have seen Le Sueur, who was the original in "Le Partie de Piquet," but his performance was altogether wanting in that extraordinary detail and those comical touches of senility in which the more observant John Hare seemed to revel. Old whist players were delighted with this performance, so full was it of those alternate touches of irritability and satisfaction that may be seen day after day and night after night at the

club. But John Hare is a master in these brilliant touches of nature.

In these days when there is such an outcry against sentiment on the stage, and such a rush into wild exaggeration; when pathos is pooh-poohed, and some of our best actors are tumbled head over heels willy nilly into pronounced farce that lasts the whole evening without relief; it is pleasant to recall old St. James's days, where one found a programme that steered a middle course between severity and nonsense. There was plenty to amuse in "The Quiet Rubber," and "The Queen's Shilling"; but the cheerful merriment of wholesome comedy was occasionally tempered with gentle pathos. I hope at any rate that we none of us think any the worse of plays or players for making us think as well as laugh, and carrying our thoughts from frivolity to humanity.

Emphatically one of the most popular, powerful, and humour-loving Queens of the Stage of my time has been, and is, Mrs. John Wood. She brings to her work that which some of her younger sisters so conspicuously lack—training and experience; she possesses all the glow and style of the old school, with the polish, nature, and finesse of the new. An artist who has a range from Mrs. Page in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," to Pocahontas in "La Belle Sauvage"; from Anne Bracegirdle to an American Lady; from Georgette in "Fernande," to Jenny Leatherlungs and Mrs. Ponderbury, must be a very remarkable artist indeed.

I have seldom seen an actress so brimming over with fun, with such a keen sense of a ludicrous situation, or one who has that remarkable gift of being able to get her nature and individuality over the footlights. Half



Photo by] MRS. JOHN WOOD. [*Alfred Ellis.*

AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

Photo by] HENRY PETTITT. [*Sam. A. Walker.*

Photos by] CECIL RALEIGH.

MRS. CECIL RALEIGH. [*Alfred Ellis.*



our actors and actresses are always behind the footlights, and remain so. Such as these fail to influence an audience. But when Mrs. John Wood appears the whole theatre seems to be charged with electricity. She is a complete battery of electric sparks in herself. I do not care in what plays she appears in, Shakespeare or Sheridan, in a roaring farce, saying "His heart was true to Poll," or a Drury Lane drama, Mrs. John Wood will be certain to hold the house. The audience, alert, active, interested, follows every word and sentence.

I tried to express this in greater detail when this most admirable actress played as Mrs. Ponderbury at the Court Theatre in 1896.

"Mrs. Ponderbury received her enthusiastic guests last night in her new home. At the popular little Court Theatre there could be only one Mrs. Ponderbury, only one heroine of an excellent farcical comedy, only one guiding spirit of humour. Need we state that her name is Mrs. John Wood? The missing link has been found. Clever as was the original Mrs. Ponderbury, it was always felt there was something wrong which no one could explain. At the outset the blame was very probably placed on the wrong shoulders. Certain it is that Mr. Burnand's clever little play went off like a damp squib, when it was first produced.

"All is changed now, and we find in Mrs. John Wood the very element of fun, which this wild and rattling farce required. It positively helps the play that Mrs. John Wood has evidently married a silly boy. She has the money and brains; and he is a kind of modern and mashing Dolly Spanker. In fact, Mrs. John Wood and Charles Hawtrey run splendidly in double harness. The better Mrs. John Wood acts—and how could



she do anything badly?—the better it is for Charles Hawtrey, whose cowed humiliation in the presence of his wife is the perfection of humorous expression. It was worth taking the pilgrimage to the Court Theatre—ever a pleasant pilgrimage—to hear Charles Hawtrey describe the story of the knife. How the actress helps him by attitude, by sympathetic winks and nods, in fact by the electric current of the scene that is communicated instantly to the audience. All this intercommunication, or give and take system, or whatever you may like to call it, is what experts call acting; and it is the want of this knowledge of mutual sympathy and support that makes modern acting so flat, lifeless, and colourless.

“When Mrs. John Wood appears on the scene she wakes her companions into action. She has not come there to drawl or to dawdle, but to act her part out to every inch of its value. And this spirit and enthusiasm are communicated instantly, like shocks from an electric battery. In Mrs. John Wood’s case it is very well charged; but if an object lesson were wanted of the value of such stage craft, such knowledge, such training, and such experience, it would only be necessary to compare Mrs. Ponderbury’s present with Mrs. Ponderbury’s past. Why, Mrs. John Wood, true artist as she is, positively seems to enjoy the recital of the drama of the knife, and her enjoyment helps Charles Hawtrey to his exquisitely comic stupidity.”

Mrs. John Wood has proved her artistic skill not only as an actress, but as a manageress of rare taste and skill. In addition to managing the Court Theatre, she has twice managed the St. James’s Theatre with remarkable success, and it is not astonishing that her name should be as popular throughout the vast continent

of America as it is here. Such a Queen of the Stage who has never failed us in anything, an artist to her finger tips, I, for one, salute with reverence. Long may she reign and flourish to the joy of her delighted subjects!

## CHAPTER V

“BLACK-EYED SUSAN,” T. P. COOKE, AND GENEVIÈVE  
WARD

WHEN John Hare, in October, 1880, determined to revive at the St. James's Theatre Douglas Jerrold's famous old nautical drama, “William and Black-Eyed Susan” for the sake of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and asked the assistance of W. G. Wills, the dramatist, in polishing up the old play and bringing it up to date, there arose one of those protesting cries so dear to the conservative playgoer. John Hare was a Goth, a Vandal, and so on! Why should he not leave well alone?

The discussion was prolonged to a point at which absurdity was nearly reached, and reason made way for folly.

The old hackneyed arguments that have ever kept so many excellent and wholesome dramas from the stage were, of course, to be expected. We were told that what was good enough for our forefathers ought to be sufficiently palatable to us; that if Mr. Kendal could not dance a hornpipe or shiver his timbers, as well as T. P. Cooke, more was the pity; and that if audiences of 1880 could not laugh as heartily as those of 1829 over the yarn of St. Domingo Billy, or weep as freely over William's trial and farewell, then, indeed, taste had

sadly degenerated. These things were inevitable ; for the most obstinate of protectionists is your British playgoer, who makes of his reverence a religion, and resents the slightest alteration of an accepted text as an insult never to be forgiven.

But none of us expected to hear that when John Hare, with the complete sanction of the Jerrold family, asked Mr. W. G. Wills to build a new play on the old foundation, to add poetry to pathos, and expression to interest, to lop away the dead old branches, and make a clearing in a charming landscape, there was in this intention a serious and subtle undercurrent of mischief, a desire to set class against class, and a deep political, as well as social, meaning. Because the St. James's Theatre happens to be situated in an aristocratic neighbourhood, it was insinuated that healthy sentiments were no longer to be put in the mouths of the poor, but should be reserved for the rich ; that the playhouse was no longer for the public, but for a class whose vanities were to be tickled ; and that Captain Crosstree should not be permitted to get drunk before he insults the sailor's wife, because such a proceeding would be offensive to "gentlemen."

"Surely," it was said, "the force of folly and prejudice can go no further than this ; and it would be a serious thing if such unfounded suggestions were permitted to distract public attention from one of the best acted, and certainly the best stage-managed, of plays that have been seen in London for many years."

The necessity for revising the old drama was patent to all who took the trouble to consult the text, or who pretend to be familiar with the constant changes of taste and manners. It was no disparagement to Douglas Jerrold to have to confess that the prevailing sentiment

of 1829 was not that of 1880, and that the ridicule to which the sentimental drama had been exposed during the last twenty years was sufficient excuse for the course that John Hare very wisely took. Burlesque and satire, comic literature and facetious papers have made a certain class of English plays as impossible in London as the "Tour de Nesle" is at this day in Paris. "Black-Eyed Susan" and the "Tour de Nesle" do not cease to be good plays because repetition and ridicule have made their sentiments dangerous.

Even Douglas Jerrold himself had a sly dig at the very sentiment he exploited in this nautical drama. For instance, when Susan declared that "scorn has no word, contempt no voice, to speak my loathing of your insinuations," and ends up with a tirade on virtue to tickle the ears of the groundlings, Gnatbrain replies, "I wish I could remember what Susan said about virtue; it would apply to my case admirably; nothing like sentiment to stop accusation—one may apply it to a bleeding reputation as barbers do cobwebs to a wound." Sixty years ago, songs, toasts, and sentiments were coupled, and were in accordance with prevailing taste; but since that time these nicely-rounded periods of the stage and epigrammatic truths have run the gauntlet through a double line of satirists, caricaturists, and providers of laughter for the million. The melodramatic and the sentimental play have for many years been the target at which have been fired the shafts of intolerable scorn.

What, then, it was asked, has been done with "Black-Eyed Susan," and how has Mr. Wills accomplished his difficult and, in many respects, very ungrateful task? Has he preserved the necessary contrast, nicely interweaved the light and shade? has he carefully inter-



changed the laughter and tears, pictured for us the yarn-telling, jovial William, with the brave-hearted sailor going to his death? has he piled up the hornpipes, songs, dances, and jollity, the merry English life, and the exhilaration of the scene as a kind of barricade against the almost tragic finale? has he exchanged the old-fashioned fun, Hatchet and Doggrass, Gnatbrain and Jacob Twig, for humour of a more modern application? or, seduced by the pathos of Jerrold, and conscious of the value of emotion, has he so strained the exercise of the minor key and so flooded the stage with tears that the spectacle becomes almost intolerable to the sensitive?

Briefly, this old play contains a story of woman's constancy and man's devotion, set in the nautical framework so dear to the Englishman. William goes to sea, and leaves Susan exposed to poverty and temptation. She is pestered by lovers, who pretend that her William is dead, and a wicked uncle threatens to turn her out of house and home. The sailor comes back to set everything straight, and fill all hearts with merriment; but the Blue Peter flies, and William is ordered to sea again just as Captain Crosstree, excited by drink and vanity, insults the faithful Susan. William comes up in the nick of time, strikes his superior officer in defence of his wife, is tried, sentenced, and condemned to death, and is only saved by the appearance of Crosstree with a reprieve, it having been proved that William was discharged from the navy before he struck his officer.

This in brief, is the old legend, that tastes of seawater, and is as wholesome and hearty as anything ever written by Gay or Dibdin, as English and as national a play as was ever composed. No one can fail to observe the deliberate contrasts in Jerrold's

work, contrasts invaluable for dramatic purposes, the sorrow of Susan, and her struggles to keep a home above her head, exchanged for the joy of William's return, the exhilaration of the reunited couple frustrated by the accident that makes of a brave sailor a condemned criminal. There is plenty of light as well as shade in the old Surrey drama, familiar in the history of T. P. Cooke.

In commenting upon the changes that were made, I found myself in a dilemma. I had to own the primary necessity for a change; I had to admire and praise without reserve the grace, the purity, and delicacy of Mr. Wills's work; I was compelled to give the modern poet credit for introducing episodes, suggestions as beautiful and true as any that Jerrold ever conceived; and yet, when I saw the play, I had to own that the tearful passages were overstrained; that the misery of the picture was too acute; that the agony was drawn out to a hysterical point; and that, although the taste of the whole thing from first to last was irreproachable, art was not quite satisfied.

Mr. Wills, naturally proud of his pathos, seemed determined to remind his audience of this gift of tears that he could command, and to chase away every laugh with a shadow of impending gloom. He never gave us a sunny scene without clouding it over; when we were trying to laugh, he suggested that we should have to cry presently; he was in such a hurry to bring out our handkerchiefs, that he anticipated what was to follow by telling us about it far too soon.

For instance, William returns not to thrash the man who is making love to his wife, and to tell us that delightful story about that shark St. Domingo Billy, not to persuade us of the cheeriness of his disposition

and the buoyancy of his nature, but to begin weeping and wailing a little before they were due. The introductions of Mr. Wills made the people sob their hearts out. But was art satisfied?

"Poor Susan," I observed at the time, "has surely cried enough—for three long years she has been waiting for William, praying for him, and thinking him dead; the scene has opened with deep depression. Already we have had enough grief, and want to laugh a bit, as we do heartily over the description of William's ship that hangs on the walls. We are sighing for a relief from all this sorrow, when out comes Mr. Wills with his crape and hatbands. The tears fall like rain when that old woman comes on with her pathetic face to ask about her son, who died at battle, and is half comforted with a hope never to be realised; it is an exquisite touch, acted as well as anything ever seen on the French stage,—just a little bit played by Mrs. Mackney, an actress of whom no one has ever heard, and played without a fault; but, beautiful and pathetic as the incident is, the place for it is hardly when our eyes are still red. Will art allow us no variety? Apparently not. Mr. Wills has got the 'vox humana' stop out, and intends to make us shriek before he has done with us. Well, the agony has already been sufficiently piled up, and surely there will be joy now that William and Susan are left alone with their child? Not a bit of it! Susan sees some gloom in the distance, a black shadow pursues her. She cannot wait to the next act to make us sorrowful, but tells us beforehand that we are all to be very sad. Is this not discounting an effect? Is this correct in art? The curtain has fallen on the first act, and the trumpeting of the

handkerchiefs has for a moment stopped. Nearly every eye in the audience is moistened, and people don't like to look at one another. Those who know the famous last act, and feel what is coming, look forward to their fate as if it were a catastrophe; and the question is whether women can cry any more without breaking down?

"Meanwhile, there was a delightful picture of a cottage interior, and some acting of the very first class. All were seen at their best. Mrs. Kendal was the very ideal of the anxious, loving, true-hearted Susan, and played the opening scenes better than ever. Mr. Wenman, in the grumpy character of the laconic Truck, thoroughly satisfied art. Miss Kate Phillips and Mr. Mackintosh, the quarrelling peasant lovers, were as good as can be, and the old Dame Green, by Mrs. Mackney, was a cabinet picture. Only William suffered by the dramatic change. He began to weep over soon, and every one wondered how Mr. Kendal could keep up the dolorous pitch to the end of the play.

"The second act was in some respects a relief, for which there were many thanks. True, there was no hornpipe—the gallery ought to have insisted on it from Mr. Kendal—and there were no Dibdin ballads—we ought to have had a round of them; but there was a village dance rehearsed, and executed to perfection by the whole company, and a new song, "The Old Ship," by Walter Maynard, so admirably sung by Mr. Kendal with his sympathetic voice that it was unanimously encored.

"In the second act, however, there were some important features, notably the presentation of a medal to William by the admiral, which enabled the audience to recognise John Hare, who looked as if he had stepped

out of a picture-frame in Greenwich Hospital. He was responsible for all the faultless stage management, and the prolongation of the scene between Crosstree and Susan, which was the most successful bit of dramatic writing in the play.

"Yet it was curious to notice how obstinately fond Mr. Wills was of discounting the value of his effects. 'Black-Eyed Susan,' so far as its termination is concerned, is designed as a dramatic surprise, Crosstree rushes on with the reprieve that is to cut the Gordian knot and astonish everybody; so, what is the value of harping so continually on the fact of William's discharge, and of making Truck so obviously keep it back, when he has no motive for doing so, except pure mischief? But the most serious instance of unnecessary anticipation will be found in the last words of the second act, when William is made to say that 'death' will be the punishment of the crime he has committed.

"This I considered wholly unnecessary, and incorrect in a dramatic sense. At the conclusion of an act the audience likes to be left in doubt; certainty destroys on-coming interest. Crosstree has been attacked; William has done it. That is enough for present purposes. The next act will show the result; but that word 'death' makes every one approach the last act, knowing what is to happen, and not in a pleasant state of uncertainty.

"Twice, therefore, the author must be held guilty of deliberately draping his drama with unnecessary woe—once when Susan sees breakers ahead, once when William tells us he is to be hanged before the court-martial has met to try him.

"The acting success of the second act was unquestionably won by Mr. J. H. Barnes and Mrs. Kendal, who



attacked a most difficult scene with extreme judgment and discretion.

“ Mrs. Kendal had to show the hesitation of an innocent woman, whose supreme faith in a man’s honour changes into doubt, alarm, terror, and loathing. The canvas was small for such a picture, yet no one but an artist could have painted it so well. Every look, every shudder, every movement was worth studying ; and the scene of temptation, so terrible and yet so true, was intensified by the gathering clouds of night.

“ To Mr. Barnes fell the most difficult task of an actor, to perform a hateful office in a natural manner, to do a brutal and unmanly thing, as, unfortunately, it is done in actual life. It was the passion getting the command over reason, and man degrading himself to the brute. Because we do not sympathise with a Crosstree, that is no reason why we should fail to recognise the skill of Mr. Barnes. In point of fact, however, the scene was excellently played by both, and was a great improvement on the original. The character of Crosstree was, in fact, the most subtle point of Mr. Wills’s work.

“ In the last act we reverted to Douglas Jerrold, almost pure and simple ; and the fact that what approaches to tragedy becomes more painful than pathetic was due in the first place to the tearful tendency of the other acts, and in the second to the intense realism of modern stage management. Every nerve was strained to harrow the feelings to breaking point. The wail of the Dead March was sufficient of itself to make people tremble ; and when to this was added the booming of the cannon, the shrieks of Susan attired in funereal black, the innocent pathos of the child’s face, the eloquent misery depicted on every sailor’s countenance, and the wondrous reality of

the whole, we ask ourselves if life is not sad enough without this faithful reproduction of grief and despair in their most acute form. As an instance of stage management this act was a masterpiece; every mute character in the play acts. The faces of Mr. Denny and Mr. Cathcart, the tried companions of the dying man, were subjects for any painter; and here, from first to last, art was brought to a pitch of painful perfection.

"Directly Mr. Kendal got back to Douglas Jerrold, he acted at his best; perhaps best of all, when William pulls himself together and nerves himself against the shrieks of his fainting wife. To see this scene, as acted with all its realism and detail, is like looking into a grave; but who could help admiring the faithful reproduction of natural emotion as given by Mrs. Kendal? That sudden fall and faint when strength is utterly spent, and the nervous power has yielded to the strain, was absolutely true to nature. So women fall with a sobbing shriek when in a criminal court their husbands are condemned to death. It was so realistic that many in the audience could scarcely look at the stage; but at the time I doubted the propriety of Susan's prayer, which, though beautiful and natural, dragged out the scene to a degree almost beyond endurance.

"The relief of Crosstree and the reprieve, the running down of the yellow flag and the running up of the union jack, and all the cheers, were scarcely strong enough to counteract the funereal sorrow that lasted almost without interruption from the beginning of the drama. Whatever objections I said at the time may be made to Mr. Wills's version of 'William and Susan' on artistic grounds, there can be no question about its success as a picture at once tender and human, powerful

and pathetic. We need no longer indulge in laments about our loss of the harmony of the French school of acting, or the ensemble of the Dutch, when we can see a play of old English life and manners represented with such faultlessness and fidelity as this. Recalling scene after scene and act after act, I can positively detect no flaw, and taking a hint from the shipboard so carefully reproduced, everything is perfect and complete to the critical eye, from the knots to the rigging, from the seaman's cottage to the captain's cabin. Everything is smart, taut, and shipshape. In the difficult art of stage management John Hare is now quite unrivalled, and it is pleasant to see what a good example he sets in taking a small character to give a tone to the composition and encouragement to the others."

Thomas Potter Cooke, the celebrated William in "Black-Eyed Susan," was the son of a surgeon, and born in Titchfield Street, Marylebone, April 23rd, 1786. He joined the Royal Navy in *H.M.S. Raven* in 1796, and was a sharer in Earl St. Vincent's victory, was wrecked off Cuxhaven, and afterwards joined the *Prince of Wales*. He left the navy after the Peace of Amiens, and joined the dramatic profession in January, 1804, at the Royalty Theatre, and subsequently was a member of Astley's, the Lyceum (under Laurent the clown), and then went to Dublin.

In 1809 he was at the Surrey, and made his first appearance at Drury Lane, October 19th, 1816, as Diego in "The Watchword; or, the Quito Gate." Went to Covent Garden, October, 1822. He first played Long Tom Coffin in "The Pilot" at the Adelphi, October 25th, and William in "Black-Eyed Susan" June 6th,

1829. His last appearance was on March 29th, 1860, as William, at Covent Garden, for the Dramatic College Benefit. His most celebrated characters he acted the following number of times:—William, 785; Long Tom Coffin, 562; the Monster in "Frankenstein" and the Vampire (this character he also played in 1826 at the Porte St. Martin, Paris), 365; Roderick Dhu, 250; Aubrey ("Dog of Montargis"), 250; Vanderdecken, 165; "My Poll and My Partner Joe," 269. He was the best representative of the British sailor ever seen on the stage; was a noble, kind-hearted man, and had the interest of the dramatic profession sincerely at heart. He was buried in Brompton Cemetery.

Edward Fitzball, the dramatist and song writer, gives us some interesting gossip about T. P. Cooke:

"My old friend, T. P. Cooke, joined us with his unrivalled performance in Douglas Jerrold's interesting and always money-bringing nautical drama of 'Black-Eyed Susan,' founded on Gay's immortal poem; it charmed everybody here, as it had done everywhere else. He also enacted Tom Coffin in 'The Pilot,' with equal success. I know not from what cause, but a serious altercation took place just about this period, between Osbaldiston and Harry Wallack, the stage manager; and to such an extreme did the former carry his resentment, that he gave orders Wallack should be refused admission at the stage door, although his name was inserted to play in the bills of the evening. Wallack, however, who was anything but deficient in courage, came at night to the theatre, dressed for his part; and when the substitute was about to make his entrance, pushed boldly past him, and played Dentatus in spite of the manager himself, who, though exceedingly

provoked, could not help laughing at the singularity of the circumstance.

“Osbaldiston seems here to have grown very quarrelsome; we had a star in the person of a gentleman named Otway, who performed remarkably well the character of Hamlet, and looked it to perfection. What Osbaldiston found to dispute with Mr. Otway about, I am at a loss to guess; I never encountered a more polite or affable gentleman. Then we had a Mr. Hamblin from America, also in Hamlet and Coriolanus, a sterling good actor; and a succession of stars, shining one after the other. (I cannot recognise dates.) I was passing through the hall, then in Hart Street, into the theatre, when a stranger followed me, mysteriously ejaculating into my ear, what seemed an anxious admonition, the single monosyllable *hide*! Having no apprehension of a sheriff’s officer, and assassinations being in those days a thing of rare occurrence in England, I naturally inquired what I was to hide for?

“The gentleman himself smiled, and informed me that his name was *Hide*; that he had come to rehearsal in Shylock, and, as he was unknown to the hall porter, (my tall old friend of early mention,) he wished me merely to pass him in to the theatre. I believe his acting was good, but the house unluckily bad; he gained no disapproval, but, perhaps, disappointed or offended, he disappeared quickly after the fall of the curtain, and was gone, when absolutely called for by the select few. An interval succeeded; renewed calls, when, at last, Webster presented himself, observing with great gravity—‘Ladies and gentlemen, I have been to seek *Mr. Hide* in all parts of the house, and he is nowhere to be *found*.’ A convulsion of



mirth ensued, and every one was satisfied with so facetious an explanation.

"A new melodrama had been written for T. P. Cooke, called 'False Colours,' it was more interesting than nautical; I quite forget now what it was about. Cooke did not fancy the part, and our 'False Colours' were speedily, therefore, hauled down. The only good thing in the performance which lives in my recollection was the sinking of the ship in the centre of the stage, much more natural than the big ship in 'The Pilot' at the Adelphi, which threw all London into a state of excitement. It was during the rehearsal of this drama, in consequence of H. Wallack having quitted the manager-ship, that Osbaldiston desired me to find another gentleman to supply his place. It was not my business to do so; but I immediately suggested to him Mr. Ben Webster, as the most capable person in the company. Accordingly, I was deputed to conduct that worthy son of Momus to his new appointment, which, be sure I did quickly; and it was well it was done quickly, for he soon proved himself to be one of the most valuable of stage managers.

"A new tragedy was produced for Mr. Macready's benefit, called 'Strafford,' in which the great tragedian, of course, played Strafford. It was uncommonly well received, and I afterwards took it for my own benefit; I had two benefits during my engagement at Covent Garden, on which occasions the greatest singer of her time sang for me, namely, Madame Grisi, as also did my friend Balfe, and that excellent vocalist of vocalists, Ivanhoff. I afterwards had another very profitable benefit at Covent Garden, on which occasion the 'Siege of Rochelle' was produced, first time at that theatre; and Balfe, Giubelei, Templeton, and Madame

Balfe, sang for me gratis. It was on this occasion that Mr. Maddox, manager of the Princess's Theatre, was so very generous as absolutely to change his bill of his week's performance in order to lend me a lady and gentleman or two to fill up my cast in the opera. I simply record this to prove to those ladies and gentlemen that I have not outlived gratitude, and also to say something about a lady so popular, so talented, and so generous, as Lola Montez.

"In making what is called a benefit, people who are unsophisticated in theatrical affairs should know that every one is anxious to secure everything like attraction within his grasp, especially in a theatre where the expenses are, sometimes, from two to three hundred pounds. Benefit had followed benefit; at both houses every novelty had been resorted to; nothing new was left to me. This benefit, which I fully expected would prove to me a decided loss, annoyed me sadly; I was sauntering up Regent-street when I met Stretton, the popular singer, whose benefit was just coming off; he assured me that he had secured every attraction worthy of the public, and that there was no hope left for me,—unless, indeed, he added satirically, turning back, you could secure the Lola Montez.

"‘The Lola Montez!’ reiterated I. ‘Pray, what is that?’ in my ignorance not knowing.

"‘Lola Montez is a lady who appeared the other night at Her Majesty's Theatre, the opera in the Haymarket, a dancer, but, owing to some aristocratic disturbance, has quitted the place in disgust; the papers were full of it; I have been and offered her fifty pounds to dance for me, and met with a decided refusal, so, as I observed just now, I see no hope for *you*.’

"This ended our conversation, except my inquiring the

address of the beautiful, enraged Lola Montez, which, having obtained, I repaired at once to her apartments, and, simply by sending up my card, was graciously admitted. She was sitting for her portrait, a charming likeness, but far less charming than the original.

"I explained my errand, and was at once, as Stretton had foretold, left without hope. It was, perhaps, that a look of disappointment, if not something of distress, crossed my features; but in an instant her look changed, her voice also.

" 'I will, however,' she continued blandly, 'ask my mamma'—I think she said 'mamma'—'what she thinks of it; give me your address, I will write to you.' I thanked her very cordially; made my bow, and my exit, carrying with me to the theatre very little anticipation of a good result. I was occupied at the rehearsal of the opera two hours, perhaps. Balfe and his sensitive and gifted wife were there, and pressed me strongly to dinner; but as I never in my life absented myself from my own dinner table at home without specifying the same, being a very punctual man, I knew my remaining out would cause great anxiety; therefore, home I went. Judge of my surprise on entering the drawing-room at finding Madame Lola Montez, seated on the sofa, chatting with my wife as familiarly as if they had known each other for years! She had already made up her mind to dance for me. When I mentioned terms she refused to hear me, and, in fact, intended, and did dance for me for *nothing*. When the announcement appeared everybody was astonished, and everybody was calculating the enormous amount of the sum I had consented to give for the attraction; and a great attraction it proved; the theatre was crammed. After all, my hopeless benefit proved the best of the season; and the

usual remark was made,—a remark invariably applied to any success of mine,—that, from downright good luck, I had as usual alighted on my feet.

“Lola Montez arrived on the evening in a splendid carriage, accompanied by her maid, and, without the slightest affectation, entered the dressing-room prepared for her reception. When she was dressed to appear on the stage she sent for me to inquire whether I thought the costume she had chosen for the occasion would be approved of by my friends. I have seen sylphs appear, and female forms of the most dazzling beauty, in ballets and fairy dramas; but the most dazzling and perfect form I ever did gaze upon was Lola Montez, in her splendid white and gold attire, studded with diamonds, that night. Her bounding before the public was the signal of general applause and general admiration of her beauty, and general admiration of her dancing, which was quite unlike anything the public had ever seen,—so original, so flexible, so graceful, so indescribable. At the conclusion of her performance, I need scarcely add how rapturous and universal was the call for her re-appearance; after which, when I advanced with delighted thanks, again holding up her hand in graceful remonstrance, she refused to hear me, and in half an hour, in the same carriage, had quitted the theatre. From that time I have never again had the exceeding pleasure of seeing the generous, the beautiful Madame Lola Montez.

“On that same occasion Mrs. Gratton was to have sung for me ‘The Cross Old Bachelor,’ a popular song of my own writing at the time, but did not arrive, from some accident, till the curtain was down. The malcontents kicked up a bit of a row in the upper gallery; I was seated in the green-room, waiting for the coach to go

home, when Balfe hurried in. 'Do you hear that?' inquired he, quite surprised at my philosophy; I, generally so nervous, 'Certainly!' 'But, my dear Fitzzy,' the familiar appellation by which he generally addressed me, 'they'll break the chandelier.' 'That's the affair of the managers, my dear Balfy,' I replied, 'I took the theatre for *last night*, it's now *to-morrow morning*.'

"I should have been very sorry, nevertheless, with all my pretended stoicism, had any accident happened to the magnificent chandelier; and, to prevent such a result, ordered the gas to be turned off, which soon set my friends the gods scampering, lest they should have to grope their way out of the attic regions in darkness. At that moment poor Mrs. Gratton arrived; having had to play in the last piece at the Princess's, she could not possibly have escaped sooner; and the good-natured soul burst into tears at the disappointment, no less to herself than to me, and I had the greatest difficulty to console her."

One of our most intelligent, powerful, and highly educated actresses is Geneviève Ward. She is of the grand classical, or Ristori school. All her life she has studied Italian acting on the dramatic and lyric stage, for she first appeared in Italian opera as Madame Guerrabella. But her French instructor was Regnier, as fine a comedian as any one would wish to see. Shall I ever forget his Noel, the old servant in Madame de Girardin's "*La Joie fait Peur*"? In the same part I have seen Got, Boucicault ("*Kerry*"), and Coquelin. But Regnier carried off the prize in triumph.

Geneviève Ward is the granddaughter of Gideon Lee, one of the so-called "*Fathers of the City*" of New York,



and the child of remarkably clever parents. When she left the operatic for the dramatic stage, her greatest successes were Lady Macbeth, Constance, Medea, Queen Katharine, Emilia, Meg Merrilies, and of course, Stephanie in "Forget-me-Not," a part she has played to brilliant and enthusiastic audiences all over the world.

Geneviève Ward is one of the very few English speaking actresses who have acted in Paris in French, and in French in London ("L'Aventurière"). She appeared at the Porte St. Martin on 11th February, 1877, as Lady Macbeth in Paul Lacroix's French translation of Shakespeare's tragedy.

She was thus praised in the "Revue Britannique," of March, 1877 :

"Dans la scène du somnambulisme du quatrième acte, elle a été positivement admirable; jamais le remord, ni les terreurs de l'hallucination n'ont été interprétés d'une façon aussi poignante; la salle toute entière était suspendue à ses lèvres et frissonnait avec elle."

From time to time this charming lady and staunch friend has amused me with stories of her varied and interesting career.

"The drollest incident that ever befell me in my career happened in my early days as a tragic star. The play was 'Medea,' and the scene a Scotch town. Medea needs two children of five or six years. Two were found of the age with some difficulty in the neighbourhood, and tempted with sweets and tender sayings to behave as well as possible. Unhappily, the terrors of Medea's aspect and manner were modified at the rehearsal, but at night they proved too much for the youngest urchin, who yelled with fright, and ran off the stage to the refuge of her mother's arms. Nothing could induce her



*Photo by* MRS. STIRLING. [*London Stereo. Co.* *Photo by* GENEVIÈVE WARD. [*Caswell Smith.*



*Photo by* ROSE LECLERCQ. [*Alfred Ellis.* *Photo by* MISS EASTLAKE. [*Barraud.*



again even to look at Medea, and it was absolutely necessary to have the children in the last act.

"The property man was ordered to provide another immediately and, said he, 'It's no possible; I dinna ken ony bairn that could stand it.' At last it was suggested that the hallkeeper had a boy who sometimes went on the stage; he was summoned and questioned. 'Ay,' said he, 'I have a laddie, but he's no' so sma' as the wee lassie.' 'Never mind, bring him,' said I; 'anything near the mark must do.' He was brought, and proved a boy about thirteen, nearly as tall as myself, a raw-boned grinning gamin, whose aspect suggested nothing but marbles and pegtop in the gutter.

"However, there was nothing else for it, and we proceeded to convert him into the eldest born of the Colchian Queen, with the aid of some sandals of my own, a pair of white stockings over his rolled-up trousers, a skirt tucked up to his knees, a piece of drapery round his shoulders, and a piece of ribbon round his ruddy shock of hair, in which guise he was led on by the convulsed Medea to the paralysed Jason. The sudden growth of the child was, however, too much for the audience, which burst into shouts of merriment; and the terrible revenge of the wronged Queen, and the sacrifice of the innocents was accomplished without the shedding of one sympathetic tear, except the many due to inextinguishable laughter.

"Returning from the North Island of New Zealand to the South, we were asked to give one more night performance in Christchurch. The theatre was occupied, but the Public Hall was fitted with a stage and scenery, and the ever attractive 'Forget-me-Not' was given.

"All went well till the second act, when in the middle of the great scene between Stephanie and Sir Horace, a

bell that seemed to shake the world clanged out right above our heads ; the suddenness of it was appalling, clang, bang, bang, clang, clang, bang, twenty times. We were paralysed, the audience seemed startled too ; then a pause, half a minute, perhaps, we partially recovered.

“ Sir Horace (Mr. W. H. Vernon) started, ‘ Upon my soul, Stephanie.’ Bang, clang, clang, bang, bang, clang, twenty times more. A pause again. We looked at each other, the audience tittered. Sir Horace again, ‘ Upon my soul, Stephanie.’ Bang, clang, clang, bang, twenty times more. Another pause. Sir Horace looked up towards the roof, the audience roared, but not to be beaten he tried once more. ‘ Upon my soul, Stephanie.’ Clang, bang, bang, clang, twenty times again. Pause. The audience shouted with laughter ; but this time, Sir Horace was too quick for the bell, and got out : ‘ Upon my soul, Stephanie, we’ll wait till it’s over.’ Off we went, and rang down the curtain.

“ We found the Public Hall carried the public fire alarm. A fire had broken out, and the sleepless guardian of the bell had done his duty without any other thought. We waited a few minutes till the trouble was over and then resumed the performance ; but during the remainder of the play an occasional anxious look aloft from Sir Horace was sufficient to keep both actors and audience merry.

“ On my first visit to Cincinnati with ‘ Forget-me-Not,’ I had a curious reception on my first appearance, and a very odd view of the male portion of the audience. As I entered I saw a vision of coat tails. Every man’s face was turned from me, and a rapid scuffle towards the doors was proceeding. In two minutes the last coat tails disappeared and half the seats were empty ; the ladies remained, but their heads were turned after their



retreating friends, and my welcome seemed chilly indeed, occasioned entirely by the flight of the males and the cold shoulders of the females. I remained dumb for awhile, but then came a whisper from the wings, 'Don't be frightened, there's been a difficulty in front, but it's over, and they're coming back.' They did come back, and soon atoned for their first inattention by an enthusiastic welcome. I found afterwards there *had* been a difficulty in front, and revolver shots exchanged, but not much harm done; still the sound of free shooting had been too much for the Western man to resist."

## CHAPTER VI

### “THE LOST ART OF PANTOMIME”

THE Harlequinade of our boyhood's day is, I fear, a pleasure lost for ever and denied to the generation of to-day. No more jolly old Clown with the purloined sausages or red-hot poker, and the immortal Hot Codlins : no more spangled Harlequin : no more Joey the Pantaloon : no more Sprites : no more delightful Columbine with her white tarletan skirts. But in our memories of the past we must not forget Tom Matthews, Flexmore, Harry Bolen, Harry Payne, or their brilliant predecessors George Wieland and Joey Grimaldi.

“George Wieland was a fine actor as well as a first-class pantomimist. His performance of Short Trotters, to the Codlin of Paul Bedford, in E. Stirling's ‘Old Curiosity Shop,’ at the Adelphi “old playgoers will well remember. T. Lyon was the grandfather ; Yates. Quilp ; Wright, Dick Swiveller ; George Maynard, Fred Trent ; Wilkinson, Kit ; and Mrs. Keeley, Little Nell, Wieland was a musician and a fine dancer, and in a one-act farce called ‘The Flip Flap Footman’ he used to dance a comic hornpipe to the music of a violin, which he played himself—this was also at the Adelphi ; and as Xit, at the same house, he, in T. P. Taylor's version of Ainsworth's ‘Tower of London,’ made an im-

mense hit ; and it is not in any way detrimental to the talent of George Conquest, Senior, to say that all his 'trap' business was originally done by George Wieland."

"A little more than forty years ago—as a matter of fact it was the 15th of September, 1838, wrote my old friend E. L. Blanchard, who knew as much about pantomime as most men—I was waiting at the wing of the Royal English Opera, as the Lyceum was then called, to accompany my early friend, George Wieland, to the City of London Theatre. The famous pantomimist, who was here filling up his time before the recommencement of the Drury Lane season, had promised to give his services that night for the benefit of a well-known clown at the East End, who stood sadly in need of some substantial help, through sudden pressure on his pecuniary resources, caused by the afflictions that had befallen his family. It was well known in the profession that the purse and personal services of George Wieland were ever at the disposal of his more unfortunate brethren ; but in this case he had taken especial interest, as the poor wearer of the motley supplicating his aid was a man of acknowledged worth and ability, though his talents had never enabled him to secure more than a scanty subsistence for a family increasing out of all proportion to his reputation.

"Old playgoers need not be told that Wieland was an artist in his peculiar line, excelling all who had come before him, and who has never been equalled since. He was about twenty-eight years of age at this time, but had been upon the stage since a child ; and his marvellous embodiment of the droll Imp in the ballet of 'The Daughter of the Danube' had placed him at the highest point of his particular branch of the profession. In the dangerous department of the art to which he had

devoted himself with so much zeal he had suffered the usual penalties of popularity; and after being shot up traps and sent flying off on wires at perilous heights for nearly a quarter of a century, the reflection that so many of his limbs were left unbroken used to astonish him in his frequent moments of serious meditation. He was, however, no mere acrobat or gymnast. His powers of expressing purpose by action were of an extraordinary kind; and when Edmund Kean, after witnessing some of his remarkable pantomimic performances, used to say, 'That boy could convey, by gesture alone, the significance of every line of "Hamlet,"' the compliment conveyed was felt to be only a fair tribute to the cleverness of an exponent of what is now almost a lost art.

"On the Saturday night referred to, Wieland was playing, for the twenty-eighth time, his popular character of Diavoletto, in Alexander Macfarren's now nearly forgotten dramatic composition, known as 'The Devil's Opera,' in which Miss Priscilla Horton as Pepino the page, and Miss Poole as Signora Giovannina the *gouvernante*, rendered with such admirable effect the best songs of the composer. In the last scene, Wieland had to rapidly run down to the footlights on his knees, a feat of physical dexterity on which he had always prided himself. The carelessness of a stage-carpenter had left the trap by which the pantomimist had ascended a few moments before above the level, and the result was a severe injury to the kneecap of the performer, that compelled the immediate descent of the curtain. Borne to the wing in an insensible condition, Wieland was placed on a couch, while the nearest surgeon was sent for. When he attended, the painful nature of the accident suggested the ready opinion that many days, if not weeks, must elapse before the pantomimist could

appear in public again. Wieland, suffering most acute tortures, feebly murmured that he had promised, in the course of the next hour, to appear at the City of London, in his character of the Imp in the ballet of 'The Daughter of the Danube,' and that if disappointed the audience would probably assert their displeasure by hooting at the poor clown who was taking a benefit that night, and injure, in many ways, the prospect of providing for the half-starved sick family depending on the extra attraction that had been offered. Medical remonstrance was of no avail; and the coach, coming to the stage-door of the Lyceum at the appointed time, Wieland was helped into the vehicle, and I accompanied him, in his state of acute suffering from the injured limb, to the theatre then recently opened in Norton Folgate.

"The house was full to overflowing, and relying on the unfailing punctuality of the prominent 'star,' the overture to the 'The Daughter of the Danube' was, at the instigation of the prompter, proceeding at the appointed hour. There was but a short time left for assuming the needful costume, during which brief period Wieland fainted three times from the extreme physical agony he was enduring; but the promise he had so generously given had been faithfully kept, and though the weird antics of the amusing goblin never created more merriment than on that occasion, and tears, wrung by pain, streamed frequently from under the mask during the memorable combat with Gilbert, the good-natured, self-sacrificing representative of the German goblin exerted himself more than usual, and even complied with the earnest demand of the audience for a repetition of the principal movement. 'This will lay me up for another month,' said Wieland feebly to me as we parted after midnight at the door of his house in a street near Bedford



Square ; ‘ but, thank Heaven ! I have helped to put into the pockets of the poor fellow a good hundred pounds for the benefit of the sick children he is working so hard to support.’ ”

It was E. L. Blanchard’s opinion that Wieland was the greatest exponent of the art of pantomime whom he had ever witnessed in the course of his lengthened experience. This was high praise from one who had been a worshipper of the great Joe Grimaldi, and who had seen Ellar, Bologna, and all the most famous pantomimists of his time. He used to relate an anecdote of meeting Wieland at a supper-party on one occasion. Wieland, upon being asked to give a specimen of his art, said it was difficult for him to do so without the aid of a definite story, and costume and scenery. He, however, threw a sofa cushion on to the hearth-rug, which was supposed to represent a dead child, whilst he, as its father, portrayed such grief and sorrow, by his action alone, that he moved his little audience to tears. Wieland first appeared as harlequin in “ Harlequin Blue Beard ” at the Adelphi in 1843.

The name of Wieland naturally suggests that I should look back to Grimaldi, the King of Clownland.

I never go up or down Pentonville Hill—and at one time this was part of my journey every day of my life—without taking off my hat as I pass what was once the burial ground attached to St. James’s Chapel, the old churchyard now used as a recreation ground and resting-place for the poor children of Islington and Clerkenwell. For there, in that transformed God’s acre, rests Joey Grimaldi—one of, if not the greatest of clowns and pantomimists of the century ; and close by him reposes his old friend, Charles Dibdin, the author of many of the pieces in which Grimaldi acted, making

his audience roar with one side of the face and cry with the other, and the composer of nearly all the songs connected with Grimaldi's name. Of course I never saw Grimaldi act; since he died, a miserable and broken-hearted man, cursed with a bad son and almost alone in the world, on May 31, 1837, four years before I was born; but as a child my imagination was quickened with Grimaldi stories in the old Sadler's Wells days, thanks to many of my father's old friends, who were staunch patrons of the "aquatic theatre," as it was called, to visit which was a pleasant walk in summer-time over the fields from Hoxton. The old playhouse I remember well in the glorious days of Samuel Phelps, for here I saw "Hamlet" and many a Shakespearean play for the first time; and I doubt not in close propinquity to Master Charles Warner (Lickfold), who was accommodated with a seat in the orchestra years ago, whilst I was spellbound in the pit.

Two things were impressed on my young mind in the arrangement of the theatre soon after Grimaldi had quitted the stage of life for ever. One was the orthodoxy of the proscenium, as may be seen from the well-known pictures by George Cruikshank, and the second was the solemn custom of never playing tragedy at any theatre save on a green-baize carpet. The proscenium was to all intents a little house, and it was fascinating to a child to see on either side of the stage proper a little green door with brass knockers and handles, and over each door a window with lace curtains and a balcony with flower pots on it. These proscenium doors were never used, except occasionally in pantomime for the purposes of the play, but no one dreamed of taking a call or of coming on to make a managerial speech except through these little doors, a survival, no doubt, of the Theatre of the

Greeks, as you will see in Donaldson's remarkable book. The green-baize carpet was calculated to give the young playgoer a shudder, no matter if it were "Hamlet" or the "Iron Chest." We knew then that we were in for it, and that the fatal green baize would sooner or later be strewn with corpses.

The famous clown, Joey Grimaldi, came of an Italian pantomime and dancing stock. His grandfather, Giuseppe Grimaldi, was nicknamed "Iron Legs," on account of his extraordinary leaps, which must have surpassed those of one Stead, who some years ago acquired an enormous reputation by leaping into the air and singing, I always thought idiotically, "A Cure! A Cure! A Cure! A Cure! Now isn't I a Cure!" One night old "Iron Legs," when acting in France, jumped so high that he broke the glass chandelier that hung over the stage proscenium doors; one of the glass-drops cut the Turkish Ambassador in the eye, and the pantomimist had to apologise. "Iron Legs" was originally dentist to Queen Charlotte, and he came to England in that capacity in 1760.

The first Grimaldi who appeared in England was the father of Joey, and, being an admirable dancer, was in great request in Society to teach minuets and cotillons. Eventually he was appointed ballet-master of Drury Lane Theatre and Sadler's Wells, with which he coupled the situation of primo-buffo. What an extraordinary combination! Almost as quaint as dentist and dancer! But let the famous "Boz" (Charles Dickens) introduce our Joey—

"On the 18th of December, 1779, the year in which Garrick died, Joseph Grimaldi, 'Old Joe,' was born in Stanhope Street, Clare Market, a part of the town then, as now, much frequented by theatrical people, in consequence of its vicinity to the theatres. At the period

of his birth, his eccentric father was sixty-five years old, and twenty-five months afterwards, another son was born to him—Joseph's only brother."

Joe, from some erroneous information he had received, always stated he was born in Stanhope Street, Clare Market, on the 18th of December, 1779; he mentioned this in his farewell address at Sadler's Wells, and again subscribed that date at the end of his autobiographical notes. He was in error. A reference to the baptismal register of St. Clement Danes proved he was born on the 18th of December, 1778, and that he was baptised as the son of Joseph and Rebecca on the 28th of the same month and year. From this entry it might be inferred that Joe was legitimate: but we are sorry to be compelled to record that he was not so. Rebecca was Mrs. Brooker, who had been from her infancy a dancer at Drury Lane, and subsequently, at Sadler's Wells, played old women or anything to render herself generally useful. Mr. Hughes and others who well remember her describe her as having been a short, stout, very dark woman. The same baptismal register from 1773 to 1778 has been carefully inspected; but no mention occurs of Joe's only brother, John Baptist, or of any other of the Grimaldi family.

The child did not remain very long in a state of helpless and unprofitable infancy, for at the age of one year and eleven months he was brought out by his father on the boards of Old Drury, where he made his first bow and his first tumble. The piece in which his precocious powers were displayed was the well-known pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe," in which the father sustained the part of the Shipwrecked Mariner, and the son performed that of the Little Clown. The child's success was complete; he was instantly placed on the



establishment, accorded the magnificent weekly salary of fifteen shillings, and every succeeding year was brought forward in some new and prominent part. He became a favourite behind the curtain as well as before it, being henceforth distinguished in the green-room as "Clever Little Joe"; and Joe he was called to the last day of his life. In fact the stage clown has been to the pantaloon "Joey" ever since.

It was at Sadler's Wells that the boy-monkey nearly lost his life—

"At Sadler's Wells he became a favourite almost as speedily as at Drury Lane. King, the comedian, who was principal proprietor of the former theatre and acting manager of the latter, took a great deal of notice of him, and occasionally gave the child a guinea to buy a rocking-horse or a cart, or some toy that struck his fancy. During the run of the first piece in which he played at Sadler's Wells, he produced his first serious effect, which, but for the good fortune which seems to have attended him in such cases, might have prevented his subsequent appearance on any stage. He played a monkey, and had to accompany the clown (his father) throughout the piece. In one of the scenes the clown used to lead him on by a chain attached to his waist, and with this chain he would swing him round and round at arm's length, with the utmost velocity. One evening, when this feat was in the act of performance, the chain broke, and he was hurled a considerable distance into the pit, fortunately without sustaining the slightest injury; for he was flung by a miracle into the very arms of an old gentleman who was sitting gazing at the stage with intense interest."

Sadler's Wells was so closely associated with the name and fame of Joey Grimaldi that a short story of the



locality may be interesting. As in other spots about this part of London, the discovery of a mineral spring early attracted the seekers after health and amusement in the fields of Clerkenwell, and long before the time of Henry VIII. there was a building here to afford diversion to the water-drinkers. At the period of the Reformation this spring was stopped up by the authority of the State, in order, as was alleged, to check the impositions of the priests of the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, who extorted money from the people by making them believe that the virtues of the water proceeded from the efficacy of their prayers. The well being closed, the place declined, the amusements ceased, and the virtue of the waters grew out of remembrance. In the year 1663, one of the labourers employed by Mr. Sadler, a surveyor of the highways, discovered, as he was digging in the garden of his master, who had just built what he called "A Musick House," the celebrated well. Sadler was not long in turning the discovery to profitable account. Physicians of repute gave him their testimony of the value of the water, which had a strong ferruginous taste, resembling the mineral waters of Tunbridge and Shanklin, but not so strong a chalybeate. Hundreds of persons daily came to drink them, who were recommended to eat caraways while taking the waters, or to drink a glass or two of Rhenish or white wine, and smoke a pipe of tobacco, and for these visitors it was obvious some amusement might be advantageously provided. Accordingly Sadler laid out his garden and planted it with flowers and shrubs, constructed a marble basin in the centre to receive the waters of the principal spring, and built a long room on the lawn, with a platform or stage at the end. He further engaged posturers, tumblers, and rope-dancers, whose performances were

generally in the open air, and without any expense to the visitors, unless they volunteered their sixpence apiece towards any favourite exhibition.

At this date we find a Mr. Pearson was "engaged to play on the dulcimer every summer evening at the end of the long walk," and a band was stationed on a shell-work rock to supply music for those who liked to dance ; so that we may fancy our forefathers had found their medicinal water-drinking all the pleasanter for enjoying with it the diversions of a miniature Cremorne. These amusements, which were at first but a secondary, soon became the principal inducement for the public to visit the "Musick House," and, thus encouraged, Mr. Sadler built a temporary theatre, which continued to prosper. In 1702 a new proprietor took possession of the house and grounds, and identified them with his own name as "Miles' Music House." The place now had an organ-loft and gallery, decorated in front with mythological pictures, and if "Ned Ward," of the *London Spy*, may be trusted, was not always filled with the most reputable company. The great attraction at this time would seem to have been the man who performed the disgusting feat of eating a fowl alive. In the reign of George I. the old name of the place was restored, and the property fell into the hands of Francis Forcer, a musician and composer, who appears to have given a creditable vocal and instrumental concert, and who was the first to introduce rope-dancing as a prominent feature of the amusements. In the *Weekly Journal* of March 15, 1718, we read the following—

"Sadler's Wells being lately opened, there is likely to be a great resort of strolling damsels, half pay officers, peripatetic tradesmen, tars, butchers, and others musically inclined."

The payment for the beverages consumed, and not for the entertainment provided, as is the case with "*Les Ambassadeurs*," at the singing cafés in the Champs Elysées, Paris, was obviously to evade the law; and it is of some significance that young Forcer, who now managed the concern, was a barrister; and in 1735 he is known to have petitioned Parliament for a license. When Forcer died, at an advanced age, in 1743, a person named Warren was his successor; and the following year Sadler's Wells was declared by a presentation from the Middlesex Grand Jury to be a place injurious to public morals. The presentation ran thus: "The proprietors of the house and diversions called Sadler's Wells, adjoining to the New River Head, in or near Islington, late one Forcer's, now pretended to be opened and carried on by John Warren, within this county, where there is frequently a resort of great numbers of loose, disorderly people." The next proprietor was Mr. Rosoman, a builder, whose name still survives in the adjacent Rosoman Street, and in 1753 Sadler's Wells was opened by him with a regular license granted by the county magistrates, under the provisions of that very Act, the 25th of George II., which, then but newly passed, is now again, and ever will be, the subject of much attention, until it finally disappears from the Statute Book.

He soon after pulled down the old wooden building, and raised what we may consider the theatre of Phelps and Greenwood, which in August, 1766, was declared completed. The admission was two shillings and sixpence to the boxes, one shilling to the pit, and sixpence to the gallery. An additional sixpence entitled the visitor to the boxes to have a pint of wine. Among the performers at that time was Giuseppe Grimaldi, popularly

known as "Iron Legs," the grandfather of the afterwards famous clown Joseph Grimaldi. In 1775 James Byrne, the father of Oscar Byrne, was the harlequin here. He lived to be eighty-nine, and died in December, 1845. From Rosoman the theatre descended to Mr. Arnold, who gave a share of the property to his son, and had also for a partner Thomas King, the comedian of Drury Lane, celebrated for his performance of Sir Peter Teazle, of which part he was the original representative. Under his management, dating from 1772, the admission was raised to three shillings the boxes, one shilling and sixpence the pit, and one shilling the gallery, an extra sixpence still entitling the visitor to enjoy a pint of port, mountain, Lisbon, or punch, while a shilling was required for an extra pint. In 1778 the prospects of the speculation looked so encouraging that the interior was reconstructed and embellished at some considerable expense, and the entertainments then began to assume a recognised dramatic character.

We have recently heard a great deal of "tank plays," and have admired the grand naval spectacle at Earl's Court. But they were all anticipated at old Sadler's Wells in the days of Joey Grimaldi.

A very attractive feature for a summer theatre was introduced on Easter Monday, the 2nd of April, 1804. An immense tank was constructed under the stage, and filled up by a communication with the New River. In this was given a mimic representation of the Siege of Gibraltar. This proved a great success. Pieces with elaborate aquatic effects were produced. The tank was of an irregular shape, about ninety feet long, and in some places twenty-four feet wide, the depth being something under five feet, but sufficient for men to swim in. The stage was drawn up by machinery, and there were



pipes and engines at the side for the hydraulic supply. At the top of the theatre was another tank, fifteen feet square and five feet deep, for the purpose of producing waterfalls. For many years these entertainments preserved their popularity. Previous to these water scenes the drop-scene was let down for the last act of the piece. In the interval the audience could plainly hear the water run into the tank, while gusts of air strongly agitated the act-drop, which was after a few minutes partly drawn up to allow the first edge of the rising platform free action upwards, as the great tank extended to within six feet of the footlights. Each of these aquatic scenes was the sensational climax of romantic drama, wherein some fugitive villain dashed headlong into the water from a high rock or a bridge, followed by an avenger, between whom a desperate struggle and fight would take place. Each actor had, of course, his aquatic "double." In a piece called "Philip and his Dog," the child (a dummy) was thrown into the water by the scamp of the piece, and a famous dog, Bruin, leaped in after and saved it. Then the said villain, to escape justice and his pursuers, threw himself in, and afterwards in went the dog, who seized the murderer by the throat and drowned him.

"The Battle of the Nile" was a triumphant success. Real model-ships, of about three feet each in length, sailed about the tank, and *L'Orient* was really blown up in first-rate style. The disastrous accident by which eighteen persons were killed by pressure, through a false alarm of fire during the performance, occurred on the 15th of October 1807. A playbill of the date of Easter Monday, the 12th of April, 1819, when the season began, announces Grimaldi as clown in the pantomime of "The Talking Bird," with a new song called "Hot Codlins,"



composed by Mr. Whittaker. In the following year, on Easter Monday, the 3rd of April, 1820, the theatre was opened under the management of Mr. Howard Payne, with a strong company, but with unprofitable results.

It has always been said that the five wonders of old-world pantomime were Joseph Grimaldi, John Bologna, James Barnes, Thomas Ellar, and Mrs. Parker. Grimaldi and Bologna, who were the heroes of the yarn of the cockney sportsmen who went down into the country to shoot partridges and pheasants, and blazed away into a congregation of harmless pigeons, and were nearly imprisoned for their recklessness, were also associated with the success of the famous "Mother Goose" at Drury Lane on Boxing Night, the 26th of December, 1807. Every one in the theatre predicted it would be a failure, and that once more Covent Garden would be able to crow over Drury Lane, Grimaldi and all. Actors and actresses are notoriously the worst judges of the value of a play. Failures were prophesied for "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Honeymoon." At any rate, "Mother Goose" turned out trumps, though Grimaldi, notwithstanding his enormous success, always hated his part, and declared "it was the very worst he had played." Grimaldi and Bologna, the harlequin, took a joint benefit on June 9, and the receipts amounted to £679 19s. On this occasion Grimaldi sang Dibdin's famous song, "The County Club," which had served so well at Sadler's Wells. One verse may be given to show the kind of comic song that went down at the beginning of the century—

"Now we're all met here together,  
In spite of wind and weather,  
To moisten well our clay.  
Before we think of jogging  
Let's take a cheerful noggin.  
Where's the waiter? Ring away!

Bring the glees and the catches,  
 The tobacco, pipes, and matches,  
 And plenty of brown stout.  
 Get the glasses ere we start 'em,  
 Let's proceed *secundum artem*,  
 Let the clerk all the names read out."

Gentlemen of the Quizzical Society, please to answer to your names. Farmer Scriggins! Why, I be here! Dr. Horse Leech! Here! Parson Paunch! Here! [And so on for twenty more.] At last, are you all assembled? All! all! all!

"So here's to you, Master Wiggins!  
 Here's to you, Master Figgins!  
 So put the beer about."

One note more about these pantomime songs. When I was a lad no pantomime was considered complete—nay, it would not be allowed to proceed, if the clown, when asked by the gallery, had refused to give them "Hot Codlins" or "Tippitiwitchet."

"A little old woman her living she got  
 By selling hot codlins, hot, hot, hot; . . .  
 So, to keep herself warm, she thought it no sin,  
 To fetch for herself, a quartern of —"

Whereupon the audience roared out the absent word *gin*. And the drama consists of a mischievous boy putting gunpowder into her charcoal stove, which used to be seen at each corner of a street. Such famous clowns of old as Wieland and Flexmore, both brilliant pantomimists and humourists, Tom Matthews, Huline, Harry Boleno, and Harry Payne all knew "Hot Codlins." I heard it for the last time from the lips of poor Harry, but I doubt now if a gallery-boy in existence knows the old ditty. These are the words of "Hot Codlins":—

"A little old woman her living she got  
 By selling codlins, hot, hot, hot;  
 And this little old woman, who codlins sold,  
 Tho' her codlins were hot, she felt herself cold;

So, to keep herself warm, she thought it no sin  
 To fetch for herself a quartern of —— (Oh, for shame !)  
 Ri tol iddy, iddy, iddy, iddy,  
 Ri tol iddy, iddy, ri tol lay.

“ This little old woman set off in a trot,  
 To fetch her a quartern of hot ! hot ! hot !  
 She swallow'd one glass, and it was so nice,  
 She tipp'd off another in a trice ;  
 The glass she fill'd till the bottle shrunk,  
 And this little old woman, they say, got ——  
 Ri tol, &c.

“ This little old woman, while muzzy she got,  
 Some boys stole her codlins, hot ! hot ! hot !  
 Powder under her pan put, and in it round stones ;  
 Says the little old woman, ‘ These apples have bones ! ’  
 The powder, the pan in her face did send,  
 Which sent the old woman on her latter ——  
 Ri tol, &c.

“ The little old woman then up she got,  
 All in a fury, hot ! hot ! hot !  
 Says she, ‘ Such boys, sure, never were known ;  
 They never will let an old woman alone.’  
 Now here is a moral, round let it buz—  
 If you mean to sell codlins, never get ——  
 Ri tol, &c.”

When that clever artist Chirgwin comes on the stage they call for “ The Blind Boy,” but “ Hot Codlins ” and “ Tippitiwitchet ” are things of the past. My old friend E. L. Blanchard unearthed an old song connected with Sadler’s Wells and Joey Grimaldi. It was written by the father of “ old Tom Greenwood,” who was for many years the partner of Samuel Phelps. The song was called “ The History of Sadler’s Wells ; or, a Chapter of Man-agers,” and it went to the tune of Collins’s “ Chapter of Kings.” I quote a few stanzas—

“ The merry Charles Dibdin then ruled the roast,  
 Who the family genius and talent could boast ;  
 Of frolic and fun Nature furnished a stock,  
 And truly a chip he was of the old block,  
 And, barring all pother, not one or the other  
 Has written much better in turn.

- "Charles in council adopted his ancestors' plan,  
Allowing a pint of old port to each man ;  
But not like their ancestors, morals were shrunk ;  
Modern dandies each night in the boxes got drunk.  
And, barring all pother, each Manager, brother,  
With the audience got drunk in their turn.
- "Grimaldi, indignant, determined to reign,  
But soon yielded the sceptre to young Howard Payne ;  
Yet somehow or other, his reign was cut short,  
For management was not at all Yankee's forte.  
And, barring all pother, yet, somehow or other,  
Payne managed one season in turn.
- "Next Egerton rose, and dispelling the mist,  
Determined fresh troops of the line to enlist ;  
Who appeared one and all, when he opened his plan,  
And swore they would triumph or fall to a man.  
And, barring all pother, he, somehow or other,  
Had a lease for three seasons in turn.
- "Grimaldi a second time took his degrees,  
To whom little William had yielded the keys ;  
With voice, heart, and hand, each man joined the cause,  
And Joey enjoyed all his well-earned applause.  
And, barring all pother, Joe, Momus's brother,  
Now governed the tank in his turn."

The farewell of any public favourite is pathetic enough, but I cannot conceive a more heartrending scene on the stage than the good-bye of a clown, broken down, unnerved, infirm, with the tears from his honest eyes coursing down the raddle of rouge, bismuth and paint ! Remember that Joey Grimaldi was not what could be called an old man. He was only fifty-eight when he died. But he had lived his life ; he had lost his wife, the most affectionate partner and helpmate a man ever had ; his son was killed in a drunken brawl in a public-house in Pitt Street, Tottenham Court Road ; and when he said his last words on the stage, he had nothing to see before him "but a lonely, almost friendless life." The farewell benefit took place at Drury Lane on Friday, the 27th of June, 1828. The announced bill ran thus,

and the scene has been admirably described by Charles Dickens—

MR. GRIMALDI'S FAREWELL  
BENEFIT.

ON FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1828,

WILL BE PERFORMED

JONATHAN IN ENGLAND ;

AFTER WHICH

A MUSICAL MELANGE.

TO BE SUCCEEDED BY

THE ADOPTED CHILD,

AND CONCLUDED WITH

HARLEQUIN HOAX,

IN WHICH MR. GRIMALDI WILL ACT  
CLOWN IN ONE SCENE, SING A SONG,

AND SPEAK HIS

FAREWELL ADDRESS.

It was greatly in favour of the benefit that Covent Garden had closed the night before ; the pit and galleries were completely filled in less than half an hour after opening the doors ; the boxes were very good from the first, and at half-price were as crowded as the other parts of the house. In the last piece Grimaldi acted one scene, but being wholly unable to stand, went through it seated upon a chair. Even in this distressing condition he retained enough of his old humour to succeed in calling down repeated shouts of merriment and laughter. The song too, in theatrical language, "went" as well as ever ; and at length, when the pantomime approached its termination, he made his appearance before the audience in his private dress, amid thunders of applause. As soon as silence could be obtained, and he could muster up



sufficient courage to speak, he advanced to the footlights and delivered, as well as his emotions would permit, the following Farewell Address—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—In putting off the clown's garment, allow me to drop also the clown's taciturnity, and address you in a few parting sentences. I entered early on this course of life, and leave it prematurely. Eight-and-forty years only have passed over my head—but I am going as fast down the hill of life as that older Joe—John Anderson. Like vaulting ambition, I have overleaped myself, and pay the penalty in an advanced old age. If I have now any aptitude for tumbling, it is through bodily infirmity, for I am worse on my feet than I used to be on my head. It is four years since I jumped my last jump, filched my last oyster, boiled my last sausage, and set in for retirement. Not quite so well provided for, I must acknowledge, as in the days of my clownship, for then, I daresay some of you remember, I used to have a fowl in one pocket and sauce for it in the other.

"To-night has seen me assume the motley for a short time—it clung to my skin as I took it off, and the old cap and bells rang mournfully as I quitted them for ever.

"With the same respectful feelings as ever, I do find myself in your presence—in the presence of my last audience—this kindly assemblage so happily contradicting the adage that a favourite has no friends. For the benevolence that brought you hither, accept, ladies and gentlemen, my warmest and most grateful thanks; and believe, that of one and all, Joseph Grimaldi takes a double leave, with a farewell on his lips and a tear in his eyes.

"Farewell! That you and yours may ever enjoy

that greatest earthly good—health—is the sincere wish of your faithful and obliged servant. God bless you all !”

“SADLER’S WELLS,

“December 20th.

“Thursday morning.

“DEAR MR. RIVIERE,—I am sorry I shall not be able to oblige you this year even by making an appearance for an hour. I am very ill—so ill indeed that I can scarcely hold the pen in my hand to write this to you. I am rheumatised—goutised—puffised—and generally done up. No more for poor Joey the larks and games, the sausages and baggy breeks, the little Old Woman and Hot Codlins. Eheu ! My foot is swelled in bandages, my body is wrapped in flannel, and my head is bandaged in calico. I am always in pain.

“Dear friend, I am grieved for your sake. I cannot play again. But I enclose the sum of three guineas towards your benefit. Come and see me and talk of old times, when life was young and no one was happier than your old and true chum,

“JOSEPH GRIMALDI.

“P.S.—Come on Christmas Eve if you can.”

It was with no trifling difficulty that Grimaldi reached the conclusion of this little speech, although the audience cheered loudly, and gave him every possible expression of encouragement and sympathy. When he had finished, he stood still in the same place, bewildered and motionless, his feelings being so greatly excited that the little power illness had left wholly deserted him. In this condition he stood for a minute or two, when Mr. Harley, who was at the side scene, commiserating his emotion, kindly advanced and led him off the stage, assisted by his son.

Luckily for poor old Joey, he had been provident enough to subscribe to the excellent Drury Lane Fund, and he could thus claim an annuity of £100 a year. After this, Joey lingered on for some years. Broken in bodily health, and crippled from the exercise of his art, he found a home in Southampton Street, Pentonville, where he was carefully nursed by a good woman. Every evening, being accustomed to cheerful company, he would toddle to the Marquis of Cornwallis Tavern, in the street in which he lived, and as his infirmity grew upon him, the kindly publican, George Cook, used to fetch him every night and carry the poor old decrepit clown to and fro on his broad back. What an infinitely pathetic picture ! One night, on parting, he said to Mr. Cook, "God bless you, my boy ! I shall be ready for you to-morrow night." But he was not ready as he anticipated. He had died that night in his sleep, and his clowning was over for ever.

Many years ago, before Tom Matthews and Harry Payne, the last of the old school of clowns, were dead, men who were artists as well as acrobats, who were actors as well as pantomimists, who possessed at once the pathetic as well as the humorous vein, I wrote, fearing that pantomime was dead and the harlequinade over for evermore—

"So a cheer for the past when its perfume is lost to us,  
Grimaldi and Flexmore their spirits are free.  
But the soul of Old Pantomime never is lost to us  
When merry Tom Matthews lives down by the sea.  
So in bumpers of port that is nutty and nourishing  
Let us toast to their names and their deathless renown,  
And in days when the last of the Paynes is still flourishing  
Let us beg a reprieve for the Jolly Old Clown."

Now let us turn to what was called in 1841 the New Strand Theatre, managed at that time by Mr. H. Hall

and subsequently known in May 1851 as "Punch's Playhouse." Strange to say on this occasion, we read of the glorious triumph of "Punch", and are told that hundreds were turned away nightly. What wonder when Mr. and Mrs. Keeley were playing "Mr. and Mrs. Snuzzle" in this famous and evidently well-brewed Punch? An actor called J. S. Balls was apparently very popular, and the bill contained such farcical fun as Planché's "Loan of a Lover," beloved by amateurs to this very day, and "Aldgate Pump."

Let us now go across the water to the Royal Surrey Theatre, the home of transpontine drama, where military equestrian pieces are in fashion, thanks to the famous Ducrow. The words of Walter Lacy on the subject of Andrew Ducrow ring in my ears yet, for Walter Lacy was nothing if not descriptive and enthusiastic; and my most delightful hours at the Garrick Club and in his old bow window corner at the "Old Ship" at Brighton were in his company. "Ducrow! My dear boy, you have never seen such a godlike sight! When he last rode four careering horses, he had the form of an Antinous, the face of an Angel Gabriel, and the fatal fascination of a Roman Emperor!" "The Battle of Blenheim, or the Horse of the Disinherited Son"—ye gods, what a high sounding title!—was said to be a far greater hit than the battle of Waterloo, in which the famous Gomersal, who exactly resembled the great Napoleon, must have played that remarkable hero, snuff-box and all. Ducrow on this occasion introduced a treble stud of horses, and his fiery, lurid melodrama, all gunpowder, smoke, and pink-eyed circus horses, was followed by that once-famous transpontine drama, "Susan Hopley, or the Trials and Vicissitudes of a Servant Girl." Susan Hopley was originally and ever after acted at the Victoria Theatre.

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And how about music, with all this storm and stress of drama, comedy, melodrama, and farce? Well, the divine art of music was not forgotten. M. Musard was conducting a series of the first Promenade Concerts at the English Opera House now known as the Lyceum, preparing the way for Jullien, Alfred Mellon, Rivière, and Arthur Sullivan, at the neighbouring Covent Garden. And so I take my leave of the 6th of October, 1841.



## CHAPTER VII

### "THE COMIC STAGE"

"THE world must be peopled !" exclaims our sensible friend Benedick.

Yes ! And it must be amused also !

A good hearty laugh in the theatre is not to be despised ; tears and laughter must ever go hand in hand. It "makes me tired," as our American cousins say, to read some of the solemn and contemptuous treatises of to-day on the puerility of the lighter amusements of the stage and to be told that a bright and merry entertainment is to be despised because it has no "intellectual influence." I never could reconcile myself to the propaganda of the dull dogs of the present period, who consider it "deuced bad form, don't you know," to laugh at or with any one, or even to be cheery or enthusiastic, but think it the perfection of good manners to sneer and to yawn.

For my own part I confess that many a care, many a worry, many a vexation, and many a hard day's work have been relieved, lightened and softened by nights at the Strand, the Olympic, the Royalty, the Gaiety, or Daly's ; and relatively, on the other hand, I have experienced quite as much personal pleasure from seeing a Marie Bancroft as a Sarah Bernhardt. Art does not stand still with tragedy ; it exists in a Dan Leno, a

Chevalier and a Marie Lloyd. Your true playgoer is one of catholic tastes, and I would not give a fig for any lover of the drama who could not spend as happy an evening with a burlesque brilliantly acted, a comic opera charmingly sung, at the lighter theatres or regenerated music halls, as at a Shakespearean play, an earnest comedy of manners, a philosophical treatise cut into strips of so-called dialogue, or a masterpiece by Ibsen or Maeterlinck.

We surely do not want theatres subsidised by the State or protected from loss by millionaires for the sole purpose of exploiting bad or dull plays which are supposed to be literature and are said to have an intellectual influence. George Henry Lewes was a great philosopher, a grave student, and a brilliant dramatic author and critic; but he did not force philosophy on to the stage, but wrote for Charles Mathews "A Game of Speculation" and the "Cosy Couple." He understood his trade.

"Toys for all tastes" should be the motto of the theatrical manager. What is one man's meat is not necessarily another man's poison. It is not surely unreasonable to assume that with the majority of dispositions, laughter and pathos, tenderness and sobs, romance and humanity, are safer helpmeets than cynicism, pessimism, hopelessness and gloom. We all know how sad life *must* be as a rule; let us sometimes, even in a despised theatre, dream how happy and ideal and beautiful it *might* be. Rose-coloured spectacles are so much more soothing than the bare white glass, which only magnifies and seldom hides the crude defects of this oftentimes unlovely world.

It may be interesting to trace, however briefly, the evolution of the Savoy opera, as it is called, and that exquisite form of comic opera which has attained such

perfection nowadays under the delightful influence of George Edwardes and others, such picturesque and artistic entertainments for instance as "The Geisha" and "The Greek Slave," with their well-ordered, cleverly-written books and songs and dainty captivating music—as contrasted with the old punning burlesques and jingling couplets of the days of Planché, Henry James Byron, Robert Reece, the early W. S. Gilbert, and Frank Burnand.

But before I turn my attention to the little Strand Theatre, before and just after the sixties had dawned, let me once more recall the name of the veteran James Robinson Planché. More graceful extravaganzas than those written for the Lyceum by Planché were never seen on any stage. The versification was always neat and admirable, the rhyming faultless, and the puns of the very best kind.

"The Golden Fleece," or "Jason in Colchis and Medea in Corinth," was produced at the Haymarket on the 24th of March, 1845.

In the cast of "The Golden Fleece" were James Bland, Miss P. Horton (Mrs. German Reed), Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews, "to represent the whole body of the chorus, rendering at least fifty-nine male voices entirely unnecessary;" and this extravaganza contains one of the cleverest puns of the many quoted in favour of old world burlesque.

*Jason.* "À la bonne heure—now, madam, you talk sense,  
I'm vexed you gave my friend the King offence.  
And as to Glauce——

*Medea.* Oh! don't name that creature.

I heard her say, 'If your wife bores you, beat her!'

*Jason.* You quite mistook her—the reverse meant she—  
Beta in Greek, you know, is *Letter B*."

But one of the very neatest lyrics ever written by

Planché occurs in a dramatic tableau called "Love and Fortune," produced at the Princess's Theatre on the 24th of September, 1859. It was sung by J. G. Shore in the character of Crispin, and must have been heard by Henry Irving when he was acting for a short time at the Princess's in the ill-fated "Ivy Hall." In the cast were Louise Keeley, afterwards Mrs. Montagu Williams, Carlotta Leclercq, Frank Matthews, Saker, Rose Leclercq, Helen Howard, a lovely fair-haired woman, Kate Laidlaw and Mdle. Villier, première danseuse of the Académie Impériale de Musique, Paris, who made her first appearance in England as Columbine.

This was the song that Henry Irving sang in the literary and dramatic circles of Upper Bohemia to his own accompaniment at the piano, in the early sixties at Pelham Crescent, Linden Grove, Brompton Square, Thurloe Place and elsewhere, breathing a genial atmosphere and surrounded by charming society. Planché's "Love and Fortune," a dramatic tableau, was first performed on the 24th of September, 1859, at the Princess's Theatre, and was written at the request of Augustus Harris, father of "Our Gus." It was a comedy in verse, after the fashion of those acted in the seventeenth century at the Fairs of St. Germain and Fontainebleau in France, and which were the real origin of the opera comique of that artistic country. Planché himself described it in a quotation from his song of "April" in his version of Cymon.

"It is not a burlesque nor an extravaganza,  
But a something or other  
That pleased your grandmother,  
And we hope will please you in your turn."

But to return to the song that Irving sang, by no manner of means a "swan song." The lyric by Planché is such

a little gem that I venture to quote it, in the hope that one or other of our young gifted composers will once more set it to music and preserve it for another generation. Here then are the words.

“Three score and ten, by common calculation,  
The years of man amount to ; but we'll say  
He turns four score : yet in my estimation,  
In all those years, he has not lived a day.  
Out of the eighty, you must first remember  
The hours of night, you pass asleep in bed ;  
And counting, from December to December,  
Just half your life, you'll find you have been dead.  
To forty years, at once by this reduction  
We come ; and sure the first five from your birth,  
While cutting teeth, and living upon suction,  
You're not alive to what this life is worth !

“From thirty five next take, for education,  
Fifteen at least, at college and at school,  
When, notwithstanding all your application,  
The chances are, you may turn out a fool.  
Still twenty you have left us to dispose of,  
But during them, your fortune you've to make,  
And granting, with the luck of some one knows of,  
'Tis made in ten—that's ten from life to take.

“Out of the ten yet left, you must allow for  
The time for shaving, tooth or other aches,  
Say four, and that leaves six ; too short, I vow, for  
Regretting past, and making fresh mistakes.  
Meanwhile, each hour dispels some fond illusion,  
Until at length, sans eyes, sans teeth, you may  
Have scarcely sense, to come to this conclusion,—  
You've reached four score, but haven't lived a day !”

I cannot dismiss my good old friend Planché without alluding to some curious circumstances in connection with his little play, “The Loan of a Lover.”

“The Loan of a Lover,” a musical burletta in one act, taken from the French by Planché, was first performed in England at the Olympic on Monday the 20th





*Photo by* E. S. WILLARD. [*Alfred Ellis.*      *Photo by* WILSON BARRETT. [*Talma.*

*Photo by* WILLIAM TERRISS. [*Alfred Ellis.*

*Photos by* FRED TERRY.

CHAS. CARTWRIGHT. [*Alfred Ellis.*



of September, 1834, with Robert Keeley as Peter Spyk, and Madame Vestris as Gertrude.

Planché says: "The reception of Gustavus III. was, however, all I could desire. It was 'a hit—a palpable hit'; and 'Secret Service' at Drury Lane, admirably illustrated by Farren, and 'The Loan of a Lover' at the Olympic brought me up again 'with a wet sail.'"

"The latter piece, a standing dish to this day, was certainly most perfectly acted by Madame Vestris and dear old Robert Keeley, whom I had the pleasure to introduce first to Elliston and afterwards to Charles Kemble. A more sterling actor never trod the stage—giving character and importance to the smallest part he played and never overstepping the modesty of nature."

Mr. and Mrs. Keeley made their American début on the 19th of September, 1836, at the Park Theatre, New York, in "The Loan of a Lover." He was the Peter Spyk, and Mrs. Keeley the Gertrude.

Miss Louise Keeley—Mrs. Montagu Williams—made her first appearance in London on the 12th of July, 1856, at Drury Lane, under the management of E. T. Smith, in "The Loan of a Lover." On this occasion Mrs. Keeley was the Peter Spyk, and her estimable daughter Gertrude.

Miss Harriet Gordon made her first appearance in London at the Olympic on the 2nd of August, 1852, as Gertrude, in "The Loan of a Lover" to the Peter Spyk of Mr. H. Compton.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wood made their first appearance in America at the New Boston Theatre, Boston, on the 12th of September, 1854, in "The Loan of a Lover." She was the Gertrude, and her husband the Peter Spyk.

There must be a wonderful charm about "The Loan of a Lover."

I am quite certain that such masters of lyrical writing as W. S. Gilbert, the late Harry Greenbank, and Adrian Ross, would confirm me in my opinion that the songs and lyrics in the extravaganzas of Planché were as faultless in tone, tact and taste, as they were rhythmically perfect.

Between the date of my leaving Marlborough and my entering the Government Service, it was thought advisable that in order to prepare for the forthcoming competitive examination for the Civil Service, I should keep my hand in by attending the evening classes at King's College in the Strand. I was thus exposed to a very grave temptation; for within a very few doors of the College was the Strand Theatre, and in the year 1860, as well as a few years before, there was no more popular playhouse in London.

I did not grudge the walk to the Strand and back from the New North Road, Hoxton, all along Clerkenwell and Exmouth Street, in that I was able to save my omnibus or cab money, in order to secure a seat in the pit of the Strand Theatre. It was a delightful company. In the first piece would be Miss Swanborough, a graceful and charming actress, the elder sister of Ada Swanborough, who retired soon after into private life on her marriage with Major Lyon; with her were associated Nelly Bufton, a beautiful girl, who married a Swanborough; her brother, W. H. Swanborough, a very fair light comedy actor; William Belford, an agreeable "rattle," who graduated at Sadler's Wells with Phelps, where he played the Gratianos and Osrics; and Parselle, a capital and sound actor, who subsequently went to America and made a small fortune.

But though the comedies and comediettas were tasteful and pretty and the farces first class, particularly when

Jemmy Rogers and Clarke were in them—who will ever forget "Short and Sweet" at the Strand?—it was burlesque, punning burlesque, with dances, jigs and popular tunes that was the popular dish, the *pièce de résistance* at the Strand. In order to show you the excellence of the fare, I will quote at random the cast of the most popular burlesque of 1858. It was called:—

"KENILWORTH, OR YE QUEEN, YE EARL AND YE MAIDEN."

<i>Earl of Leicester</i> . . . . .	Miss Swanborough.
<i>Queen Elizabeth</i> . . . . .	Mrs. Selby.
<i>Amy Robsart</i> . . . . .	Patty Oliver.
<i>Sir Walter Raleigh</i> . . . .	Marie Wilton.
<i>Varney</i> . . . . .	John Clarke.
<i>Wayland Smith</i> . . . . .	James Bland.
<i>Tressillian</i> . . . . .	Charlotte Saunders.
<i>Tony Foster</i> . . . . .	Mr. Poynter.
<i>Michael Lambourne</i> . . . .	H. J. Turner.

As I said before, Miss Swanborough soon left burlesque, and associated herself, before her marriage, with "Dresden China" comedy.

Mrs. Selby, the wife of an actor and dramatist at the Adelphi—Charles Selby—was a "grande dame," and was at one time a great favourite at the Strand. Unfortunately the poor lady outstayed her welcome, and the veteran actress "lagged too long" on the stage.

One night, it must have been in Talfourd's burlesque of "William Tell"—with, ah! such a cast, Eleanor Bufton, John Clarke, Patty Oliver, Miss Lavine, James Rogers, Charlotte Saunders, Mrs. Selby, Rosina Wright, and Marie Wilton—the most charming and cheekiest little Albert that could be conceived—that a very shabby trick was played on Mrs. Selby, which might have led to serious consequences. Some cynical medical students conceived it to be a good joke to throw to the portly lady, once a Shakespearean actress and now



quite unfit for burlesque, a huge wreath of immortelles. It was of course in execrable taste : actors and actresses are notoriously superstitious, all associations between death and the stage should of course be avoided : but the good lady burst out crying and swooned, and there was a dreadful unrehearsed scene.

Here is another celebrated Strand Theatre bill in the days of Byron and Marie Wilton.

### ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

Sole Lessee . . . . . MISS SWANBOROUGH.

½ UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MISS SWANBOROUGH.

The Free List is entirely suspended, the Public Press excepted.

On MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27TH, 1860, and during the Week, the performances will commence at Seven, with the highly successful New and Original Comedietta in One Act, by J. P. Wooler, Esq., entitled

#### SISTERLY SERVICE.

<i>Count Delacour</i> . . . . .	Mr. James Bland.
<i>Adolphe de Valmont</i> . . . . .	Mr. W. H. Swanborough.
<i>Victor</i> . . . . .	Mr. Parselle.
<i>Frederick</i> . . . . .	Mr. W. Mowbray.
<i>Officer</i> . . . . .	Mr. Edge.
<i>Rosalie de Valmont</i> . . . . .	Miss Maria Simpson.
<i>Marie Delacour</i> . . . . .	Miss E. Turtle.

Apartment in the House of Captain de Valmont.

Grand Corridor in the Palace of Louis the Thirteenth (*W. Broadfoot*).

In the course of the evening the Band will perform the "Mazurka des Fleurs," by F. Wallerstein, published by Metzler and Co., 37, Great Marlborough Street, where may be had the "Tyrolienne," by the same Composer, danced by Miss Rosina Wright, in the Burlesque.

After which, at Eight o'clock (58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, and 63rd Times), an Original Romantic and Fairy Legendary Extravaganza, by Francis Talfourd, Esq., the Author of "Atalanta," "Ganem," "Shylock," &c., entitled, and which he hopes WILL

#### TELL! AND THE STRIKE OF THE CANTONS ;

OR, THE PAIR, THE MEDDLER, AND THE APPLE !

The New and Splendid Scenery by Messrs. Albert Callcott and W. Broadfoot.  
The Incidental Music Composed and Arranged by Herr Ferdinand Wallerstein.

The Elegant Costumes by Mr. S. May, Mrs. Richardson, and numerous Assistants.

The extensive Properties by Mr. Scarboro', &c.

The Machinery by Professor Ratty and Mr. Squires.  
Perruquier, Mr. Clarkson.

The Ballet arranged and invented by Miss Rosina Wright.

The Piece produced under the Direction of Mr. C. Melville and Mr. W. H. Swanborough.

*Inhuman Beings.*

*Gesler* (the Provisional Military Dictator—a tyrant of most irreproachable character, consequently a person of no character at all—a gentleman to whom the transition from "pitch and toss" to manslaughter is a common occurrence). . . . Mr. J. Clarke.

*Sarnem* (very valuable Mayor—goes well in harness, quiet to deride or drive, not very remarkable for any high action, will, it is hoped, be hunted a good deal this season; if not previously disposed of, will be publicly sold at the end of the piece)

Mr. James Rogers.

*Struth, Lutold* (of that oppressed class denominated "creatures")

Messrs. Roberts and Davies.

*Human Beings.*

*Tell* (the "Sweet-William" who nearly receives an "early blow," being planted in the *guard'n* of Switzerland, and occupying the centre of the Plot—a Patriot on Strike . Miss Charlotte Saunders.

*Albert* (his Son, a striking likeness of his Father—the original "Merry Swiss Boy"—a mountain lad, and a not very early rising young man, being addicted to late hours and latch-keys) . . . . . Miss Marie Wilton.

*Verner* (a broth of a boy himself, but a *broth-er* of his sister Lisetta, consequently a *soup-erior* person). . . . . Miss Lavine.

*Furst* (a practical party, who, thinking he has no chance of seeing liberty unless he *can-spy-her*, conspires accordingly) . Mr. J. Irving.

*Erni* (an upright hard-working young fellow, but a downright "sad dog"—a Farmer, of whom Gesler has literally "taken stock," a proceeding which does not contribute to *Erni's* own *lively-hood*) . . . . . Mr. H. Chater.

*Two Linkmen* (whose links have very little to do with the chain of the story) . . . . . Messrs. Edge and Charles.

*Emma* (Tell's Wife—one of those eph-*Emma-ra* that brighten a husband's existence—loyal, affectionate, and constant in behaviour, though her appearance is not quite so constant as the public may desire, when they find the part is played by Mrs. Selby.)

*Lisetta* (Albert's betrothed—who cheerfully puts up with the ill-treatment of *Gesler*, and will be rewarded by receiving the most ample justice from . . . . . Miss M. Oliver.

*Super-Human Beings.*

*Freedom* (the rightful heiress of the World's throne, who, although her rights have been, in some circumstances, set aside, still rules all who are worthy of her sway) . . . . . Miss Eleanor Bufton.

*Helvetia* (her Deputy for Switzerland—in reduced circumstances, having been thrown out of employment, with her several thousand children totally unprovided for). . . . . Miss Turtle.

*Supernumerary Human Beings, Patriots, Retainers, Peasants, Servants, and the Inhabitants of Altorf generally.*

## SCENERY AND INCIDENTS.

Helvetia's Retreat Beneath the Swiss Glaciers (*W. Broadfoot*).

Things being at the worst begin to mend.—A welcome arrival.—Plan of Action—the Tableau! These shadows are made present to fore-shadow the future.—N.B. The Figures are small, because the future is supposed to be some distance off—the spirits of freedom metaphorically tuck up their sleeves and set to work.

A Street in Altorf, Very Early Morning (*W. Broadfoot*).

Break up of a little evening party, followed by the breakdown of a great mourning party.—A dissertation upon hate.—Brother and Sister.—Gross evasion of duty, resulting in contraband seizure.—Intellectual attempt to

call a cab, succeeded by what the audience may call a "Cab" from Gray.—Unexpected assistance.—Cross questions and crooked answers.—Grand Pas d'Intoxication.

Tell's Chalet, Early Morning (*A. Callcott*).

Strong-Room in Gesler's Castle (*W. Broadfoot*).

The Market-Place of Altorf (*W. Broadfoot*).

Grand Ballet Divertissement, in which Miss Rosina Wright will introduce a New Pas, called *La Belle Savoyarde*! Supported by the Corps de Ballet.—The Pole, the Apple, and the Arrow.—Arrest of Tell, and his sent-hence to the Dungeon across the lake; the storm gathering; general consternation and confusion of everybody.

Turret of Gesler's Castle, Overlooking the Lake (*W. Broadfoot*).

Sarnem in difficulties.—The Drag.—The Recital.—Alarming Intelligence.

A Mountain Pass.

Gathering of the Swiss Clans.—The Ladies' Volunteer Movement.—Just Cause of Action and Proceeding for Excessive Distress.

Exterior of the Castle (*A. Callcott*).

The Parley.—The Siege.—The Battle rages to a fearful extent, beyond therefore the extent of the Stage.—Desperate Combat of Ten, arranged on the most satisfactory basis. Defeat of the Tyrant and Virtue Triumphant.—Retribution, Restitution, and Reconciliation.—The end accomplished, Switzerland is Free from the Alps to everywhere.—Appearance of *Freedom*, and somewhat irrational but perfectly necessary adjournment to

The Orchard of Golden Pippins.

A Scene of Dazzling Splendour, by Mr. Albert Callcott.

To conclude with the very successful and laughable New and Original Farce, by Augustus Mayhew, and Sutherland Edwards, Esqrs., Authors of "The Goose with the Golden Eggs," &c., entitled

#### CHRISTMAS BOXES.

<i>Mr. Jackley</i>	. Mr. James Rogers.	<i>Mrs. Jackley</i>	. Miss Maria Simpson.
<i>Mr. Holly</i>	. Mr. H. J. Turner.	<i>Mrs. Holly</i>	. Miss Eleanor Bufton.
<i>Mary</i>	. . . . .		. Miss Lavine.

A New and Original Farce, by T. H. Higgin, Esq., will be produced on Monday next.

In active preparation, an entirely New and Original Comedietta, written expressly for this Theatre by Miss M. E. Braddon, in which Miss Swanborough will make her First Appearance this Season.

Stalls, 5s.; Boxes, 3s.; Pit, 1s. 6d.; Gallery, 6d.; Private Boxes, £1 1s., £1 11s. 6d., and £2 2s. Second Price, to Boxes and Pit only, at Nine o'clock—Boxes, 1s. 6d.; Pit, 1s.

Acting Manager, Mr. W. H. Swanborough; Stage Manager, Mr. C. Melville; Musical Director, Herr Wallerstein; Scenic Artists, Messrs. A. Callcott and W. Broadfoot.

The Box-office open Daily from Eleven to Five, under the direction of Mr. Edward Swanborough. No Charge for Booking. The Saloons under the Management of Mr. Murray.

The Doors will be open at Half-past Six, and the Performances commence at Seven. Children under three years of age will not be admitted. All applications respecting the Bills to be addressed to Mr. Barber, 1, Exeter Street, Strand.

Soon after the regrettable episode I have mentioned Mrs. Selby retired, and, like her predecessor Fanny Kelly, started a dramatic academy at "Miss Kelly's Theatre" in Dean Street, Soho, now known as the Royalty Theatre. In it she of course exhibited her pupils, and it was here that Adelaide Neilson and Ada Cavendish made their first London appearances; and it was Mrs. Selby who called in the assistance of a clever young man, and gave Frank Burnand his start with his brilliant series of Royalty burlesques. No mention of the little playhouse in Dean Street, Soho, would be complete without a record of the name and fame of the founder of the Royalty Theatre.

Frances Maria Kelly was born on the 15th October, 1790, and made her first appearance on the stage in 1807. She joined Mr. Colman's company at the Haymarket in 1808, and she was much esteemed at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the English Opera House. She was on the stage for some thirty-six years, and was particularly good as Annette in "The Maid and the Magpie." Her name is especially associated with the popular plays, "The Sergeant's Wife," "The Maid and the Magpie," and "The Innkeeper's Daughter."

Among her contemporaries were Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, Edmund Kean, and Mrs. Jordan. She built the small theatre in Soho now known as the Royalty, but formerly called Miss Kelly's Theatre. A grant was made from the Crown to Miss Kelly of £150, in compliance with the request of a memorial, which was signed by Lord Lytton, Sir Theodore and Lady Martin, Sir F. Leighton, Mr. Browning, Mr. Anthony Trollope, Mr. M. Arnold, and many other distinguished persons.



She was a daughter of Monk Kelly, a captain in the army, and was a niece of Michael Kelly, the operatic singer and composer, and author of "Reminiscences." Her model as an actress was Mrs. Jordan ; and, thanks to her musical instruction, her voice, and what seems to have been a peculiarly sweet and winning manner, she achieved a considerable degree of success in parts which that lady had made popular. She seems, however, to have been inferior to her model in power. Unfortunately, her personal attractions proved indirectly inconvenient ; for no lady on the stage in her time seems to have suffered more from the unwelcome attentions of stagestruck admirers.

In 1816 she was fired at with a pistol while performing at Drury Lane by a man seated in the pit, when she appears to have had a narrow escape of being injured. Her assailant was tried at the Old Bailey, and acquitted on the ground of insanity.

An attack of a similar character, and under almost similar circumstances, was subsequently made upon this popular actress in a theatre in Dublin, where, though she escaped unhurt, one Captain Callaghan, standing by, was wounded.

Miss Kelly's Theatre was opened by her for operas and monologues, in which she took part in 1840 ; but she was not at any time very prosperous ; and after losing a considerable sum she retired upon the wreck of her little fortune. Miss Kelly retained her interest in life almost to the last, and, being blessed with a strong fund of good sense and a very retentive memory, was a delightful associate, particularly for those who felt an interest in the plays and players of her time. She was visited in her retirement shortly before her death by Henry Irving and J. L. Toole, who have both de-



lightful recollections of their visit to, and reception by, the veteran actress.

Patty Oliver, a piquante brunette, was one of the most delightful actresses of her time ; good nature seemed to beam from her merry oval face and countenance, she had an enchanting laugh and a most refined manner. She acted at the Lyceum with Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews, and was one of the worshipped ones at the Strand. In due course she became manageress of the little Royalty in its palmiest days, and played both in comedy and burlesque ; she took up Andrew Halliday and H. J. Craven as sympathetic dramatists, brought out "Black-Eyed Susan" by Burnand, one of the most successful burlesques ever written, sang "Pretty See-usan don't say No !" about a dozen times every night to repeated encores, and encouraged, by means of despised burlesque, the youthful efforts of the very best comedian of our time—Charles Wyndham.

Patty Oliver died a very painful death on the last day of the year 1880. She was born at Salisbury, and appeared when only six years of age on the stage of the theatre in that town. She made her London début in 1847 under Mrs. Warner. From thence she went to the Lyceum to Madame Vestris, with whom she remained from 1849 to 1855. In 1856 she went to Drury Lane ; and her Helen in "The Hunchback" was so universally praised that Mr. Buckstone secured her for the Haymarket. From thence she went to play lead in comedy and burlesque at the Strand, under Miss Swanborough, in 1859, and remained there several seasons.

Miss Oliver became manageress of the New Royalty Theatre in 1863, and the house under her control rose

rapidly into favour. It was said that she had sung "Pretty See-usan don't say No!" no less than 1,775 times when Burnand's "Black-Eyed Susan" was performed for the last time there, on the 23rd of September, 1868. Three years later it was transferred to the Duke's Theatre. After that Miss Oliver was but little seen in her profession. She died, from cancer, December 20th, beloved and esteemed by all for her unblemished life, her kindness and charity.

Comic actors very often run in couples on the stage. One acts as a foil to the other. I have found it so from my earliest days : Wright and Paul Bedford, Toole and Paul Bedford, Rogers and Clarke, James and Thorne, Edward Terry and Royce were cases in point. John Clarke, of the Strand—not to be confounded in any way with John S. Clarke, also of the Strand, as brilliant and versatile an actor as the modern stage has ever beheld—was a popular actor, with a strong, hard, raspish manner. He was what is known as a "jealous actor," and hated even his best friends to get more applause than he did. In fact, praise that was not showered wholly upon him became positive pain.

Clarke was the exact opposite of his stable companion, Jemmy Rogers—dismal Jemmy as he was called—Clarke being small and hard, Rogers on the other hand slim and supple. I think they were both seen at their very best in H. J. Byron's "Esmeralda," a bright page in the history of burlesque, when Rogers played Claude Frollo and Clarke, Quasimodo. They were each made up to perfection, and the contrast of manner and style was complete.

But John Clarke was far more than what is contemptuously called "a mere burlesque actor." In early days he had appeared (1852) at Drury Lane as Fathom

in "The Hunchback." His performance as Sairey Gamp at the Olympic was inimitable; he did much for the success of Byron's clever comedy, "Cyril's Success," as Matthew Pincher; and he created several important characters, notably Hugh Chalcot in the early Robertson plays at the little Prince of Wales Theatre.

During his engagement at the Strand Theatre, little Johnny Clarke met with an unfortunate accident which lamed him, spoiled his admirable dancing, and I fear somewhat soured his spirits. When out breakfasting with some officers in one of the Household Regiments he incautiously boasted of his skill as an equestrian. So they took him at his word, and mounted him on a wild and fiery steed. Clarke and the war horse soon parted company. He was thrown off, broke his leg, and walked lame ever after. But that did not prevent his marriage with the beautiful Teresa Furtado, a graceful actress, who died a very few years after the marriage, but has left to the modern stage a charming actress and one almost as beautiful as her mother.

I do not think that Charlotte Saunders was ever sufficiently appreciated at her great artistic worth. Apart from her delicately caricatured "slaveys" in farces and comedies, and such a brilliant *tour de force* as her two Napoleons in the burlesque of "The Lady of Lyons," she was an Audrey very difficult to beat; and her Bob Buckskin in Boucicault's "Flying Scud," the melancholy jockey who *would* put on too much flesh, was comic acting of the best possible kind. Like her successor of later years, Louie Freear,—she was an artist, a true artist, to her clever finger tips, in all she attempted—one of the very best of her school—a modest, unobtrusive, hard-working little woman.

And now I come to the pick of the basket, the very

best of the bunch. Miss Herbert, with her lovely fair hair almost down to her heels, was of course a peerless Endymion; Miss Wyndham, of the Olympic, with her incomparable figure; Miss Ranoe, what a superb Dido! Lydia Thompson, with her "œillades and minauderies"; Miss Cottrell, with her soft and searching eyes; Fanny Josephs, with her innate refinement and Eastern charm; Kate Carson, with her superb allurements; Nelly Bufton, enthusiastically called "the second Mrs. Nisbett" by Walter Lacy—were all as lovely as any women the stage has ever seen.

But the cleverest of them all, the brightest, the gayest, the most exhilarating, was the young girl with the saucy face, the lovely limbs and tiny feet, who enchanted all London as Marie Wilton. She started her career the sublimation of nature and art. She ended it with a more important accolade—that of genius. I have called Marie Bancroft a genius before—and I repeat it deliberately now. It is a strong word, but I have no desire to recall it. I have known at least two geniuses on the English stage, and their names are Frederic Robson and Marie Bancroft.

They sneer at old-time burlesque, and pelt it with clumsy chaff; but if they had only seen Marie Wilton in her Strand days, they would have realised the lines of Sir John Suckling,

"But, oh! she dances such a way  
No sun upon an Easter day  
Was half so fine a sight."

And, if comedy claimed her for her own, then indeed,

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,  
Like little mice crept in and out,  
As if they fear'd the light."

At this point I can only treat of the art of the girl who was to develop genius later on. If you could only have

seen her as I see her now, "in my mind's eye, Horatio," as the merry Pippo in "The Maid and the Magpie"; as Albert in "William Tell"; but best of all, to my thinking, as Gringoire the poet turned showman in "Esmeralda," dressed in a jaunty little white furry showman's coat, swinging about her "back boy's" rope, then indeed you would have seen how even in youth, art as well as joy could be made a "living thing."

No actress of my time has so helped authors and clever men who wrote for the stage as Marie Bancroft. For she was as bright in conversation, in suggestion, in the art of description, and in humour off the stage as on it. Her clear tinkling laugh was ever exhilaration to all who heard it, and she made the gravest and most solemn of men children again, as she was herself a child, by her incessant mimicry and merriment.

I shall never forget those delightful Sunday breakfasts in the Temple, when she made solemn, ponderous but eminently good-natured Jack Holker—afterwards a Judge, and a good Judge too—go down on all fours and pretend to be a circus horse, whilst she perched herself on his back and did the "saut," the hoop trick and the Houp-la! with W. R. McConnell, destined to be another Judge, and a "good Judge, too," cracking his whip as the Ring Master, Johnny Hare as the Clown, and Bancroft, Mr. Merriman. Ah me! those were merry days, and our friendships were firm and never faltered. What fun the mock trials and the mock ballets that she led *en petit comité* over the water at New Brighton, Liverpool!

But her humour was endless and her resource exhaustless. Never shall I forget one wet day up in the Alpine clouds at the Eggischorn in Switzerland, when she made learned professors and head-schoolmasters and divines



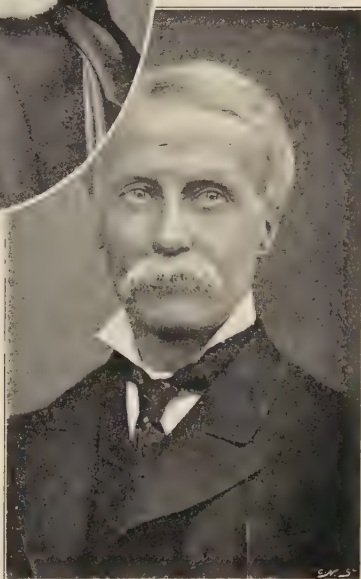
and doctors leave their books, their philosophical treatises, their Greek roots, aorists and digammas, to play "dumb crambo" at her laughing command, or to turn themselves, these learned, spectacled gentlemen,—I verily believe Professor Tyndall was one of them—into a sham orchestra, with make-believe instruments, which she conducted.

One night, just to keep the "pot a bilin," as the sliders say, she whispered to me, "Come here, Clement; I will have a bit of fun. Stand by my side and watch their faces!" Then she stationed herself at the door, as they were all filing in to dinner, and stopped them one by one, saying, with as grave a face as she could assume, for laughter ever lurked in her eyelids, "Excuse me! I am sorry to interrupt or disturb you; but have you ever heard of—Whiteley's—William Whiteley's?—what's his address in London?"

Such a humourist as this, such a mimic, such a caricaturist, was a godsend to a dramatist who was feeling his way, as it were. No one will ever know what help she gave and what suggestions she made to such authors as H. J. Byron and Tom Robertson. I know what assistance she has ever given to me when I have written plays for her in a very humble way. Her word was not law but positive inspiration.

When I recall the happy hours I have occasionally spent in the good old pit of a theatre, sometimes when I could afford it for a full evening, but often being forced to avail myself of that now almost obsolete institution "half price" at "half time" my thoughts naturally go back with sincere affection to the old Olympic, when Robson was in his prime, and all London was discussing this brilliant little genius.

The Olympic pit in those days was the most comfort-



*Photo by* W. S. GILBERT. [*Alfred Ellis.* *Photo by*] SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN. [*Walery.*  
*Photo by*] F. C. BURNAND. [*A. Bassano.*  
*Photo by*] JOSEPH KNIGHT. [*Elliott & Fry.* *Photo by*] MAY THOMAS. [*Barraud.*



able in all London ; for, in addition to the centre seats, there was a raised platform all round the walls, which was a godsend to those who were only too glad to make use of the privilege of "standing room only."

Half price began at nine o'clock, and at the Olympic I have frequently seen Robson even at that hour in *Daddy Hardacre* or in "*The Porter's Knot*" and in one or the other of the literally screaming farces, "*Retained for the Defence*" or "*Boots at the Swan*."

It was in Frank Talfourd's burlesque of "*The Merchant of Venice*" that, in the character of Shylock, little Robson, newly arrived from Dublin, made all London ring with his praise and rush to see him. "A burlesque actor indeed! was he not rather a tragedian?" asked the astonished critics. His earnestness, his sudden bursts of electric power, his transitions from grave to gay, from gay to grave, were such as had never been seen on the comic stage before. I am not one of those who believe that Robson could never have played Shylock or *King Lear* because of his diminutive stature and his grotesque appearance. Art can make marvellous transformations. David Garrick was not a giant, and such art as Robson's could indeed make "*Pritchard genteel and Garrick six feet high*."

Robson's sudden and startling success came at the right moment—as Professor Morley epigrammatically observed. "It is odd enough that at a time when all serious acting is tending to the burlesque and unreal, a burlesque actor should start up with a real and very serious power in him. The only regret in observing his execution of Mr. Talfourd's Shylock is that he had not made trial of Shakespeare's in preference. But there is no doubt that we shall have other and higher things to report of a performer who begins his career by showing

himself really in earnest. On the stage it is a secret of success in everything—even burlesque. *It does not do to play at acting.*"

No one who has ever studied the art of acting will dispute that pithy point. It should be taken to heart by those who consider that nature is exhibited on the stage by not acting at all. Underacting in order to conceal deficiencies of voice, manner, style and experience ; such acting indeed as depresses the modern stage to-day and bores an audience to distraction ; acting that has to be bolstered up with personal puffs and paragraphs and the forced popularity of the performer ; acting that is sheltered under a shield of silk, satin, brocade, costly materials and magnificent productions—is not natural acting ; it is "playing at acting."

One day a Robson will arise again and rescue our so-called serious acting from the unreal, the burlesque and the grotesque. Henry Morley turned out a true prophet, for it was soon proved that Robson, the burlesque player, could be made a serious actor of tremendous power. His burlesque performances of Shylock, Medea and the Yellow Dwarf were such as have never been seen since. They were so desperately earnest ; the real and the grotesque were so happily blended that those who sat astonished in the theatre did not know whether to laugh or cry. But if he were the best of the best in burlesque, his power over an audience in farce was even more triumphant still.

Where is the man or woman now living who, having seen Robson, could ever forget his Jim Baggs in the "Wandering Minstrel," or his singing of "Villikens and his Dinah," which became the popular song of the day ?

Does not memory bring back the sight of the wonderful little man as Pawkins in "Retained for the Defence,"



who, when he has swallowed an ice for the first time instantly assumed a semi-tragical, semi-comical countenance, and said with awful force, "Right in the holler"? You could positively feel the pain that Pawkins was supposed to be enduring by means of the actor's art.

Who again cannot recall the method of Robson's utterance as Mr. Slush with a permanent cold in his head like Penley's Curate in "The Private Secretary" in John Oxenford's "Legal Impediment" when, having taken an olive for the first time, he exclaims with mingled disgust and astonishment, "Why, they look like gooseberries, but I'm blowed if they don't taste like periwinkles!"

But the farce that I loved best was "Boots at the Swan." I never saw Bob Keeley as Jacob Earwig the deaf Boots, who had an adventure with a love letter, but have been told that he played it in a different fashion from Robson. Keeley was deaf and obtuse; Robson was deaf and an assertive cockney. In those days Robson made us literally "cry with laughter."

When with such variety, intensity, cat-like stealth and fawning affability he appeared as Desmarets in "Plot and Passion," the word "genius" began to be whispered about, and it was proved that Robson could at will step out of his beloved Cockaigne. But the parts that will make his memory and fame immortal are the old miser with his beloved daughter, who steals her father's hoard to help a ruined relative, in Daddy Hardacre, and his Sampson Burr, the white-haired porter, in "The Porter's Knot."

There was very much of the King Lear tone in Daddy Hardacre, apropos of the "pious fraud" of the daughter, and Robson showed with consummate force and with

lightning effect the contrasts between love and hate, passion and tenderness, the frenzy of greed, and the despair over a broken idol. The effect of such acting was tremendous, and the whole house thrilled under it. The modern playgoer will whisper in my ear, "What about Shiel Barry's Miser Gaspard in 'Les Cloches de Corneville'?" Very good and striking, no doubt. But it could not be compared to Robson's Daddy Hardacre. Shiel Barry just missed what I call the top note of tragedy. At a given point he ran down the scale, instead of up. Robson struck the top note true, and sustained it to the end full, and clear. There was no underacting or excess with him, it was the real and genuine article.

There have been just three actors of power after Robson, one dead and two living, who could, I think, have played Daddy Hardacre: one was George Belmore, never sufficiently appreciated, notwithstanding his Nat Gosling in "The Flying Scud"; the other was Dominic Murray, whose performance as the dwarf Æsop in Slous's "Sunlight and Shadow" at the Princess's is an abiding memory; and the third is that excellent and experienced actor, Charles Warner, whose talent has never, to my mind, been sufficiently recognised. The man who could play Coupeau in "Drink" and the paralytic in "Ragged Robin" with such splendid force and variety and heart could tackle Daddy Hardacre, I am certain. Possibly there might have been still another in David James.

The tragic as well as the pathetic stop came with Sampson Burr in "The Porter's Knot." What a simple and affecting little story when told by a great artist who can find his way direct to the human sympathy! It is the same in acting as in singing. The same song,

however well written, however much inspired with music, may move a room to tears or yawns. But what a gift it is! "God put it there, and God kept it there." Who that has heard in the drawing-room at the piano Jules Lefort or De Sorria, or of the English school of balladists such simple singers as James Molloy or "Billy Wrighton," will refuse to recognise the true poetry of music?

Billy Wrighton when I first heard him must have been verging upon seventy. He was the author of "Her bright smile haunts me still," "Shylee Bawn," and many more ballads as simple and direct as they were true. But to hear the old man sing them! That was the treat! He had a small voice, each note of which was music, with a heart throb and a pulse in every sound. As he sang, looking apparently into space, the tears rolled down his handsome cheeks, and the scene he had conjured into song was exactly realised by the singer. I used to beg and cadge for an invitation to any evening party on Sunday when I knew that dear old Billy Wrighton would sing; and the answer was ever the same. "Let the boy come! he is such a good listener, such a good audience."

The real cry of the heart was with Billy Wrighton, the singer and composer.

This gift of God—for it is nothing else—was the gift possessed by Frederic Robson.

Listen to the story of "The Porter's Knot." An honourable and upright labourer, who has had his yoke about his neck and trundled a truck through a lifetime, has, by industry and privation, saved enough to retire with his good old wife, to live in God's country, to leave man's town, and to educate the only child, who is the idol of the honest pair. Sampson Burr was just

such a porter as might have been seen at Ramsgate or Margate years ago—possibly even to-day—wheeling luggage from boat or station to lodgings in the town. “The Porter’s Knot,” or Crochet—the original French play was called “*Les Crochets du Père Martin*”—was the neck yoke attached to the barrow that diminished the force of the weight and the labour of the load.

Well, the son of the devoted old couple was destined to be a doctor ; his father was in a position to send him to London, to pay for his medical education ; and there was joy in the hearts of the old folk when they were able to hang up the young medico’s diploma framed and glazed in their country cottage.

But after sunshine comes a storm. The boy gets into debt, and ugly stories are in circulation about him. Money lenders and sharps come down to bleed old Sampson Burr. It becomes necessary to send the loved child—the only son—out of England, and to hide the story of his shame from his doting mother. Back goes old Sampson Burr to his daily toil and drudgery. The rest he has earned so bravely must be sacrificed. So he bends his brave back to the burden, slings the porter’s knot around his neck, and wheels the barrow again as in days of old.

I see now through this mist of years Robson sitting on his truck with Mrs. Leigh Murray by his side, eating the dinner that the good wife had brought down to the pier for her proud old husband, lamenting over their poor lost boy. But the prodigal returns, well and prosperous, able to pay back his “dear Daddy” the money that has been wasted on his folly. The reconciliation between father and son as played by Robson was one of the most affecting things I ever

saw on any stage. The audience did not cry; it alternately sobbed and howled.

I can hear the sneer of the modern cynic. "Dear me! was that all? Why, it's merely the biblical story of the Prodigal Son!" And why not? The Prodigal Son is not a bad story as dramatic stories go. The little company that played with Robson in this memorable success lives yet in my memory.

Mrs. Leigh Murray was, as I have said, the sweet old mother; Miss Herbert was the pretty orphan niece, destined to be the wife of the young spendthrift doctor; George Vining was the fast and flashy medical student, and my old friend, Walter Gordon, was the prodigal son. It has often been asked how far actors and actresses who have humour and pathos at their command, feel the situations in which they are concerned. I believe that Robson really felt the positions of the men he was impersonating, as much as Ellen Terry does, who cries real tears, and has drawn as many from other eyes in the character of Olivia, as Robson did in "The Porter's Knot."

But their sense of fun runs in parallel lines with their emotional natures. Walter Gordon has often told me that in this pathetic scene, when the prodigal son and the old father met in a heartrending embrace, the whole house snivelling and weeping and coughing to conceal their tears, Robson would say, "Walter, my boy, I wonder what I shall have for supper to-night. I hope it's tripe!" Similarly, the jokes played by Ellen Terry on those acting with her in serious situations are notorious. She cannot resist them. There is but one touch from the sublime to the ridiculous.

The end came all too soon. We will not inquire the reason. Such natures as Robson's are peculiarly sus-



ceptible to temptation. He got ill and retired ; he got better, came back, and retired again. From an actor he rose to be the joint manager of the Olympic with Emden, but his life was a struggling one.

Genius did not pay as well in those days as bounce does now. I saw him last in Watts Phillips's play, "*Camilla's Husband*," as a travelling tinker who came on with a donkey. Henry Neville and Kate Saville, a niece of Helen Faucit, were in the cast, and the play contained a thrilling situation for the lady. "*Maurice Warner! I release you from your oath. Fight that man!*" which brought down the house.

But Robson was a wreck of his former self. His memory had gone, his power vanished, he was incoherent and uncertain with his words and business. He was Robson the genius no more!

*Ichabod! Ichabod!* The glory had departed.

Good old Mrs. Selby, late of the Strand Theatre, lost no time in advertising her dramatic school and exhibiting her pupils at the little Royalty in Dean Street, Soho. She opened the theatre on the 31st of October, 1863, and I remember on the same night that delightful actress, Lydia Foote (her real name was Legge ; I suppose she preferred a foot to a leg), a niece of Mrs. Keeley, made her first appearance at the West-End as May Edwardes in "*The Ticket of Leave Man*," succeeding Kate Saville, who created the part in the month of May of the same year.

The Royalty programme consisted of a comedietta by Mrs. Selby's husband, called "*Court Gallants*," which introduced a charming actress, Lydia Maitland, who unhappily died young, and the sisters Pelham, who, I think, found all the money for Mrs. Selby. On the very same night the lovely Ada Cavendish made her first appear-

ance in a burletta, called "The Pirates of Putney"; but the beautiful girl, later on, startled us all with her dramatic power in a little play by Frank Burnand, called "Madame Berliot's Ball." It was all very well to pose with long hair and classical draperies as Venus; but that exit on the O. P. side (I have never forgotten it, and described it at the time) showed us the promise that resulted in the future New Magdalen, and Miss Gwilt, and Beatrice, and Rosalind.

The Royalty of 1863 was a positive nursery or hot-bed of art; for within a very few months we saw the maiden, but still excellent, work, not only of Ada Cavendish, but of Adelaide Neilson, Ellen Terry, no longer a child actress, but the loveliest of women, to say nothing of the apprenticeship of David James and Charles Wyndham.

On these very boards Lilian Adelaide Neilson started what was destined to be a career of positive triumph. Once lifted by her talent and remarkable beauty to success, she never turned back. Of humble parentage, but, as I have evidence to prove, never forgetful of the old mother she adored, this stage-struck Leeds factory girl rose to be the most popular actress ever seen in England and America. She was born to play Juliet. She had great Spanish eyes, which might have been those of a young Italian; she had youth, and charm, and, what is just as essential, power. She could look the girl in the ball-room and balcony scene; she could act the distracted woman in the potion scene and the tragic death. Finding kind friends who were interested in her career, this self-made and self-educated girl very wisely sought the counsels of John Ryder, the recognised Juliet-maker of the time. All the best Juliets were turned out of old John Ryder's dramatic studio.

“Do your tears come quickly?” asked “Honest John,” as his beautiful pupil stood nervously before him. She did not speak; but ‘as she lifted up her face her soft eyes welled with tears, disclosing a perfect mirage of melancholy.

“You will do, my dear,” said John Ryder. “I will teach you, and, what is more, I will make you.”

Having made a trial trip at Miss Thorne’s little theatre at Margate—the stepping stone to fame of so many excellent artists—Adelaide Neilson made her first appearance as Juliet at the Royalty Theatre. Her success was instantaneous. Some raved about her beauty; others of her art. Many yielded to her power; more to her fascination. My account of that performance will be found, I think, in the pages of the defunct *Glow-worm*, then edited by Frank Burnand.

When the rumour of the new Juliet was noised about engagements followed as a matter of course.

She went to the Princess’s to play in “The Huguenot Captain”; she became a star actress, and created innumerable characters, in addition to her ample Shakespearean repertoire, at the Haymarket, Adelphi, Drury Lane, and many other theatres; and she first made it known to her sisters in art what a fortune could be gained by a “beautiful star” in America. In that great country she was idolised; and scarcely a year passed without the “American Neilson tour.”

Alas! the gods loved her, and she died all too young, at the height of her success, in the very prime of her triumphant beauty. Suddenly she was struck down when holiday-making in Paris and driving in the Bois de Boulogne, apparently in the perfection of health, and with not a care in the world to disturb the glory of her young life. A kinder-hearted or more generous woman

I never met. Her lips were never soiled with sneers ; her heart went out to the poor and the afflicted. All the thousand and one difficulties in the life of a popular actress she smiled away ; and such a word as "jealousy" was, on the stage and off the stage, to her an unknown quantity.

I have said she died with awful suddenness ; but long before that ever-lamented death she had put aside a little nest egg of her savings to be devoted to charity when her eyes were closed for ever. There was a good deal of the Nell Gwynne about Lilian Neilson. She never forgot her own days of poverty and struggle ; and she wanted from her generous heart to help her brothers and sisters in art who had been, or were about to be, wrecked in the sea of misfortune.

"Let them think of me sometimes when I am gone," she said to me. "Be my almoner when I am dead. Let them come to you, as they would have come to me, and ask for help in their trouble. Let them believe that 'poor Lil' is not dead but alive, when you write out a cheque and send it with her love and sympathy."

"Sis memor usque mei" was her favourite motto with every one. I have it on scores of her kindly letters.

And so, when she was so cruelly cut down in the heyday of her existence and the stage knew her no more, her faithful executor founded the "Neilson Fund," and asked Sir Henry Irving, Johnny Toole, and the writer of these lines to be the trustees, and to carry out her last earnest wishes. That trust, I think, we have faithfully obeyed, to the very letter. Often and often this Neilson gift has rebuilt a ruined home, healed the sick, started afresh a lost career, and eased many a heavy heart. "Requiescat in pace."

She rests in Brompton Cemetery. But her memory will still endure when we, her admirers and friends, have passed away.

Among my treasured letters are two I have received from the mother of Adelaide Neilson at the time that her grave was restored in Brompton Cemetery, the grave marked "Resting," letters which show the deep affection that existed between them. I also print the verses I wrote when my beautiful friend died—the verses alluded to by Mrs. Bland.

"MAPEL TERRACE, SWAINE HILL,

"YEADON, NEAR LEEDS,

"September 19th, 1893.

"DEAR MR. CLEMENT SCOTT,—I have a friend in London who sent me a piece cut out of the *Referee* paper. I am the mother of the late Miss Neilson, and, though a stranger to you, I thank you very much for what you have done, and shall always appreciate your great kindness done to departed worth. Bless the memory of my darling child ! I feel deeply your kind act, for a good action and a kind word will never die.

"Yours faithfully,

"A. BLAND."

"YEADON,

"1st October, 1893.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I reciprocate your kind letter and gift ; the photo is nice, and the poems I shall peruse with deep interest and delight.

"I am sending you two of myself ; my darling child was very fond of them, and I remember an incident. When she was four years of age, she would come to me and say, ' Ma, I do love you.' I said, ' Yes, darling, will you always love me ? ' She said, ' Yes, because my love is as big as the world.'"



"I am pleased to hear the grave is so nice with flowers. Again thanking you kindly for the care you have taken of the sacred place where sleeps my beautiful beloved one.

"Again I have been very ill for about a year, but I have never recovered the shock my daughter's sudden death caused me.

"From your ever faithful friend,

"ANNIE BLAND."

"To CLEMENT SCOTT."

"IN MEMORIAM."

Lilian Adelaide Neilson, died in Paris, August 14th, 1880.

"What shall my gift be to the dead one, lying  
Wrapt in the mantle of her mother earth?

No tear, no voice, no prayer, or any sighing,  
Gives back her face made beautiful by birth.

"Honour was due to one whose soul was tender,  
Whose nature quickened at the touch of art;  
Now that the struggle's over, God will send her  
Mercy and peace to soothe her troubled heart.

"Tears will be shed; for who dare raise the finger  
Of scorn, when all is buried in the grave?  
Some pity near her memory will linger,  
Upon life's stormy sea she tossed—a wave!

"Life's weary hill she bravely fell in breasting,  
Her work was done, 'Oh, take me home,' she sighs;  
Whisper it low, she sleeps not, 'she is resting.'  
So fell the curtain, and she closed her eyes.

"The flowers, she loved, will deck the cross that shows us  
Where all remains of what was once so fair.  
Yes! she is dead! but still, perhaps, she knows us,  
Who say 'Implora pace' for our prayer.

"They gave love's playthings, who were wont to win her,  
As Juliet coaxed to happiness her nurse;  
But I, who knew the goodness that was in her,  
Place humbly on her grave this leaf of verse.

"C. S.

"ARMATHWAITE CASTLE,

"August 19th, 1880."

So many false stories have been written about Lilian Adelaide Neilson's origin that I am glad to be able to tell the true one, written by a friend who knew her from childhood. I know it will be interesting to her countless friends now living, and it will show what ambition can do in this world. A more romantic tale has seldom been told of any actress.

"Lilian Adelaide Neilson was born in the early part of the year 1848. Neither the place nor the date of her birth are known to a living soul, I believe, excepting her mother.

"Adelaide Neilson's surname was Browne; but some time after her birth her mother, who, I believe, was an actress, at one time travelling what used to be known as the Northern Circuit—the country was divided into dramatic circuits at that time, probably owing to there being no facilities for railway travelling—met at Leeds, during the time she was acting there, a Guiseley painter and paper-hanger, named Bland. She married him, and her daughter then became known by the name of Bland, with the Christian names Lizzie Ann.

"At the time of her mother's marriage with Bland, Lizzie Bland was nearly three years of age, and she then went to live in the little unromantic, unpretending village of Guiseley with her parents. Bland and his wife took up their abode in a house in Green Bottom. They resided there for a number of years; but the house was demolished some sixteen or seventeen years ago, in order to allow of the cutting of the Midland line of railway from Leeds to Harrogate.

"Lizzie Ann, a lithe, bright-eyed, precocious child, attended the village school, which was then under the superintendence of Mr. Frizell, who was recently alive and

residing in Guiseley. There was no Elementary Education Act until 1870—nearly twenty years after the time to which I refer—therefore, in the Guiseley village school, as in all other parochial schools, there were no compulsory powers for learning, and it was almost a matter of option, or, at least, one of inclination.

"Mr. Frizell has some pleasant recollections of his interesting pupil: he remembers that she was the most apt scholar in the school, that she was capable of any ordinary learning, and that she was as dutiful as she was clever. In fact, little Lizzie Ann was almost a prodigy in her days of infancy. What I have here written will probably inculcate an idea that the child came of no ordinary stock—I mean, that she was not an offspring of some country working man or some phlegmatic mechanic.

"Rumour says even to this day that her father was a Spaniard, and that she first saw the light at Saratoga, in Spain. A lady, to whom I am much indebted for a great deal of this information, said to me, 'There is no doubt that her father was a man of high birth; but whether he was a Spanish nobleman or not I cannot say.' Mrs. Bland, who is now living, has been heard to say on many occasions, 'I never told any one who my daughter's father is, and no one knows but him and me.' And so this secret—which almost all the world is curious to know—has been profoundly kept for thirty-two years, and promises to be so for ever.

"Why Mrs. Bland's lips are so hermetically sealed I am unable to say, unless she thought that a confession of the origin of her daughter's paternal being would destroy the reputation which in later years the beautiful woman had earned for herself. The secret of her birth was kept from the child herself for some years, and

she discovered a clue to it in a somewhat extraordinary manner.

“The house at Green Bottom, where the family resided, contained a chest of drawers, and one of those drawers was, like Blue Beard’s chamber, sacred to one person. In this instance, the person was Mrs. Bland ; and the air of mystery which, to Lizzie Ann, surrounded this drawer, only increased her curiosity to know its contents. One day her mother left the village for a brief holiday, and forgot to take with her the key of the mystic drawer. The key fell into the child’s possession, and, with true womanly instinct, she plunged into its mysterious contents. She found there certain letters which had been addressed to her mother from a Spanish gentleman of title, and, as they alluded to ‘the child,’ she had no doubt she was the subject to whom they referred.

“That was how she first became enlightened as to her parentage. Whether or not her mother was a gipsy, as some writers aver, I am unable to say ; but I think the probability is that she was considered a gipsy because she travelled with an itinerant theatrical company, and that she has some of the Romany blood in her veins.

“In the company of her elders, Lizzie Ann was bright and engaging, and her intellect was far in advance of her age. Before she had attained the age of eleven years, she used to go from place to place and assist her stepfather in papering the walls of houses ; and there is at present residing in Guiseley, a gentleman who had a room in his house papered by Bland and his daughter, and who would not have the paper taken off the walls at any price, though it has been there twenty years, and is now faded and tattered.

"Before she was twelve she was sent to work at Green Bottom Mill, Guiseley—then owned or worked by Messrs. Robinson, Smith, Riley, and Co.—as a 'filler.' Her child's mind, developing fast by her copious draughts of book knowledge, was above mill life, and after a brief engagement at Green Bottom Mill, she relinquished the position of a factory operative for that of a nurse girl, entering the service of Mr. John Padgett, of Hawkhill House, Guiseley, when she was about twelve years of age.

"Her affectionate disposition frequently manifested itself to the children under her care; and I am informed that, during her connection with Mr. Padgett's family, she was well-behaved, always obliging, and particularly clever at her domestic duties. Her thirst for knowledge then became stronger; and at every opportunity she would have a book in her hand, preferring Shakespeare's works, or a volume from the Cumberland edition of stage plays. She did not sleep at Mr. Padgett's house, but went to her nurse's duties in the morning, and slept at her mother's house.

"Between the time of her going home and resuming work the following morning, she was frequently known to learn three or four pages of Shakespeare's writings, and recite them as correctly as if she were reading from the book. She was known to sit in bed at night learning the lines of certain characters, and after she left Mr. Padgett's service, several copies of plays were found in the nursery. Every one was astonished as to where she obtained the play-books, and it is now generally supposed that her mother must have had them by her, and Lizzie Ann made use of them as she required.

"What is more remarkable is the fact that up to the time of which I write, she had never seen a



dramatic representation which had any pretensions to polish or refinement. She, however, was a constant patron of the shows of the Richardson class which visited the villages of Guiseley and Gibb during the respective feasts. These booth representations gave her great delight, and she appeared never to be tired of the fantastic spectacles there presented.

“But it is surprising also, that, although the whole of her life and soul, as it were, were absorbed by the drama, she was a scholar at the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School at Guiseley. In her religious studies she was one of the most diligent scholars in the school, and she was particularly clever at learning pieces to recite at the Sunday School anniversaries. Whilst many of the girls of her acquaintance were considered precocious, ‘Lizzie,’ again in the words of my lady informant, ‘would outstrip any of them.’ The lady to whom I refer would say to her sometimes, ‘Lizzie, what do you intend to be?’ The child, with a haughty toss of the head and sparkling eyes, would reply, ‘Oh, I intend to be *something*. I don’t intend to live at Guiseley all my life. I intend to come out a star.’

“Her personal charms and her superior knowledge attracted strangers, into whose company she sometimes found herself, and the girl was almost looked upon as a mystery. Matters went on ; and Lizzie remained with Mr. Padgett’s family two years, giving the utmost satisfaction as a nurse girl. When she arrived at the age of fourteen, she suddenly seemed to feel that life was slow at Guiseley, that the social atmosphere of the quaint little Yorkshire village was depressing, and that she was more like an imprisoned bird than a being having its existence in the walk of life in which it was born.

"If the beautiful creature had gipsy blood in her veins, now was the time when it first rebelled against the unnatural condition of things in which she was living, and she awoke to a sense of her own position in a sudden manner which gave intense surprise to the lady to whom she first communicated her intention of running away from home. Young as she was, without money, and I may almost say, without many friends, she resolved to fly from all she loved in the world, in order to try her fortune in the dramatic lottery in which hundreds have invested their substance and have drawn blanks.

"One evening, in the autumn of 1861, she took that important step which was to make or mar her fortune—she resolved to run away. She communicated this information to the lady from whom I learnt it, and this lady remonstrated with her on her foolish talk, and tried to persuade her to remain at home. But Lizzie would hear of no compromises of this kind; she had determined to go. The girl never told any one else of her intention; and from what I am able to glean of her younger life, I come to the conclusion that she loved this good lady for the kindness which she had shown her. And this was abundantly proved in after years.

"On that eventful night she said she was going where no one would hear of her for years. She began to sob bitterly, and said that her stepfather, who visited the public-house as mechanically as he performed his work, had nearly broken her heart by his unfortunate conduct. She was tired of the Guiseley existence, and she did not know a single soul to whom she could go for assistance in the great struggle of life which she was about to undertake. After some more conversation,

the romantic child, with tears in her eyes, kissed her kind friend—that was all she could give in gratitude for what had been shown her—and she passed out of the house into the dusky night, and commenced her long journey to a place of which no one excepting herself knew.

“Six years passed, and no tidings of Lizzie Ann Bland came to Guiseley. Her stepfather, I believe, had died during that time, and her mother still lived in the quiet little village. At the end of that time London was paying homage to a beautiful and accomplished actress, who had taken the dramatic world by storm.

“Lilian Adelaide Neilson was her name, and she was about the first actress of the day. She was announced to appear at the Theatre Royal, Leeds, and the information came to the knowledge of Mrs. Bland, who had an intuitive idea that Lilian Adelaide Neilson was her own daughter. And on going to Leeds she found, to her agreeable surprise, that this really was the case. The mother went to her, and recognised her. She found her occupying a suite of rooms at the Old White Horse Hotel, Boar Lane, Leeds, having brought her own servants.

“She fulfilled her engagement at Leeds, and returned to London, from whence she came. Miss Neilson paid a second visit to Leeds three months afterwards, and she then came to Guiseley for the first time since she ran away from the village. She called upon a few friends, and speedily went to London, where she was performing. During this brief sojourn, however, she invested the sum of £3,000, the interest of which she gave to her mother, in order to ensure her sufficient to live upon. Two years elapsed, and Miss

Neilson, who was as beautiful as she was accomplished, again visited the scene of her early life.

"She remained at Guiseley a week, and when she went to the parish church on the Sunday she created such a *furor* that she startled even herself, and declared her intention of not again appearing in the streets of Guiseley excepting at dusk.

"Then it was she told my lady informant of her history between the time she left Guiseley and that present time :—On the night of her quitting her native village she walked to Apperley Bridge, and from there she proceeded to Leeds by train. That night she slept in Leeds with an aunt, and the next morning, with only one suit of clothes, she took train for London. She left her aunt's house as mysteriously as she had left her home. She arrived safely in London, but without money or friends, and she passed the first night unprotected in the open air in Hyde Park. Early next morning she was wandering about in order to see if she could obtain employment by which she could earn her livelihood. She soon obtained work as a seamstress, but this life was too monotonous for her nature, and after a fortnight had passed she relinquished sewing.

"Next she was engaged as a ballet girl in one of the London theatres, and this was the great turning point in her life. Her superiority to the other ballet girls in the same theatre was soon made manifest; and one interested in the theatres—Philip Lee—a graduate of Brasenose College, Oxford, who had been educated at Rugby, was so attracted by the girl that he fell in love with her.

"To this gentleman she owed a great deal, for without assistance of the kind he gave her she could never have attained the dramatic status which she afterwards

acquired. Seeing that she possessed histrionic abilities of no mean order, Mr. Lee offered to educate her. She consented to this offer, and he straightway, at a great cost, placed her in a ladies' academy. She remained at this institution nearly two years; and during that time, in addition to making herself proficient for the stage, she mastered seven different languages.

"To Mr. Padgett, when recounting the history of her life during the interregnum, she said, 'During that time I studied eighteen hours of the twenty-four, allowing myself only six hours' sleep.' The fact of this arduous study is sufficient to show her determination to acquire a position in the profession she had adopted. When her curriculum was concluded she was seventeen years of age, and her benefactor then married her; but I believe her marriage was kept a secret for three years.

"Shortly after Miss Neilson's last visit to Guiseley Mrs. Bland left that village and took up her residence at Little Moor, in the parish of Rawdon, in a house which was handsomely furnished by her daughter. She has, however, since left that place. The accomplished actress was ever solicitous on her mother's behalf, and looked well to her comforts up to the time of her sad death.

"I should mention an interesting incident during Miss Neilson's last visit to Guiseley. She had informed her old friend, Mr. John Padgett, who was then Chairman of the Guiseley Mechanics' Institute, that she would give a public reading in the Town Hall, on behalf of the funds of the Institute, if he could keep the reporters away. She said she dared not do it if the circumstance was made known through the Press, as it would injure her reputation.



"The reading, I need scarcely say, never took place, as Mr. Padgett could not guarantee to keep away the reporters. On this occasion, Miss Neilson said she should only continue her dramatic career a few more years, and she should retire from the stage—'and,' she added to my lady friend, 'I shall write my life; would you not like to see it?' The lady remarked, 'It will be a romance of real life;' and poor Neilson replied, 'Would it not? I have been your poor drudge. My life has been like a dream. I think about you sometimes, but I soon dash the thoughts away. I cannot bear to reflect upon my former life.'

"There is no doubt 'poor Lil' keenly felt the disgrace of running away from home; but, if she had never taken that course, would she, in the natural course of events, ever have risen to the rank of which she was such a bright ornament for so many years? Her impetuous conduct, even as a child, is perfectly defensible, and the result of her labours has secured her an immunity from the scorn which might have rested on a less favoured woman.

"Her salaries were, I am told, £400 a week at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, and £700 a week when touring in America. Of her dramatic career I need say nothing, excepting that she made her *début* at the Theatre Royal, Margate, as Juliet, and finished it in America. Of the details of her sad death, also, you are well acquainted—how she was suddenly attacked by a pain in her side, whilst driving in the Bois de Boulogne, in Paris; how she was taken to the Châlet Restaurant; how she suffered intense agony for twelve hours, and then slept the sleep that knows no waking. And you also remember how the body of our poor Neilson was

taken to the Morgue ; how it was subjected to most brutal *post-mortem* examination ; and how it was brought home to her native land to be interred. I need not repeat the various incidents connected with her death and burial. She is gone, and may she rest in peace ! ”

Mrs. Selby when she took over the *Royalty* was lucky enough to enlist the services and appeal to the energies of one of the most hard working, industrious and energetic men of my time, my dear friend Frank Burnand. He has been at it hammer and tongs to my knowledge for more than forty years. He has written farces with Montagu Williams, his old Eton chum, burlesques for the St. James's, plays everywhere, comic copy in every direction, but success of a substantial kind first shook this downright good fellow by the hand with “ *Ixion, or the Man at the Wheel*,” at the *Royalty*.

It was a grand night for Burnand and all his friends, Eton, Cambridge, and London, when the popular founder of the “ *A. D. C.* ” at the light blue University was lifted on high, and shouldered on the shield of triumph, on that memorable 18th of September, 1863.

Ada Cavendish, with her fair hair and her looped-up chiton—a daring innovation in those days—was a goddess of beauty. Proxime accessit came Lydia Maitland. Jenny Wilmore, an experienced actress, but very little known in London, was a cheeky and dapper little *Ixion*. David James, then a mere boy, who, with Teddy Righton, had, as I have already described, been “ *supers* ” under Charles Kean at the Princess's, made what was virtually his first success as Mercury, dancing splendidly, and singing, as he ever

did, with admirable taste and expression. I have never heard Shields's old song "The Thorn" more beautifully sung than by Constance Loseby and David James.

We all laughed at the rotund Ganymede played by Joe Robins, the friend of the Bohemians of other days, such as Edmund Yates, George Augustus Sala, the Mayhews, Albert Smith, and many more, a good fellow who had fallen upon evil days, but never failed to gain a helping hand when it was required.

But the success of the evening was Felix Rogers as Minerva, a spectacled old crone with a scholastic look about her. I am afraid to say how many times Burnand's happy parody of Dr. Watts's hymn, "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," was encored. The house rose at the author, and "Ixion" soon became the talk of the town. On the 130th performance—a great record at that time—Teresa Furtado appeared as Ixion. She also was one of the beauties of the sixties.

But I was luckily destined to be present at another and even greater Royalty success by Frank Burnand. This was the famous "Latest Edition of Black-Eyed Susan," or "The Little Bill that was Taken Up," which I have already alluded to, and which was produced under Patty Oliver's management on the 29th of November, 1866. How they cheered and encored when Patty Oliver, with her fascinating trill, sang till she was nearly exhausted "Pretty See-usan don't say No!" How they roared at Dewar's "Captain Crosstree is my name," and his assertive shirt collars! How they marvelled at the dancing of Danvers as Dame Hatley, for he seemed to be on wires or made of gutta percha! How they admired the cheeriness, vivacity, charm and hornpipes of William, delightfully acted by Rosina Ranoe, now the

popular wife of the famous author, and beloved by troops of friends old and new ! How they gazed with delight at the beauty of Nelly Bromley, who made her *début* as Dolly Mayflower ! and what good things were prophesied of Charles Wyndham, who appeared as Hatchett, and danced quite as well as he sang and acted !

On a recent occasion I was severely taken to task for saying that on this memorable occasion " Charles Wyndham played a super." In my innocence I intended this as a great compliment, for in Douglas Jerrold's play, Hatchett, a very small part, is played by a " super," or one very little superior to that honourable grade ; for I suppose even Charles Wyndham does not consider it very discreditable for a young actor, or a young actress for the matter of that, to play as a super just to get the " hang of the stage."

David James, Edward Righton, and I doubt not Irving, Bancroft, Hare, and scores more, have " walked on," as it is called. That is to say, they have played " supers " in order to conquer the first symptoms of stage fright. But when, in a burlesque, a clever actor takes the part of Hatchett, he very properly burlesques the tricks and style of a super, and therefore does exactly what he ought to have done. But my compliment, I regret to say, was at once translated into an offence.

Your modern actor and actress, and notoriously your modern actor manager, all study conscientiously for the post of " complete letter writer," of course at the invitation and with the concurrence of some of the modern editors who nowadays prefer this kind of publicity and advertisement to the waste-paper basket, that used to be the safe receptacle of protests or opinions which are invited by the very people who object to them.





JESSIE BOND.

ROSINA BRANDRAM.

R. D'OYLY CARTE.

*Photos by* GEO. GROSSMITH.

RUTLAND BARRINGTON. [*Alfred Ellis.*]





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Gallons of praise are swallowed down very easily and make the artists smile ; but once tread on their toes even by accident, as in this case, and out comes the squeal. If English critics were allowed to answer letter-writing actors as the late lamented Sarcey answered Coquelin within a few weeks of his death, we should have no more "critic baiting."

## CHAPTER VIII

### "MORE MEMORIES OF THE LIGHTER STAGE"

THE first flight of burlesque through the soft and fleecy clouds of musical comedy to the empyrean realms of comic opera was at the Gaiety, when managed so admirably, with such pluck, good nature, variety and independence, by my very old friend John Hollingshead, the model of what a manager should be, with no fads, prejudices, or axes of his own to grind.

This distinguished lay manager left his mark on the history of the stage, for it is ridiculous to say or think that he only worshipped at the sacred shrine of burlesque. Shakespeare, Sheridan, the old masters and comedies, Phelps, Charles Mathews, Alfred Wigan, Charles Santley, Mrs. Kendal, and many more artists of the very first class, including of course Sarah Bernhardt, Delaunay, Got, Bressant, and their companions of the *Comédie Française*, were all seen from time to time at the Gaiety, which was for years the most "liberal" playhouse in London.

John Hollingshead, in one of his amusing and outspoken letters or advertisements, has called Gaiety burlesque the "Aunt Sally of the critical press." I for one never picked up a stick to knock the pipe out of the good lady's mouth. Indeed, I did my best to pick it up

when it had fallen, or to restore another when it was smashed.

One of the prettiest entertainments of the kind I have ever seen was at Easter, 1870, when Hollingshead produced at the Gaiety an English version of Offenbach's "*Princess of Trebizonde*." Constance Loseby, with her superb voice of a very extraordinary register, was singing her best, and was, I thought, far superior to her French rival Van Gheel. Annie Tremaine, a lovely girl, was another delightful singer; and not even Désiré himself could get more fun out of Cabriolo than Johnny Toole did, then as ever, the idol of the public.

But the triumph of the occasion was the Regina of Nellie Farren, who made her first appearance in opera bouffe in the character created by that winning and expressive little actress Céline Chaumont. To have heard that incomparable artist, "with no more voice than that of a cat when you tread upon her tail," sing "*La Première Feuille*," and to have seen her act in Sardou's "*Divorçons*," was a treat that few artists save such a one as Nellie Farren could give.

With Herr Meyer Lutz at the orchestra giving the best impression to Offenbach's music; with scenery by Gordon,—such scenery indeed as no Paris theatre could produce; with dresses designed by Alfred Thompson, ex-cavalry officer and fantasist, a popular, gentlemanly, highly educated "Jack of all trades" but who I fear "was master of none"; and with Nellie Farren, who had delighted me at the old "Vic" and at the Olympic, bursting into fame as the most popular "gamine" of this or any age, what wonder that the "*Princess of Trebizonde*" should be a bright spot in my memory and a landmark in the story of burlesque?

In this particular department of comic art England

has never produced a Schneider, the very best representative of the heroines of Offenbachian opera ever seen. She had the grand style. Her humour, so light and delicate, was never forced, and when she moved about the stage as La Grande Duchesse, she was like a queen. Dupuis, of the Variétés, her companion in so many successes, was, I always thought, rather over-rated; but when Schneider sang with a superb voice and incomparable style, apart from her *œillades*, tricks, and *cdlineries*, she levelled opera bouffe almost up to grand opera.

I have seen a Judic, a Jane Hading and a Granier in comic opera, but there has only been one Schneider. She was in the full glory of her success during the famous Paris Exhibition of 1867, and they tell a story that one day, to win a bet, or play the dare devil, she drove up in full state to the Royal and Ambassadors' entrance of the Exhibition, firmly closed to any one but royalty, aristocracy and diplomacy. The diva of the Variétés was at once challenged :

“Madame, s'appelle?”

“La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein!”

The doors were immediately thrown wide open, and in sailed Schneider to the Exhibition in state.

Never perhaps did the “sacred lamp” of burlesque burn brighter at the critically despised Gaiety than in the year 1876 and onwards. The days of Nellie Farren and Fred Leslie, two consummate artists, are, of course, and ever will be, immortal, not only to the “boys” who fairly worshipped them, and sat at their feet night after night, week after week, year in and year out, but by all playgoers who appreciate talent in its rarest, finest, and most attractive form.

Of Fred Leslie, whose friendship I esteemed, and



whose painfully sad death in the height of his fame and intellectual capacity we one and all deplored, I have already written.

Well do I remember the day when, under a burning sun in the Egyptian desert, a small party of homesick English men and women heard of the death of one of the greatest artists of our time—Fred Leslie. The news came to us suddenly and unexpectedly, from a stranger reading an English paper in a corner of the railway carriage, when, suffocated with intolerable heat, and blinded with maddening dust, we were making the best of our way from Cairo to Ismailia, there to join the P. & O. ship *Bengal*, that was to transport a hitherto merry party of new-made friends to Bombay in the far East.

The news fell on us all with a thud and a shock, most of all on the writer of these lines, who had followed the career of Fred Leslie from the Alhambra days, when he came to us as an ambitious boy, to the perfected Gaiety time, when I had during my last nights in London gone to Box No. 14, time after time, simply to hear him sing the "Romance of the Looking Glass," and to roar with laughter over the final glee, "The Moon has got his Trousers on."

Fred Leslie dead! I could think of nothing else. My companions shook off the intelligence with feeling words of regret; they were busy pointing out the battle-fields of Tel-el-Kebir and the scene of the midnight charge at Kassassin.

They tried to arouse me from an inevitable stupor of melancholy. Don't you want to see the actual scene of your own poem, "The Midnight Charge"? they asked me, as I sat moodily in a corner of the carriage, gazing, eternally gazing, over the desert, and thinking

of home and the dead artist! No, they could not rouse me. Perchance they were not quite so lonely in their thoughts as I was. They, indeed, had no memories of delightful evenings at the Gaiety; they had no intimate associations with Box 14, and possibly they did not quite understand what the word "death" meant to one who was thousands of miles away from home, travelling without a companion or "chum" round the tremendous world. It was a shock, even to one who loved him for his art, but was in no sense an intimate friend of the artist who had "eclipsed the Gaiety" in London.

However, in the course of my travels, I was destined to hear very much more of the brilliant actor who had been suddenly taken away, and to understand what sympathy exists in the world of art. We discussed Fred Leslie over our tiffin or dinner at the Byculla Club; we drank to his memory at a dismal Christmas dinner, four art-loving Englishmen, at the beautiful Yacht Club at Bombay.

But, perhaps the most touching tribute to his memory that I heard was on one lovely evening when the good ship *Rohilla* was sailing away from Singapore to Hong Kong. There was a leave-taking on the quay of the capital of this lovely island, and I was trying to encourage some very homesick residents by envying them a life under the palm and cocoanut trees away from the fogs and damps and dews of old England.

A new-found friend rejected my well-meant enthusiasm with scorn. With tears starting in his eyes, he said, "Yes, yes! all very well, but I wish to God I were going back to dear old London. And yet," he added, "London will not be quite the same even to me, exile as I am; for poor old Fred Leslie is dead."

Few actors in my time have been so universally loved by men and women alike. You will very rarely find an actor who is popular with the "boys," and who is also idolised by the women. Harry Montague was a case in point. The women fell in love with him, and his friends would have died for him; but even Harry Montague did not possess that strange mixture of manly vigour, muscular force, athletic bearing and feminine tenderness, that belonged emphatically to Fred Leslie. The elder Sothern was a manly fellow and a mighty Nimrod; but he lacked the softness and gentleness of the nature of Leslie.

Sothern's son Lytton was as much beloved in his set as his father had been before him; but, in the admixture of those opposite qualities of manly strength and womanly tenderness, Fred Leslie distanced them all, from Leigh Murray onwards.

It is a little painful to one who has been so intimately connected with the career of a great artist, and who has been told off as a matter of duty to record, year by year, his impressions of that artist, to read of a man who suffered so severely from the sensitiveness that is inseparable from the artistic temperament. When we read of the pain he endured from disappointment and what looked like neglect, those of us who are conscientious look back into the past, and wonder how far a slip of the pen, or carelessness on our own part, may have contributed to a momentary crush or collapse of his ambition. I can understand a man surrounded by staunch friends—as Leslie was—men who had discovered him, men who were loyal to him in good fortune and ill-luck, resenting with him this apparent neglect or want of appreciation. Honestly I cannot in the case of Leslie accuse myself of

the one fault or the other. I believe that his merits were completely acknowledged at the exact time when they were most pronounced.

It may be a rash thing to say, but I believe that the great artistic qualities of Leslie never came to fruition until his first visit to America. That was the making of him! What is American humour? No one has defined it, and yet we all know its pungent qualities. Edward Sothorn, the elder, might have remained a stock actor at Weymouth or Birmingham all his life had he not visited America. It was America that developed the latent humour of the elder Sothorn. The same with Fred Leslie. He went there a young, clever, impressionable and observant fellow. He came back a humourist. Each visit to America more strongly strengthened his talent, fortified his invention, and established his admitted genius. I hear some people say, "Ah! yes, but he composed some of his best songs, and did some of his best things, before he ever visited America!" Quite so. But the study of American humour suggested exactly the things that were to him most whimsical. If this were not so, how was it that America took so suddenly to Fred Leslie the moment he was seen there, and the little irritability caused by the appearance of the Gaiety company melted away directly Leslie stepped on the scene? Because there was something in Leslie's talent redolent of that extraordinary readiness that is characteristic of American drollery. I am convinced that America was, after all, the stepping-stone of Leslie's great and distinguished career.

Fred Leslie was one of the great lyric and comic artists of my time. He gave taste, tone, and charm to all he attempted. A halo of art perpetually surrounded

him, and I am not one of those who maintain that art is the special prerogative of tragedians, comedians, and the idols of theatres with an educational mission. I have seen art, and art by no means to be despised, in the once-ostracised music-hall and also in a penny booth. Edmund Kean was an artist and a genius, though he tramped the country with his wife at his heels and his wallet on his back. Robson was an artist and a genius, though he was put on a table to recite "Richard the Third" to a tipsy crew, and though he was a stock actor at the Grecian Saloon, and sang comic songs to citizens who smoked churchwarden pipes and drank beer out of the pewter. Leslie was not less an artist or genius because he helped to redeem burlesque from the association of brainless men with heels, and women with more beauty than intelligence.

He made, unfortunately, the one conspicuous mistake of believing that, being artist and genius, he could do everything in every branch of art without experience or training. He would have been a delightful comedian had he practised. But tragedy and comedy have their rules, and their grammar, as well as burlesque. Genius is the polishing point; it is the inspiration, it is the glow and colour of an artist, but it cannot supply the faulty mechanism. Fred Leslie played Sir Peter Teazle, David Garrick, Sir John Vesey—what not—and nearly broke his heart because he did not at once startle the town. I believe he could have played them all, and played them admirably, with practice and study; but not on the principle of Mr. Wemmick: "Hallo! here's a church! let's get married!" With artist or genius it can never be a case of "Hallo! here's a part. Let's play it!"



Why, it is said that when Leslie saw a fat man, and studied his peculiarities, he immediately wanted to play Falstaff.

Looking at the matter in a broad and comprehensive spirit, I think we must own that Fred Leslie did all that possibly could be required of him during the few brilliant years allotted to him as his span of life. Had he lived longer who shall say what he might not have done? That is a question that no human being can answer. It is at any rate a more beautiful and comforting reflection that in this short and busy life he nobly used the great gifts that God had given him, that he never degraded the calling that he chose, nor defiled the artistic path that blossomed at his feet. Further I maintain that, more than most of his fellows, he contributed to the joy and happiness of his fellow creatures, men and women alike, wherever he wandered over this small but companionable world.

And how small the world really is, and how strange the accidents and coincidences of life! I heard of the death of this sympathetic and delightful artist away in the Egyptian desert; and with thankfulness I found myself at home again writing a brief, imperfect, but sincere memoir in the same house from which they carried the dear dead actor, in the dreary winter-time, amidst the universal lamentations of artistic London!

But the Nellie Farren and Fred Leslie days at the Gaiety were for the most part a *succès à deux*, whilst in 1876 it was a success of four—or, shall I say, five? The delightful Nellie Farren in the prime of her youth, vivacity, and activity, a verit-



photo by] KATE VAUGHAN. [W. & D. Downey. Photo by] EDWARD TERRY. [Alfred Ellis.  
 Photo by] JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD. [Elliott & Fry.  
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able *gamine*, there is no other word which so thoroughly expresses her, it is the French title of the play in which she was incomparable, Nan, in "Good for Nothing," though "our Nellie," *gamine* as she was, may be pronounced as Good for Everything, beloved by the *jeunesse dorée* in the stalls; idolised by gallery boys, who literally revelled in her cockneyisms; and was the universal pet of the public which did not contain one single dissentient voice.

There were no reservations whatsoever, no "buts," or "ifs" or "ah, had you but seen So-and-so!" when the art of this attractive and fascinating little genius was discussed. "None but herself could be her parallel!" The vivacious idol of Great Britain at large soon found new worshippers in the countries of America and Australia, who have never failed in their estimate of genuine art. There is not the slightest suspicion of jealousy in either country, no Chauvinism or Protectionist policy, as there has always been in France, where, outside Paris, it is considered art could not thrive or flourish for an hour.

It does not matter to the liberal-minded people of America from what countries sprang a Bernhardt, or a Salvini, or a Henry Irving, or an Ellen Terry, or an Adelaide Neilson, or a Mrs. Kendal, a Nellie Farren, a Fred Leslie, an Albert Chevalier, an Olga Nethersole, or a Marie Tempest.

There is one great artist, one of the best of our time, who, I regret to say, though often asked to do so, never went to America. Her name is Marie Bancroft. They would have taken her to their hearts, this art-loving people. All are valued fish that come to the American net, where they adore art for art's sake.

This has come about through the propaganda of free trade, which was once considered in the light of heresy all over the world. There would be no "Macready Riots" in the New York of to-day; there could not be a vulgar and illiterate "Monte Cristo" disturbance in the London of this fast fading century. I happened to be in the forefront of the battle when this desperate fight for free-trade began. Happily I live to see the universal art triumphant, and a profound peace established amongst English-speaking nations. Jealousies, envyings, bickerings have comparatively speaking disappeared.

With the versatile, graceful, and inimitable Nellie, were associated many more whose fame is destined to endure. What more charming artist in the expression of "poetry of motion" has the modern stage ever beheld than Kate Vaughan? One of Mrs. Conquest's pupils in old days—the Mrs. Conquest of the Grecian Saloon in the City Road—she did infinite credit to the school and its instructress. This light and fragile creature was the first exponent of the petticoat and skirt dance, never in the least degree suggestive, a dance that intervened pleasantly between the rough-and-tumble exhibitions of "Wiry Sal" and her companions, and the equally objectionable high-kicking and "splits" of the present time. Petticoats should be respected, not outraged; Kate Vaughan respected them, and made them respected.

It was ever the greatest of treats to watch Kate Vaughan dance alone, or waltz with her favourite companion Teddy Royce, whirling around as light as a feather, and waving in the air her dainty lace pocket-handkerchief, without which dancing to her seemed



impossible. It was one of Kate Vaughan's tantalising tricks to give her audience just enough to make them wish for more. She seemed to say as she valed or pirouetted off the stage, "If you want to see any more, dear friends, you had better come another evening." And they did.

The head of this merry band of conspirators to amuse was Edward Terry—always a good burlesque actor before he devoted himself to eccentric comedy—an actor with a chirpy, staccato, jerky manner, which was vastly entertaining, an expert in the art of "make up," and with a highly comical expression. Add to these the charming dancer and actress Phyllis Broughton, who has persistently defied time since she first took to the boards, and is apparently as young, and bright, and active to-day as when she, "*La Dame aux Oeillets Rouges*," was first applauded as a child at the Canterbury Music Hall.

Then, of course, there was Connie Gilchrist, about whose fame and talent the public knew more than the well-known Chief Justice Coleridge, who, amidst a roar of derisive laughter in court during the trial of *Scott v. Sampson*, asked, in his bland and mellifluous voice, "And who is Connie Gilchrist?" describing Beerbohm Tree later on as "the man with the extraordinary name." The childlike innocent Connie, about whom artists raved for her baby beauty—did she not sit to Whistler for his "*Golden Girl*"?—made her first appearance at a children's pantomime at the Adelphi in 1876. It was a memorable occasion—for this particular pantomime, written by E. L. Blanchard, and called "*Little Goody Two Shoes*" or "*Harlequin Little Boy Blue*," exhibited the early promise and talent of several clever

and famous artists in after years. Amongst them were Emilie and Harry Grattan, Bertie Coote, Ada Blanche, and Connie Gilchrist, the shapely little Harlequin.

The wide-world popularity of the incomparable Nellie Farren was sufficiently attested by the deep sympathy that was felt for her when illness laid her low, and the "brilliant light" flickered faintly, and wearily in that sad sick room, where all kind and affectionate hearts were anxiously watching and waiting.

It was triumphantly proved at the historic and record benefit at Drury Lane Theatre—the result of which enabled the trustees to set aside an income for life for this public favourite, who has been taken to the arms of "time the healer," and is once more well enough to greet her faithful friends and her beloved gallery boys whenever she meets them, young, ardent and enthusiastic playgoers, whose loyalty and love have never swerved.

There came to the front in my time one who was destined by his rare and always original talent, by his determination and by his defiant nature that scorned defeat, to make a great change and create a wholesome reform in the lighter and gayer entertainments of the people.

The name of William Schwenk Gilbert should hold a very prominent place indeed in the history of the stage during the Victorian Era. In trenchant, mordant humour he is always considered in conversation to be the equal, if not the superior, of Douglas Jerrold ; in his topsy-turviness, and genius for comic inversion, in his style and his temperament there has been no writer like him since the days of Dean Swift. To have been one

of the immortal trio that gave us Savoy opera, and brought rejoicing and happiness to nearly every drawing-room, concert, and orchestra among the English-speaking world ; to have been the literary twin of such a musical genius as Sir Arthur Sullivan ; to have been associated with a man of finance so far seeing, so upright, so artistic, and so full of tact and taste as Richard D'Oyly Carte, should be a feather in the cap of any one. This is not the time to say to whom the full credit of the Savoy successes is due. It may be the poet-lyrist, and most whimsical author of the plays ; it may be the often inspired writer of the music ; it may be the intelligent director of their destinies.

Let us say that the success was the happy combination of exceptional and assorted talent. Future historians of the stage will decide the knotty points of a well-worn controversy. But this at least may be said, that the author of the "Bab Ballads" ; the writer of the Haymarket series of poetic and fanciful plays that included "The Wicked World," "Pygmalion and Galatea," "The Palace of Truth," and many more ; the genius that gave us the beautiful "Broken Hearts," the whimsical "Engaged," the inimitable "Trial by Jury," "The Sorcerer," "H.M.S. Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance"—always my favourite—"The Mikado," and all the rest of them, has done his country and his countrymen a great and singular service. Who can possibly estimate at its proper value what Savoy opera, be it by its literature or its music, has done for the refinement and artistic grace of modern amusement and the improvement of popular taste ? I print a bill of the Opera Comique, where "The Sorcerer" was first produced on the 22nd of January, 1878.

# OPERA COMIQUE.

Licensed by the Lord Chamberlain to Mr. R. BARKER, 299, Strand.

## THE COMEDY-OPERA COMPANY (LIMITED).

Manager, Mr. R. D'OYLY CARTE.

At Eight,

### THE SORCERER,

By W. S. GILBERT AND ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

At Ten,

### TRIAL BY JURY,

By W. S. GILBERT AND ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

#### PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

The unprecedentedly successful Modern Comic Opera "The Sorcerer" has now passed its 130th representation, and a second Company (now in the provinces) has been formed to represent it in the principal towns of the United Kingdom. "The Sorcerer" Tour arrangements comprise visits to Liverpool, Bradford, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Nottingham, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Dublin, &c., the Tour terminating in July next. The following Artistes are engaged:—Misses Douglas Gordon, Teresa Cummings, Rosina Brandram, and Harriet Coveney. Messrs. George Bentham, Furneaux Cook, Arthur Rousbey and J. H. Ryley. Conductor, Mr. Hamilton Clarke.

At the Opera Comique the London Company will continue to play "The Sorcerer" and the popular piece "Trial by Jury," with the exceptionally strong cast as given below.

Messrs. W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan are completing a New Opera for this Company, which will shortly be produced.

Due notice will be given of the reproduction of "The Spectre Knight."

R. D'OYLY CARTE,

Manager for the Comedy Opera Company  
(Limited).

Opera Comique, March 5th, 1878.

#### AT THE OPERA COMIQUE,

Every Evening, at Eight, the New and Original Modern Comic Opera, in  
Two Acts, entitled

### THE SORCERER.

Written by W. S. GILBERT, Composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

N.B.—The Audience are respectfully requested to be seated by Five Minutes  
to Eight.

<i>Lady Sangazure</i> . . . . .	Mrs. Howard Paul.
<i>Aline</i> (her Daughter) . . . . .	Miss Giulia Warwick.
<i>Constance</i> (a Pupil Teacher) . . . . .	Miss Lisa Walton.
(Her First Appearance on the Stage.)	
<i>Mrs. Partlet</i> (a Pew Opener) . . . . .	Miss Everard.
<i>Sir Marmaduke Pointdextre</i> . . . . .	Mr. Richard Temple.
<i>Alexis</i> (his Son) . . . . .	Mr. George Power.

(Of Her Majesty's Theatre.)

<i>Doctor Daly</i> (Vicar of Ploverleigh) . . . . .	Mr. R. Barrington.
<i>Counsel</i> . . . . .	Mr. F. Clifton.
<i>Mr. Wells</i> (of the firm of J. W. Wells and Co., Family Sorcerers, St. Mary Axe) . . . . .	Mr. G. Grossmith, junr.

Act I.—Garden of Sir Marmaduke's Elizabethan Mansion.

Act II.—Market Place in the Village of Ploverleigh.

"The Sorcerer" is produced under the personal direction of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, special attention having been given to the Departments of Chorus and Orchestra.

Scenery by Messrs. Gordon and Harford. Costumes by Mrs. May and Assistants.

The Incidental Dances arranged by Mr. John D'Auban.

After which, at Ten, the Successful Dramatic Cantata,

### TRIAL BY JURY.

By W. S. GILBERT AND ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

<i>The Learned Judge</i> . . . . .	Mr. Geo. Grossmith, jun.
<i>The Defendant</i> . . . . .	Mr. George Power.
<i>Counsel for the Plaintiff</i> . . . . .	Mr. R. Barrington.
<i>The Usher</i> . . . . .	Mr. F. Clifton.
<i>Foreman of the Jury</i> . . . . .	Mr. F. Talbot.

AND

<i>The Plaintiff</i> . . . . .	Miss Liza Walton.
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Scene—Court of the Exchequer.

Musical Director, Mr. Alfred Cellier; Stage Manager, Mr. Charles Harris. Refreshments supplied by H. Dodsworth.

Prices of Admission—Orchestra Stalls, 10s.; Balcony Stalls, 5s. (Front Row, 6s.); Private Boxes, £1 1s. to £3 3s.; First Circle, 2s. 6d.; Amphitheatre, 1s. 6d.; Gallery, 1s. Box-office open daily from 11 to 5. No Booking Fees. Doors open at 7.30; commence at 8.

NOTICE.—There is a door leading from the right-hand side of the Stalls into Wych Street, open at the close of the performance, and always available in case of accident.

William Schwenk Gilbert was the son of a celebrated literary doctor—William Gilbert. He distinguished himself at a very early age at the London University, and on taking his degree found himself, much to his chagrin, a Government clerk in the Education Office. Her Majesty's Service has from time to time given many hostages to literary fortune. Henry Reeve and Sir Arthur Helps, at the Privy Council; W. R. Greg, at the Stationery Office; Sir Henry Taylor, the author of "Philip von Artevelde," at the Colonial Office; Tom Taylor, at the Local Government Board; Anthony Trollope, Edmund Yates, Frank Scudamore, Buxton Forman, and A. B. Walkley, at the Post Office; Austin Dobson and Cosmo Monkhouse, at the Board of Trade;



Sir John Milton, Sir Spencer Walpole, Sir Norman Lockyer, Adam Gielgud, Frank Marzials and Arthur A'Beckett, at the War Office; Ernest Bendall and Aglen Dowty ("O. P. Q. Philander Smiff"), at the Paymaster-General's Office; Frank Marshall and Clement Shorter, at the Inland Revenue; J. C. Parkinson at the Audit Office, are but a few of the names that will be claimed in the after years by literature, fiction, poetry, and criticism.

As might have been imagined, the life of a Government clerk, with its order, daily drudgery, its discipline and its monotony, became extremely irksome to such a restless and industrious temperament as that of W. S. Gilbert. Even there, he must have his joke with his fellow clerks, the kind of jest based on the literal sense of the question on which he ever loved to linger. Knowing that Gilbert was very fond of the theatre and had influential friends connected with it, a timid clerk approached him one day and said:

"Could you write me an order for the play, Mr. Gilbert?"

"Of course I could," replied the wag, with a solemn face and his tongue in his cheek. "What shall I write it for,—stalls or a box?"

"A box, if you please," answered the delighted clerk. So Gilbert went to his desk and wrote out an order. The next day a despondent looking man came to W. S. Gilbert with as much annoyance and irritation as he dared show to one who was, even in his very earliest days, a little imperious.

"Upon my honour, Mr. Gilbert, I think you have behaved extremely badly. I asked you yesterday if you could write me an order for the play. You said you could. I took my wife and family, and when I

presented your order they simply laughed and tore it up in my face. Would you believe it? I had to pay!"

"Ah! that's just it," smiled Gilbert. "I am sorry, but I did precisely what you asked me to do. You asked—*could* I write an order, I said I *could*, and I did; but I did not say it would admit you, and you didn't ask me that, you know!"

This is of the same pattern as that other story often told of this determined humourist. At an evening party a somewhat short-sighted old gentleman coming down the stairs saw a figure standing in the hall. It was Gilbert preparing to go away.

"Call me a 'Four Wheeler,'" said the short-sighted guest.

Gilbert went up to him very quietly, and said in bland and dulcet tones,

"You're a 'Four Wheeler.'"

"How dare you, Sir? What do you mean?"

"Well, you asked me to call you a 'Four Wheeler,' and I have done so. You didn't expect I should call you 'Hansom,' surely?"

It was ever a great treat to hear Gilbert, H. J. Byron, Tom Robertson, and Frank Burnand converse at the same dinner table. They were all brilliant talkers, all pronounced humourists, all as quick as lightning with quip, or crank, or repartee; but the humour of each was of an absolutely distinct pattern. Gilbert was as sharp as a needle, but incisive, and got his teeth into the joke with a sudden snap. Byron twisted his moustache, and drawled out his puns and retorts. I can hear him saying to an illiterate provincial manager who rushed into his bedroom one morning at Plymouth, and said:

"Good gracious, Byron, what a lazy fellow you are!"

Not out of bed yet ! Why, I've been twice round the 'Oe (Hoe) already !”

“ Oh ! have you ? ” drawled Byron ; “ well, now go twice round the ‘ H,’ it may do you more good.”

And this is one of the famous Byron stories, so inimitably told, of her old friend and partner, by Lady Bancroft. He was sick, ill, and despairing, and one of the grooms at one of his innumerable houses—for poor Byron had a positive mania for taking houses all over London and the country without getting rid of any of them before arranging for others—wrote to tell Byron that one of his favourite horses, Prince, was ill, and hadn't he better give him a ball ?

Byron wrote back, “ Yes, let him have a ball by all means, but don't let him ask too many ! ”

Again, during the Hare and Kendal management at the St. James's, he was still very ill, and almost pathetic in his weakness, joking to the very last. His beloved friend Marie Bancroft, had been to see the poor invalid, and asked him if she could do anything for him or send him any delicacies. “ Oh ! dear no, Marie ; they've all been most kind to me. Every one sends me things, fruit, and flowers, and game of every description. Why, yesterday some one sent me an enormous hare. I never saw such a fine fellow in my life. I could have sworn Kendal was inside it ! ”

But what a contrast to the severity of Gilbert and the *laissez aller* manner of H. J. Byron was the sparkling style of Frank Burnand ! He was as quick, if not quicker, than any of them. The jokes seemed to bubble up into his merry eyes, and no one laughed more heartily at them than the genial author. There was never a savour of unkindness in any of his *bon mots*,—sarcastic, doubtless, but never cruel.

After this remarkable humourist I should give a *proxime accessit* to my friend Arthur William A'Beckett, Frank Burnand's loyal assistant on *Punch*. I think I have laughed with him as loudly as with most men. But Arthur A'Beckett's jokes were, like those of Edward A. Sothorn, Billy Florence, and Johnny Toole, rather of the practical kind than repartee or *bon mot*. He has told some of them so well in his interesting "Green Room Recollections," that there is no need to tell them badly here.

W. S. Gilbert, who felt his power and longed to soar, was, like a bird in a cage, chained to the desk of a Government Office. So one fine day, the cage door being open, away he flew and settled down in chambers in a corner of Clement's Inn, Strand, close by the old Hall, once a scene of ancient meriment. Gilbert had the pluck, at a very early age, to give up a certainty for an uncertainty. A fixed income for life might have bound him down and cut his wings as it has done to many others; for I have observed in life that a certainty, however small, is the millstone of ambition. A youth who inherits a small income for life—say about £300 a year—is, in reality, the most unfortunate of men. His income is there; ambition is dead. At any rate, W. S. Gilbert would never have been the successful man he is now, had it not been for that first fatal plunge.

He has often told me that the next thing he did, after arranging and furnishing his modest chambers, was to buy a quire or so of manuscript paper, a packet of quill pens, a bottle of ink, a bundle of pencils, and some box drawing blocks; for in those days an artist drew on the block from which it was engraved. This done, he sat down and made the start in good earnest.

The first fortress he attacked was that of the comic paper *Fun*, with verse, with prose, and with the earliest of the "Bab Ballads." The paper was then owned by a Scotch pictureframe maker in the Strand, called Maclean.

I do not think that Gilbert, in those days, was personally acquainted with handsome Tom Hood, the editor, or with any of the staff, that consisted at that time of Frank Burnand, H. J. Byron, Godfrey Turner, E. L. Blanchard, W. J. Prowse, W. B. Rands, and a few others. W. S. Gilbert's plan of action was to go straight to the proprietor. Maclean, a shrewd Scotchman, saw he had got a prize in the young humourist and quaint artist. In those days there were weekly *Fun* dinners to settle cartoons and jokes, as there are now to this hour in the case of the elder brother *Punch*. Gilbert, in virtue of his good work, soon found his way to the dining-table; and, I fear, at the outset, the "young outsider" was unkindly chaffed by those who were very shortly destined to be his closest friends. It was not long before he was in power and position to turn the tables on those who had underrated his talents.

It was in connection with *Fun*, and a little periodical called *Saturday Night*, and our annual budget of Christmas stories contained in such books as "A Bunch of Keys," "Rates and Taxes," "The Five Alls," and many more, that I first became acquainted with this remarkable man.

Even before he made a great mark with the "Bab Ballads" in *Fun*, the basis of many of his plays and comic operas, illustrated with thumbnail sketches by himself, young Gilbert was talked about as the author of the burlesque criticisms of plays and players in duologue form that appeared in *Fun* every week, and



made people roar with laughter. The thing had been done before, but never so well done as by Gilbert. The drama was in a dreadfully decadent state in the early sixties, and the young writer and satirist was one of the first to urge those reforms which resulted in the renaissance under the Bancrofts at the little Prince of Wales Theatre in the Tottenham Court Road.

Week after week he chaffed the Adelphi guests, the Adelphi moon, the eccentric scenery, the old clothes rag-bag dresses, and the ludicrous stage management of those deplorable days. When people talk so grandly now of the restored drama, and the intelligence, and the taste, and the refinement and allurements of modern times, they should not forget the pioneering of such men as W. S. Gilbert. Rome was *not* built in a day, though many imply that our splendid and imperial stage Rome was built the day before yesterday.

The clever hands of this free lance were soon pretty full. He was writing regularly and drawing for *Fun*; he was sending a London letter to a Russian paper, of all periodicals in the world, a legacy from his relative, Sutherland Edwards; he was dramatic critic of *Fun*, and the "theatrical lounge" in that excellent paper, the *Illustrated Times*, which gathered into its net all the bright young promising men of the day, from Edmund Yates down to Tom Robertson, W. B. Rands, Tom Archer, and W. S. Gilbert. Besides all this, he was writing stories and poems, was meditating a burlesque on the old punning lines called "Doctor Dulcamara," or "The Little Duck and the Great Quack," which was his first offering to the stage at the St. James's Theatre in December, 1866. This "eccentricity," as the author called it, was, of course, a travestie on "L'Elisir d'Amore." In the cast were old Frank Matthews,

Carlotta Addison, J. D. Stoye, Fred Charles, Gaston Murray, and Nelly Bufton. It was a great success, and Gilbert, as well as his friends on *Fun*, rejoiced accordingly ; for we were very loyal to our go-ahead division.

Of whom, then, did those friends consist in the days when, the *Fun* dinner in the City having been abolished, and the proprietorship was changed from Maclean, the picture framemaker, to a north-country gentleman, Mr. Wylam ?

First and foremost, there was Tom Hood himself, a gentle, sweet-natured creature, beloved by every one with whom he came in contact. He was a fellow-clerk of mine at the War Office, and we sat at the same desk for many a long year. I never had a kinder, truer, or more loyal friend. This tall handsome son of the sensitive and highly nervous English poet, Thomas Hood, who wrote "The Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs," and "Miss Kilmansegg," came to Pall Mall straight from Pembroke College, Oxford, where he was the chum of one Fletcher, a learned, sedate, and somewhat silent member of society, who married one of Lady Bancroft's sisters.

I must make a loophole here for a couple of stories inimitably told by Marie Bancroft in connection with her brother-in-law Fletcher, the college chum of Tom Hood. It was, indeed, through Fletcher that the Bancrofts and their friends became attached to the Tom Hood set in the days of *Fun* ; so we were able, all of us, to do a bit of "log rolling," when the new artistic and dramatic colony in the wild waste of Tottenham Court Road had to be established. So you see there are wheels within wheels always.

Well, one hot summer Sunday this calm, and often sarcastic Fletcher, who was a great student and omni-

vorous reader, was left alone in his little flat in Victoria Street, with his pipe and his beloved tomes. His wife had gone out to visit her friends. There was no one in the flat but Fletcher, deep in some volume of unfathomable learning, save one of the maids who was in her room making herself smart for her "Sunday out" with her young man. Fletcher was suddenly aroused from his literary reverie by the ringing of the electric bell at the hall door. For some time he paid no attention to it; but as the ringing was repeated again and again, he put down his book and stalked slowly and majestically to the door. He opened it, and glancing downwards discovered a miserable little cockney, standing outside, looking like nothing on earth. In shape and style he resembled a Lilliputian Sam Gerridge on Bank Holiday, with a tie that made one squint, a bowler hat leaning gracefully on one side, trowsers that would have "fixed" the most unobservant, a coat like Joseph's of many colours, the reddest cabbage-rose eyes ever rested on, adorning his button-hole, and a half-smoked penny cigar in his mouth.

"His Miss Heliza Spriggings at 'ome?" demanded the eccentric atom.

Receiving no answer to this astounding question, the midget repeated it.

"His Miss Heliza Spriggings at 'ome?"

Fletcher calmly surveyed this extraordinary specimen of humanity in dumb silence. Then, slowly and majestically as before, he stalked to Eliza's bedroom door and knocked.

"Who's there?"

No answer, but repeated knocking. Eliza opened the door and perceived her master.

"Yes, Sir?"

"Eliza," said Fletcher, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the half-open hall door, "*There's something on the mat!*"

And then back went the student to his books and pipe without another word.

The same Fletcher had very liberal not to say free-thinking views about religion and the Bible, anticipating by some time Darwin, Huxley and the famous "Essays and Reviews." One day after luncheon, in his absence, some of Fletcher's friends were discussing his lapse from orthodoxy, some of them applauding him, others denouncing him not only as an agnostic, but as a rank atheist.

Fletcher's old butler, who was devoted to his master, was observed to be fidgeting about at the sideboard, knocking the silver here and there, and showing as much sign of irritability as a well-mannered butler could show. The word "atheist," however, cut the old fellow to the quick. He could stand anything but that about the master he revered, and he suddenly bolted from the room.

After a few minutes he returned, to the surprise of the company, carrying a huge Bible under his arm, which he proceeded to open at the inscription page.

"Gentlemen, I am taking a great liberty, I know. But you have called my dear master an atheist. Look at that!" and he pointed proudly to some words in Fletcher's handwriting, and again bolted from the room. Fletcher's friends immediately proceeded to read the inscription. Here it is.

"To Charles Marsh. From his master. A Bible! Read it! *And much good may it do you!*"

The old butler remained proud of his master's gift to the end, faithful and unconvinced.

Fletcher would have made an admirable actor, for he had plenty of "reserve force."

When I was young, it was, and indeed it has ever been since, the ambition of all young writers of versatility who could make a joke, concoct a witty paragraph, turn off a parody, or write musical or dramatic verse—to get on to *Punch*, with the ultimate chance of being asked to join the staff, to sit every week at the famous round table, on which so many celebrated names are engraved, to be added to that immortal bede roll containing the names of Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Gilbert Abbot A'Beckett, who was succeeded by his two sons, the gentle, tender-hearted Gilbert A'Beckett and his clever brother Arthur, Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks—what a delightful writer of prose as well as verse!—Tom Taylor, Pony Mayhew, Percival Leigh, Sir John Tenniel—one of the marvels of the age—John Leech, Charles Keene, George du Maurier, and many more.

We always thought that the honour of a seat at the *Punch* table would be soon awarded to Gilbert. He knew Mark Lemon and several of the staff intimately; he had often contributed to *Punch*, and his accession to the office only seemed a question of time. But, strange as it may appear—I think I am right here in my facts—the intense humour of the "Bab Ballads" did not appeal at all to Mark Lemon, the cheery, courtly, portly old Boniface, who, though not a very brilliant writer himself, had that best of all editorial gifts, the power of sampling talent, and telling in advance, the men who were likely to come to the front and be useful to the paper in which he was interested.

Of such a class of editors were Delane of *The Times*,



John Douglas Cook of the old *Morning Chronicle* and *Saturday Review*; and my old friend Mr. J. M. Levy of the *Daily Telegraph*, a man of really remarkable talent, self-made, but firm, and reliable as a rock, whose judgment was as sound as it was infallible.

But if Gilbert remained where he was on *Fun*, one of his companions was escorted with all the honours to Bouverie Street.

This was none other than Frank Burnand, for some years past the editor of *Punch*, in succession to Tom Taylor. It is as surprising to me that Tom Hood was as blind to the merits of that first inimitable "Mokeanna" by Burnand and was inclined to make light of it, as Mark Lemon was impervious to the joy of the "Bab Ballads." However, there it was, the tables were turned. Burnand went to *Punch*. His "Mokeanna," illustrated in a marvellously weird fashion by George du Maurier, made an enormous hit, to be followed by many more burlesque novels equally good, and the delightful "Happy Thoughts," which have never failed to cheer, delight, and amuse all of us.

The "band of brothers" that worked so cordially, with such spirit and such conspicuous loyalty on *Fun* when edited by Tom Hood, were men of very varied tastes and talent. I have already alluded to Jeff Prowse, who was a little genius in his way; his best contributions were the sporting notes of "Old Nicholas," a tipsy old sporting tipster on the turf, and an obvious caricature of the racing contributor of those days, notably in *Bell's Life in London*. Prowse also wrote admirable verse; and verse was a speciality in the *Fun* of those days—good verse, I mean, with no false or cockney rhymes, but plenty of them. On the subject of verse Tom Hood was a purist. When any one talked to

Tom Hood of rhymes by the eye and not by the ear, he used to say, "D——n your eye !"

A son of a poet, he was a most graceful poet himself, and it delighted us all when Thackeray accepted his verses for the early numbers of *Cornhill*, and his muse was found in various magazines side by side with the exquisite lyrics of Mortimer Collins, an English poet never sufficiently appreciated. We were always quoting—

"Summer is sweet, ah, summer is sweet,  
Minna mine, with the brown, brown eyes.  
Red are the roses under his feet,  
And clear the blue of his windless skies.  
Pleasant it is in a boat to glide  
On a river whose ripples to ocean haste,  
With indolent fingers fretting the tide  
And an indolent arm round a darling waist !"

Then, again, what a versemaker was Harry Leigh, the witty, whimsical author of "Carols of Cockayne," where his best poems, notably the immortal "Twins," will be found.

As a conversationalist at the club, and as a versemaker in the silence of his chambers, Harry Leigh had few equals. But speed in composition was not his forte. He gave to his work infinite labour and persistent pains. He polished and polished until the surface glittered. You could see your face in it. He wrote and altered, altered and wrote again, as Rudyard Kipling is reported to do. But whether it was verse or whether prose, the corrections were done on paper, never in the head. With some of us who write quickly, the verses seem to sing in the head before they are committed to paper : such verses are seldom altered. Other verses sing only when they are being polished on paper : the success of such verses consists in their alteration.

It was mainly on account of this polishing process that Harry Leigh failed as a journalist. He wanted too much time in which to do his work, and for a journalist time is impossible. So he drifted to the club, delighted his companions with his ready humour, and went on writing faultless verses until he died. With such verse-makers as Tom Hood, Jeff Prowse, Harry Leigh, Saville Clarke, and notably W. S. Gilbert—perhaps the most perfect artist of verse of all of them—who can wonder that *Fun* soon established a reputation for something suspiciously like literature?

The young writers who took as their models Suckling, Herrick, Waller—C. S. Calverley, Mortimer Collins and Locker, and whose Bible was the *Golden Treasury*—could not go very far wrong. And to-day when we praise, as we are bound to praise, such versemakers for the theatre as Adrian Ross, Harry Greenbank, Basil Hood, and many more who have redeemed stage verse from clumsiness, from false and cockney rhyme, wretched rhythm and most unmusical periods, when musicians are as pleased with their poets as they ever will be, for, as a rule, your musician detests the verse that “sings of itself,” and is sufficiently correct, do not let us forget that there was a time, and not so many years ago, when the nonsense verses on the stage were as execrable as those of the poet Bunn.

Who shall say what Thackeray as editor of the *Cornhill*, Edmund Yates as editor of *Temple Bar*, and Tom Hood as editor of *Fun*, under whose triple guidance sprang Locker, and Hood, and Mortimer Collins, and Calverley, and Ashby Sterry, and Leigh, and Prowse, and Gilbert, did for the restoration of lyrical grace and beauty to the unjustly despised burlesque musical and comic opera?

Amongst our companions on *Fun* were that jovial man of the world and sham cynic, with the kindest heart of any man who ever breathed, "Arthur Sketchley" (George Rose), whose "Mrs. Brown Papers" sold the number ; whilst, as occasional contributors, we had Tom Robertson, who had always something good to say ; excellent Tom Archer, who looked like a portly churchwarden, and beamed with good nature ; the brothers William and Jack Brough—the scientist—and others who have subsequently become famous.

As artist and cartoonist in chief was my beloved and long-lost friend Paul Gray, who, had he lived, would, I am certain, have been another F. W. Walker, for in painting and in black and white drawing he had the same kind of taste and delicate touch and poetic instinct. I should like to know who possesses to-day a picture by Paul Gray called "White Daisy." It is a gem. He came over when quite a boy from Ireland, where he left his widowed mother, and arrived in busy London, to work for her support, and to make, if God willed it, a name and fame.

I have known few more gifted youths in his art, few more beautiful souls in his nature. He worked with enthusiasm and hope, and was lucky enough to illustrate several important books, notably the later novels of Charles Kingsley. But we to whom was accorded the privilege of his friendship, and who regarded him as the dearest of brothers, saw death in his innocent face. He had inherited the fatal seeds of consumption, and we could see it advancing with stealthy cruel steps. His whole being was wrapped up in his work, he was alluded to everywhere as a remarkable genius ; but, just when his foot was on the lowest rung of the ladder of fame, death the inevitable pulled him back.



We did all we could to save him, but he was destined to die of consumption, as poor Jeff Prowse had done before him. George Rose took him to Brighton, and tended him as if he had been his own son, and for his good old mother's sake. But, to the regret of all—men, women and children alike—the devout little Catholic artist closed his eyes on this world. We followed him—his best, his dearest friends—to Kensal Green, and there Paul Gray rests in peace.

Of that small band of brothers I can count but two who are left after the struggle—W. S. Gilbert and myself.

From that date it was pretty plain sailing with burlesque and the advance of comic opera. In certain departments of the dramatic art it may be that the actor manager is a necessity. But credit can be given to no actor manager in the world for the general and generous reform of the lighter amusements of the people in which the drama goes hand in hand with music. The names of Charles Morton, John Hollingshead and George Edwardes will never be forgotten in this regard. None of them were actors, but they understood what acting was or ought to be; they were enthusiasts in the cause of good music, and they had a firm touch on the pulse of the public. Free trade was their watchword; a generous diet their regimen. And thus the despised and well-kicked burlesque has blossomed forth into a "Geisha" and a "Greek Slave," and, thanks to George Edwardes, with his clever insight, his managerial tact, and his brilliant leadership, we have in London to-day a form of comic opera led by an artist, Marie Tempest, of whose talent the Opera Comique of Paris would not be ashamed, and fortified by an artistic company of which Berlin, Dresden and Paris would be proud.

I have known in my time several actresses who seemed



to possess the gift of perpetual youth. I can mention at least four in one breath. Mrs. Keeley, who when she died was rapidly qualifying as a centenarian; Lady Bancroft, who could play Polly Eccles or Naomi Tighe to-morrow evening; Caroline Hill, as young as when she acted at the Haymarket Theatre with Sothern in the days of Lord Dundreary, and who, on meeting W. S. Gilbert a short time ago, was asked by him: "My dear, when *will* you be twenty?" and certainly Lydia Thompson, who made her first appearance as principal dancer in a ballet at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1852.

Who that ever saw this charming and versatile actress in the very early sixties in "Magic Toys" ("Les Pantins de Violette") can ever forget the impression made? But, long before that, she had qualified herself as an actress in comedy and drama as well as in burlesque, where her dancing was of such great value. She appeared in 1854 in the "King's Rival," written by Tom Taylor and Charles Reade, to open Mrs. Seymour's season at the St. James's. In this same play the popular Johnny Toole made his first appearance in London as Samuel Pepys.

Old Haymarket habitués will remember Lydia Thompson as Little Silver-hair in "Harlequin and the Three Bears," and in 1855 again at the Haymarket in "Little Bo-Peep, or Harlequin and the Girl who lost her Sheep." In 1859 she was at the St. James's in "Cupid's Ladder," by Leicester Buckingham, assuming various characters and disguises; and at the same theatre as Cygnetta in a burlesque by Sutherland Edwards and Charles Lamb Kenney, called "The Swan and Edgar." In 1861 we find her again in serious work, taking the character of Norah at the Lyceum, in Edmund Falconer's "talky-talky" play, "Woman, or Love against the World."

Lydia Thompson was frequently the pretty heroine of innumerable pantomimes—mostly Drury Lane; but it is sometimes forgotten that she was at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Tottenham Court Road in 1866, under the management of Marie Wilton (Lady Bancroft), and there acted in a burlesque by H. J. Byron, called “*Der Freischütz*, or the Bell, the Bill and the Ball,” for burlesque was still played at the little handbox theatre after Robertson’s “*Society*” and “*Ours*” had been produced. It was of this burlesque that Mrs. Bancroft wrote:—

“Lydia Thompson appeared in a new burlesque by Mr. Byron on the subject of ‘*Der Freischütz*,’ which was played on October 10, 1866, in conjunction with ‘*Ours*’; but it showed a distinct falling off in the writing, partly owing perhaps to his ‘losing heart,’ as he expressed it, through my refusal to act in it; but very much to divided interests caused by his Liverpool speculations. The burlesque was only moderately successful, although well acted, and Miss Lydia Thompson made a decided success.”

Miss Marie Wilton subsequently wrote to Byron: “You tell me ‘by refusing to play in burlesque’ I have done you an ‘irreparable wrong.’ I don’t acknowledge anything of the kind. All my acting in either ‘*Der Freischütz*’ or ‘*Pandora*’ would have done very little good for them, beyond save my substitute’s salary.”

This engagement ended in a lawsuit between Lydia Thompson and Marie Wilton, which finished in a trivial verdict. Mrs. Bancroft generously added, “In the case of Lydia Thompson and myself, the saying, ‘It is astonishing how much better I like a man after I have fought with him,’ was very true, for we have been the best of friends ever since.” Indeed, Lady Bancroft, with her



MISS COMPTON.

FANNY BROUGH.

MARION TERRY.

Photos by] LIONEL BROUGH.

W. S. PENLEY. [Alfred Ellis.



well known generosity, appeared at the now historical Lydia Thompson Benefit, and contributed materially to its success.

America admired Lydia Thompson and her winning art as much as we did at home. Did she not take over there her famous troupe of English Blondes, Pauline Markham and the rest of them, and make a tremendous stir and a great deal of money? and did she not return, to delight us all with "Blue Beard," in conjunction with Rachel Sanger and Lal Brough and Willie Edouin, whose Heathen Chinees can never be forgotten?

I and many others were astonished to hear the other day that Pauline Markham was alive and well and still acting in New York! Dear me, it makes one rub one's eyes, and takes an old playgoer back to 1868 and the new Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, now destroyed, when Byron's "Dearer than Life" had this most remarkable cast: J. L. Toole, Michael Garner; Charles Wyndham, the son Charlie; Henry Irving, Bob Gassitt; Mrs. Dyas, Mrs. Garner; Henrietta Hodson (Mrs. Labouchere), Lucy; John Clayton, Mr. Kedgeley; Lionel Brough, Uncle Ben! Not a bad cast, eh?

A few nights after, namely, on the 22nd of January, 1868, we all went to the Queen's again to see W. S. Gilbert's extravaganza "La Vivandière, or True to the Corps," suggested, of course, by the opera "La Figlia del Reggimento." In the cast were Lionel Brough, Toole, Henrietta Hodson, Fanny Addison, and Pauline Markham, one of the loveliest girls ever seen on the English stage. Soon after that she joined the celebrated burlesque troupe known as "Lydia's blondes," and proceeded with Lydia Thompson to New York, where they were first hissed and hooted, but subsequently became enormously popular.



The story of the capture of New York by Lydia's blondes is admirably told by Miss Pauline Markham in the *New York Dramatic Mirror*. One of the most interesting bits of it describes how Lydia Thompson and Pauline Markham thrashed one Story, the editor of the *Chicago Times*, in the year 1869.

“ Miss Thompson was equally, or even more, indignant at the treatment of the company by the press ; and when one paper, the *Chicago Times*, became particularly virulent, we decided upon the heroic measure of horse-whipping the editor, Story. We selected a Tuesday for the chastisement. I remember that it was cold, and I shivered in my fur wrap as we drove to his house in Wabash Avenue, about six o'clock in the evening. Lydia had a raw hide grasped firmly in her right hand, and our manager sat on the seat opposite. Finally the driver drew up in front of a large house, and shouted down to us, ‘ This is Mr. Story’s.’ My hand shook as I looked at my watch. It was then two or three minutes to six. We had ascertained that Story, who was regular in his habits, always reached his house at six o'clock. It was quite dark ; and in a moment a figure, which we could not see distinctly, came up the street. Our manager put his head out of the window, watched the figure as it approached, and then, as he drew in his head, exclaimed :

“ ‘ That’s Story !’

“ ‘ Now is our time !’ I exclaimed.

“ Lydia sprang lightly out of the carriage. I followed her with a sort of feverish haste. Story was abreast of the carriage by this time ; and in an instant Lydia had struck him a blow across the face. He staggered back with an expression of frightened surprise, and drew a

pistol. With a quick blow our manager knocked it from his hand, and then stood aside for us. Story caught me by the neck, and backed me up against a lamp post, almost choking me and causing me to lose a valuable pin. Meanwhile Lydia was laying on the rawhide. Then two or three persons ran out of the house, and we entered the carriage again and were driven rapidly away.

"It seemed a long time since we had first seen Story coming up the street, and yet when I glanced at my watch again it was only two minutes past the hour. But those two minutes meant much to us. We had avenged ourselves, and the house, moreover, was packed that night. It seemed to be the beginning of our good fortune. We were arrested, of course, and Judge Summerfield, who had a strong dislike for Story, found us guilty, and fined us two cents apiece. The case was afterward brought up before another judge, however, and he was not so lenient. Our fines this time amounted to \$2,200, which was cheap for the satisfaction we derived from the affair. We were applauded for our action too, because Story was unpopular in Chicago, and it became generally known that his attacks upon us were groundless."

## CHAPTER IX

### “ FIRST-NIGHT ROWS IN THEATRES ”

“ ORGANISED opposition ! ” Those are the fatal words !

You might just as well exhibit a scarlet mantilla to a baited Andalusian bull, as use them on the stage of any theatre with threatening gestures. In the first place no author, actor, or manager in the world can prove them to be true, for you cannot “ poll ” an audience or cross examine it. In the second place it is unwise to call in question that spirit of fair play on which English audiences pride themselves—and I think justifiably so.

There is an innate hatred of the “ claque ” system in this country, and the principle of “ give and take ” is on the whole far better. If there is an error, it is ever on the side of leniency ; but if, in anger or irritation, any one interested in the production of a play implies that a band of cowards has been deliberately organised to oppose it, let that rash spokesman look to himself.

History repeats itself ! What happened recently to Mr. Lowenfeld, the late manager of the Prince of Wales Theatre, happened with grievous consequences to such respected and clever authors as James Albery and Frank Marshall, who made this same unwise statement about “ organised opposition,” which they were unable to prove,

and even went so far as injudiciously to shake their fists in the faces of the pit and gallery alike.

Never shall I forget the night of the 28th of January, 1870, when "*Chilperic*" was produced at the Lyceum by the Brothers Mansell or Maitland, the sons of clever and genial Irish parents, the most hospitable and hearty representatives of the Emerald Isle; when Hervé, the French composer, came on astride a white horse; when poor Marius made his first appearance as a pretty singer and was beloved by the ladies; and when the charming Selina Dolaro—the very best Carmen I ever saw, so far as acting was concerned—and Emily Muir were so much admired.

The opera bouffe, a wild and extravagant one, was preceded by a comedy drama written by Frank Marshall, called "*Corrupt Practices*." Charles Coghlan was admirable in it, but the audience did not care for Miss Fitz Inman. But Frank Marshall did, very much indeed,—in fact he subsequently married her. When they guyed and howled at the play, Frank Marshall spitted, spluttered, scowled, shook his fists, and lost his temper. He was never forgiven for years; nor was Albery, who did almost exactly the same thing; nor indeed was poor Anson—the son of Ben Webster's guide, counsellor, adviser and treasurer at the old Adelphi—who chivalrously but foolishly championed the cause of Wilkie Collins.

It was at the Adelphi on the night of the 9th of June, 1883. The play was called "*Rank and Riches*," by Wilkie Collins. In it were Charles Sugden, Miss Lingard, Mrs. Billington, George Alexander, Myra Holme (who subsequently became Mrs. Arthur Wing Pinero, wife of the actor-dramatist), and G. W. Anson. The story was not to the taste of the audience. They

were in a fretful mood, and began to chaff as the play went on, just as another Adelphi audience had done years before when Fechter played in an interminable version of "Monte Cristo." It was on a Saturday night, and getting extremely late, when a wag in the pit, always supposed to be *Jemmy Albery*,—who eventually was hoist with his own petard,—got up and said, "Excuse me, *Mr. Webster*; shall you be very much longer? for I want something to drink and then go home to bed!"

On the *Wilkie Collins* night, *Anson* rushed to the front and addressed the malcontents, assuring them that the author had a great reputation, implying that those present were not aware of this important state of things; but that, if they were conscious of his fame, the fact of his literary distinction ought to save *Wilkie Collins* from the treatment that *Charles Lamb* received with *Mr. H.* But pits and galleries are no respecters of persons, distinguished or not, they do not care to be dictated to or thwarted by anybody. They are independent, outspoken or nothing, as we experienced on January 5, 1895, at the *St. James's* when *Henry James*, the clever writer of "*Guy Domville*," was soundly hissed, to the utter astonishment of the poor author himself, and his innumerable American and English friends. I know that an excited American lady rushed up to me and said, "You all ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Won't it give you a misery ever after to have to own up that you're an Englishman?" as if I were the culprit, or was personally responsible for the misdeeds of my countrymen. I am very much afraid that *Mr. Anson*, an excellent actor, was sorry he spoke.

I did not witness the *Lowenfeld* scene in February, 1899, at the *Prince of Wales's*, but it could scarcely have



been more exciting than the memorable one at the old Princess's Theatre which I did see on the night of the 4th of October, 1865.

It was the first night of Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend," in which the author closely followed his own drama "Gold," produced at Drury Lane in January, 1853. The house was crowded with all the celebrities of the time.

George Vining, an irascible man, who hated the press and independent criticism, and would, if he could, have handed me over to the common hangman when I was writing under the *nom de plume* of "Almaviva" for good James Mortimer, the first editor and proprietor of the *London Figaro*. Vining played Tom Robinson; Katherine Rodgers was Susan Merton; Louisa Moore,—sister to the delightful Nellie Moore, one of the sweetest little actresses ever seen,—was the boy Josephs; George Melville acted George Fielding; Gaston Murray—brother of Leigh Murray and the witty Ned—was William Fielding; F. Villiers was Meadows; Tom Mead, Isaac Love; Dominick Murray—dear me, what a fine actor he was! I had a cheery note from him in America the other day—was Peter Crawley; J. G. Shore,—another sound actor, and the best Horatio I ever remember,—was cast for the Rev. Mr. Eden, the prison Chaplain; Charles Seyton was Hawes, the brutal prison Governor; and S. Calhaem was the inimitable Jacky.

All went well until the second act of the prison scene, when poor little Josephs was tied up to be thrashed for some minor offence at the command of the Governor, and to the righteous indignation of the tender-hearted Chaplain. Well, the discipline was so rigorously and so vigorously administered, and the shrieks of the

wretched little Laura Moore as the boy Josephs were so piercing, so heartrending, and so natural, that an absolute thrill of horror went through the house.

No doubt Charles Reade had primed himself with Blue Books as usual ; all that happened on the stage was doubtless true ; the author had authority for everything he wrote in his play ; but the stage insists that realism shall have a stopping point. Art does not countenance such horror as this.

At any rate, on the impulse of the moment Frederic Guest Tomlins, the veteran critic of the *Morning Advertiser*, a handsome old fellow, with a charming smile and snowy white hair, a great Shakespearean scholar, the clerk of a City Company, and the author of a luckless play called "Garcia," in the days of Samuel Phelps at Sadler's Wells, leaped to his feet in the stalls, and protested against the disgusting realism, which had nothing whatever to do with art. There was a sensation ! Tom Robinson, the convict, came to the footlights, and addressed the recalcitrant Tomlins in the character of George Vining, the manager.

Excitedly he defended Charles Reade, talked about Blue Books, and made every possible excuse ; but, as a last shot at old Tomlins, Vining was foolish enough to say that a dramatic critic was the last person to make any complaint about anybody or anything, as he had come in with an order !

This fairly drove the old gentleman crazy. Here was the power of criticism upset by an actor, full mouthed on his own stage ! "Apologise, Sir !" he shouted. The other critics rose and echoed the cry, "Apologise !" They delighted in the vigorous energy of their spokesman ; and old John Oxenford in his

private box (always given to the doyen of the critics), winked over his gold spectacles and grinned approval. It was a rare fight between the press and an arrogant, insolent, actor manager !

The delighted house, thoroughly enjoying the thrilling situation, took up the cry again of "Apologise !" which rang out from all parts of the house. And the actor manager, who had insulted the press as well as the audience, thought that discretion was the better part of valour ; so apologise he did, and Tomlins sat down once more. The storm subsided, and the play went on until midnight. It started at seven, so it was a long and exciting evening.

One of the greatest of the O. P. scenes, only this time it was not the "old prices," but the "old pit," occurred on Saturday night, the 31st of January, 1880, when the Haymarket Theatre, restored and rebuilt by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, was opened with Bulwer Lytton's "Money," the proceeds of the first performance being generously handed over to the widow of the late J. B. Buckstone, the versatile "Bucky."

I have been compelled to swallow many a bad pint of fog in my lifetime ; but I think this particular "London mixture" was about the thickest, strongest, and nastiest I had ever tasted. How the people crawled their way through it to the theatre I do not know. Possibly the fog may in a measure have accounted for the gloom within, and for the sullen resentment which at one time nearly assumed the proportions of a riot. But it was clear that the pittites intended to have their say, as I myself had again and again egged them on ; for, although they never owned it, I was their champion from the time I wrote "A Plea for the Pit" down to this hour, when I applaud freedom of opinion in every

theatre, and anxiously desire to put down with a firm and strong hand dictatorial managerial utterances from the stage, and to advocate the right of the pit or gallery to hiss as much as to applaud. The attitude of some modern managers to their audiences is distinctly opposed to that of their predecessors, who would not have stood before them defiantly with folded arms or argued with them almost insolently, but, hat in hand, they would merely have bowed and accepted the verdict of their patrons. They were the servants of the public then—not their masters!

But let Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft describe the scene for themselves and in their own words. Let us listen to Sir Squire Bancroft first.

‘To take the events of that opening night in proper sequence, I must begin with the pit question, and the riot that occurred when the curtain rose. Anonymous reports had reached me that there would most likely be a disturbance. I was sanguine enough, however, to hope that the following advertisement issued beforehand, and the nature of the accommodation offered in place of the old pit, would have prevented anything of the kind. Those hopes were vain.

“‘As some disappointment may be felt at the abolition of the pit, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft deem it necessary to explain the alteration. With the present expenses of a first-class theatre, it is impossible to give up the floor of the house—its most remunerative portion—to low-priced seats; and the management, being unwilling to place any part of the audience in close and confined space under the balcony, the only alternative was to allot to the frequenters of the pit the tier usually devoted to the upper boxes, and now called

the second circle. In carrying out the structural alterations of the theatre, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft have, they hope, specially attended to the comfort of visitors to these seats by raising the ceiling, building a new stone staircase, a refreshment room, and by removing all obstacles to a clear view of the stage.'

"Naturally enough I think it may be expected that I should here express some views on this then important subject, and tell what led me to the bold measure of daring to abolish the pit, more especially from the Haymarket Theatre, which had been long known to boast, and truly enough, the possession of the best and most comfortable pit ever to be found in a playhouse, from the reason that it did not go under the dress circle.

"To begin, it is perhaps necessary to remind young playgoers that the pit in the old days occupied the entire floor of the theatre extending to the orchestra; and as the charge for admission in the leading houses was three shillings and sixpence, the pit quite earned its title of being 'the backbone of the theatre.' The dress circle and private boxes were the resort of the better classes, the wealthy, or the fastidious. The modern stall was then unknown. Gradually this luxury was introduced. Row by row, very insidiously, the cushioned chairs encroached upon the narrow benches, which year after year were removed further and further from the stage, until at last, in many theatres, all that was left of the old-fashioned pit was a dark, low-ceilinged place, hidden away under the dress circle, which, by contrast with its former proud state, seemed but a kind of cellar or reminder of the black-hole of Calcutta.

"That thousands of earnest playgoers would far rather



sit there in heat and discomfort than go up aloft to better accommodation I don't doubt for a moment, nor do I for another moment deny that I should very likely find myself of the party under their circumstances ; but that seems to me outside the question. Matters had entirely changed. The pit had long lost, in most West-End theatres, the possibility of being the support it used to prove, owing to the managers of them having, row by row, robbed it of its power, and made the stalls instead their 'backbone.' This grew to be eminently the case with our management, which could not have endured without high-priced admission.

"I don't think anything I might add to these remarks would advance the argument, so I will return to the hooting and howling which greeted the raising of the curtain, mingled with noisy cries of 'Where's the pit ?' At the great disadvantage of being dressed for Sir Frederick Blount, in which I wore a flaxen foppish wig and pink complexion, I walked upon the stage and faced the anger of the few who made the noise, which quite drowned the friendly greeting of the many. Utterly unprepared what to say, for I had disregarded the anonymous warnings, I believe I owed something to the manner in which I spoke the few broken sentences I was allowed through the tumult to utter, and to never showing during that *mauvais quatre d'heure* (to be exact, more than twenty minutes) the least sign of temper.

"What I said was not of much moment, and very likely my attempts to speak were neither soothing nor judicious ; but I am not of a 'knuckling - under' disposition, and, at least, I thought myself justified in claiming the respect of the audience. Unfortunately, the diversion tended largely to disconcert the actors,

and to add greatly to the nervousness due to the position of all concerned.

"Most things have their comic side, and so even had this little riot. Our relations with Mr. J. S. Clarke throughout the transfer of the lease, with all the business it involved, had been always pleasant, and we begged him to allow us to place a private box at his disposal. He had arranged, with other members of his family, to meet his son outside the theatre, but was late in arrival, through the fog.

"When his son reached the theatre he ran to the box, and saw, through the little window in the door of it, that it was still unoccupied; and also that I was standing on the stage and facing the audience. He went back to the portico, hoping every instant for his father's arrival. For several minutes there was no sign of him. After a while, fearing he might have missed him through the fog, there being several doors adjoining, young Clarke again went to the box, to find it still empty, and to still see me, through the glass window, standing in front of the footlights as before. Such part of the audience as he could observe were applauding violently.

"In this way, for a long while, he was occupied; going to and from the back of the private box and the front of the theatre, always to find the former still untenanted, and always to see me still in the same position. At last he ran against his people emerging from a cab, when, half an hour behind their time, they reached the theatre. Seizing his father's arm, he said, 'Come along, come along, or you'll miss the end of the most wonderful ovation! Bancroft, to my certain knowledge, has been bowing to the audience for the last twenty minutes. *No actor in this world ever*

*had so magnificent a reception !*’ When they entered their box they could *hear* as well as *see* my greeting.”

Lady Bancroft had a word to say on the subject.

“ From a tiny square hole in my dressing-room I could see all that went on behind the scenes, and could hear everything that was said on the stage ; while Mr. Bancroft was going through that terrible ordeal, my profile might have been seen at the aforesaid square aperture very much resembling a postage stamp. The tumult became so awful that at last I rushed down stairs and walked about wringing my hands, and wondering how it would all end. If the malcontents could but have seen me, I am sure they would have ceased. I at length resolved that if the uproar lasted another three minutes I would myself address the audience, and ask them to listen to me for the sake of ‘ Auld Lang Syne,’ and to say that after so long a service I ought to be permitted to dictate to them, so to speak, and by gentle reasoning bring about a reconciliation between us.

“ But the noise and hooting ended, and my speech was unnecessary. My next dread was that I, too, should be received with groans and hisses, and I was cold with fear ; but my reception when I made my appearance was so great, the welcome so hearty and prolonged, that, combined with all the nervous excitement, it gave me courage, and I acted better than I had done for some time.

“ The night was one of the most awful I can remember. A short time before the doors were opened I went round the beautiful theatre, and could scarcely see the decorations through the black veil ; the elements, indeed, were far from propitious, and, of course, this calamity, for I can call it nothing else, sadly helped to fan the flame of

discontent and temper among the pittites, and our positions for a time were not to be envied.

"During the evening I had received many beautiful bouquets, which it was impossible to take home, as no carriage could fetch us, and no cab would take a fare; in fact, it was safer to walk, so I left my flowers in charge of my dresser; and our servant, who had come from the house to help us home, walked ahead of us with a white bouquet in his hand, to serve as a kind of beacon.

"There were many curious incidents connected with that eventful night. A party of four started from Putney in clear weather, but suddenly found themselves enveloped in the black fog on nearing town; they managed to reach the theatre, but when the performance was over were persuaded to make their way for the night to a friend's house in Bayswater, where the carriage and horse might be accommodated in the mews. After a tedious journey of some hours they arrived at the house, but found the mews more than full of other befogged victims. At their wits' end, they were at length forced to this expedient. The carriage was left outside in the road, and the horse (a valuable animal just recovered from a long sickness) and man passed the night in the hall of the house!

"A curious incident also happened to our dear friend, Dr. George Bird, who, after leaving the theatre, of course followed his maxim to 'always walk home from the play,' a task, however, by no means easy on this occasion. Living in Welbeck Street, he eventually crossed Oxford Street safely, and then felt convinced that he was somewhere parallel with his own house; but whether he was struggling along in Harley Street, Wimpole Street, or Welbeck Street, he felt utterly unable to determine.

At length the brilliant idea occurred to him that, in this land of doctors, if he groped his way to some door which carried a brass plate, the name on it would be sure, by the aid of a match, to tell him whereabouts he really was. He at once carried out his plan, and in the first doorway he entered, found a brass plate. He then lighted a match, *and read his own name!*"

The narrative is resumed by Squire Bancroft.

"I was inundated with communications from both sides of this vexed pit question, many of the letters being from occupants of the upper circles on the first night, and nearly all full of expressions of sympathy, whether the writers of them agreed with me or not. I will dismiss the subject with one important letter which came later on, through the distance it had to travel. The writer's long connection with the Haymarket Theatre alone would give it weight.

" 'SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,

" 'March 25th, 1880.

" 'DEAR BANCROFT,—I'm a poor hand at letter-writing ; I've such hundreds to answer that I hurry-scurry through them as best I can ; but I *must* send you a scrawl to congratulate you on the admirable way in which you quelled the disgraceful disturbance on your first night at the Haymarket. Leaving your snug little theatre, where you had done so much—so very much—to improve our art, and where you were so brilliantly successful, seemed to me a most dangerous move ; but I admire your pluck in taking the Haymarket, and in doing precisely what I advised Buckstone and the trustees to do ten or twelve years ago, *i.e.*, to abolish the pit. There was no other way of making the theatre pay, with the risk and heavy expenses of first-



class management and first-class artists. I most sincerely hope and believe that your daring experiment will be crowned with the success that you and Mrs. Bancroft so richly deserve.

“ ‘ Sincerely yours,

“ ‘ E. A. SOTHERN.’ ”

I can well recall this historical passage of arms between a popular London manager and a pit promoted to the upper circles. Poor Squire Bancroft was for twenty minutes in a very “ tight corner,” but he “ faced the music ” with remarkable pluck and confidence. He was naturally nervous and apprehensive, but he did not quail or flinch, and he has stuck to the same opinion ever since.

So ended this memorable scene. I had some work to do on that dreadful Saturday night, and how to get from the Haymarket to Fleet Street through that pea-soup laden Strand was a puzzle. I volunteered to pioneer my brother dramatic critics to their destinations. I led the way, groping by the houses, railings and shops, and the rest followed hanging on to one another’s coat tails. But we arrived at our workshops somehow, and, what is more, got safely home to bed afterwards.

Another pit scene was at the Lyceum, but it was not nearly so serious. Henry Irving, thinking to please his patrons, the pittites, and save them inconvenience, had decreed that the pit seats should be numbered, like other seats in the theatre, and secured in orderly fashion. But an English pit is nothing if not conservative. Like the proverbial Irishman’s horse, “ it likes to be oppressed.” It would sooner sit in the streets all night or from daybreak, than secure a pit seat beforehand. With a numbered pit, where would be

the tales of "derring do"? Where would be the camp stools and Bram Stoker's hot coffee and congratulations, and Ellen Terry's afternoon call on her patrons? No, no! there must be a Lyceum pit, at any rate. I fear also that I was mischievously at the bottom of this disturbance, but it did not last long. The pit uttered its protest, refused the manager's offer, sang, "Take back the gift you gave me;" and the diplomatic actor manager promptly unnumbered the seats, restored the time-honoured arena of criticism, and all was once more merry as a marriage bell.

The pit and Wilson Barrett once came to loggerheads at the Princess's Theatre.

Over and over again it has been proved that the pit, as an English institution, is sensitive in the matter of any curtailment of its privileges, and keen to resent the faintest attempt to dispute its power or to jeopardise its comfort. There is no more conservative institution in this Kingdom than the English pit. I number amongst my best friends three at least of the most staunch pittites I have ever known. They are Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hentschel and Mr. Addison Bright, all devoted playgoers and admirable critics. Few men living have tried to support the pit and the gallery and their independence more than I have.

One of the first special articles I ever wrote on this subject was in the *Era Almanack* of 1875, called "A Plea for the Pit." As I have already shown, I was a pittite myself in my salad days of playgoing, a pittite at Sadler's Wells, at the Strand, at the Olympic and Princess's Theatres, and I have never enjoyed a play more than in that sacred enclosure.

No talking, no squabbling, no sneering in the pit. Men and women go there to sample a play without fear,

favour or bias, and they do it. And yet no playgoer and critic has been so mercilessly handled by the pit as I have been when I desired to be as outspoken as my old friends were.

I have been hissed, hooted at, howled down, abused by name even when I was in the presence of ladies, because I dared to say what I thought was right and had the courage to go against popular opinion on the subject of some young actor or actress of whose methods I could not approve. I have been followed along the street with a roaring mob at my heels, threatening me with personal violence because I did what I conscientiously thought right ; and they as conscientiously thought wrong.

For many a long year one of the most loyal and straightforward editors under whom I ever served, and certainly one of the fairest and most independent of men, suffered nightly torture and degradation for words that I had uttered, and opinions which I myself had expressed. I allude to James Mortimer, editor and proprietor of the *London Figaro*, to which I first contributed a theatrical article signed "Almaviva." I said something there that offended the pit. James Mortimer was made the victim. The very sight of him in a theatre caused such a scream of execration as was never heard before. To me this was intolerable. I had to sit in a theatre night after night, and hear my friend cursed for my supposed misdeeds. I implored him to allow me to give myself up and take the blame on my shoulders. But he refused. "No," he said, "I am the editor of this paper. I passed your work, and am responsible for it. I must bear the blame." Noble fellow !

But these breezes are soon allayed. A storm is suc-

ceeded by a calm, and the pit seems to me to be of the opinion of old General Damas, that they never like a man so well as when they have fought with him. The pit and I have been for years past very good and true and staunch friends.

Wilson Barrett, one of the most popular of living actors and men, once had a breeze with the pit. It was at the Princess's Theatre, on the 18th of February, 1886, when "The Lord Harry" was produced, a play written by Henry Arthur Jones.

I thus described the scene at the time :—

" 'All's well that ends well,' and ultimately all went very well with 'The Lord Harry' last night. But it was an exciting evening. Speeches from the manager and counterblasts from the pit, groanings and girding from the gallery, astonished the anxious faces in the stalls, and the final triumph of a diplomatic manager made the first night of "The Lord Harry" one to be remembered by those who preserve faithfully the record of eventful evenings at the play. Mr. Wilson Barrett never acted better in his life than when last night he quelled a threatened disturbance with delightful tact and charming courtesy. Natural in manner, earnest in argument, polished in diction, he stood boldly forth to face a discontented minority with a spontaneity which was as good a thing of the kind as the speech-making manager had ever done.

"It would appear—though there were very few external signs of it—that the pit had a special grievance against the manager who has so often stood their friend. A few extra rows of stalls had been added to accommodate the public, which circumstance was resented as an implied insult to the pit. When Mr. Barrett made his first

entrance as the Lord Harry Bondish the enthusiastic shouts of encouragement were mingled with cries of 'Where is the pit?' Mr. Wilson Barrett looked vexed, but said nothing. He had evidently been well posted as to the cantankerous spirit of part of the audience by able and trusty lieutenants. Punctually, no doubt, it was conveyed to him that there was an angry feeling in the house, that the pit considered not only that their privileges had been curtailed, but that the house was packed. The first act of the new romantic play by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. Wilson Barrett unquestionably suffered from the fact that the manager-actor-author was worried.

"An author is proverbially anxious as to the fate of his work; an actor who has the text of an immensely long character to deliver should be free from every kind of annoyance; a manager who has an immense responsibility on his shoulders requires a cool head in such an emergency as this. To the eyes and ears of the least observant in the audience Mr. Barrett was obviously distracted with worry, through the stirring and difficult first act of the new romantic play. Provided with an interminable flow of words, he hurried his speeches so much that at times he became inaudible, his swiftness of delivery became distressing to those who listened; we heard the sound but could not gather the sense; on and on went the words and the speeches, making little or no effect, as if they were poured out of a voice machine. It was *vox et præterea nihil*.

"All guessed that something was amiss; the actor was not himself, and directly the curtain had fallen on the first act Mr. Wilson Barrett rushed to the front, demanded, nay commanded silence, and liberated his soul. His speech was so manly and so thoroughly to the



point that the dissentients were easily silenced. He stood emphatically on his rights to order his theatre as he thought fit. Expensive plays must be assisted by expensive prices. No manager who understands commerce can turn away the countless half-sovereigns that are offered for first-night seats. As to the packing of the house, that was indignantly denied by the manager, who stood at bay before his assailants, and threatened to give any one in charge who had come into the theatre without paying.

“The resolute attitude of the manager not only quelled the disturbance, but saved the new play.

“Once allow that menacing spirit of disorder to break loose, and it would have been all up with ‘The Lord Harry.’ The manager regained the absolute confidence of his patrons; and the consequence was that the play was far more indulgently treated than it ever could have been under any other circumstances. Once establish sympathy with a manager, and if he cannot save his own bacon the house will do it for him. Mr. Wilson Barrett behaved pluckily and with determination, and consequently ‘The Lord Harry’ was allowed to pass without protest.”

It is a very rare occurrence for a play to be acted for “one night only.” This was however the unhappy fate of the maiden effort years ago of an able young man, always an enthusiast in the cause of the drama, a very brilliant amateur actor, and who has since proved himself to be an expert and clever dramatist.

His first dramatic child was, alas! stillborn, or got strangled at its birth; and it gave rise to one of the most remarkable scenes I have ever witnessed. Again it occurred on a Saturday night.

The play was called "*Écarté*," and it was written, I think, in the interests of the star—Miss "*Nita Nicotina*"—who began life in a tobacconist's shop in the Strand, and was the idol of the smart young clerks at Somerset House, many of whom were my intimate friends, and most of us had been schoolfellows together at Marlborough, where our attachments were most sincere. So they took me behind the scenes of the tobacconist's shop to flirt with the beautiful girl long before she dreamed of going on the stage, in order to gain notoriety as an actress.

A Mr. Fairclough, an Australian tragedian, who afterwards played *Hamlet*, was engaged to support the fair and ambitious star. In the course of the play, which might in other circumstances have been a very good one, there was a picnic scene; and the enthusiast, anxious to be liberal as well as artistic and realistic at the same time, provided a sumptuous repast from Fortnum and Mason in Piccadilly. So good were the Périgord pies, the truffles, the seductive chickens, and the etceteras—particularly the champagne, "which flowed like water" as the reporters say, that the action of the comedy was considerably delayed, and tried the patience of the Saturday night audience, which has always one eye on the stage and the other on the clock, since to go home unrefreshed must ever be a serious personal inconvenience.

At any rate there have been more first-night "rows" on Saturday than on any other night of the week. It seemed as if that stage picnic in "*Écarté*" would never end. The laughter, the jokes, the repartees of the picnic party were no doubt very amusing to the artists, but they were irritatingly inaudible to the audience. Besides, was it not adding insult to injury when

the poor occupants of the pit and gallery seats saw their chances of a stirrup cup on a Saturday night disappearing altogether, whilst those on the stage were tasting the dainties they could not touch, and drinking the Pommery that would never delight their parched throats?

Unfortunately, unlimited champagne does not agree with the sober art of acting. It is apt to obfuscate the intelligence, and make the actor or actress, as the phrase used to be, "thick in the clear." That fate befell poor "Nita Nicotina," a remarkably handsome woman, but I fear an indifferent actress. She forgot her words, and in endeavouring to recover them, gave a ghastly and silly grin. This tickled the "gods" immensely, who in those days used to chaff much more than they do at present. They didn't wait until the end of the play to applaud or "boo" as they do now, but accompanied the dialogue with a running fire of chaff. Once that spirit had set in seriously, the play was usually doomed. Nothing could stand against it. No human effort could pull the play out of the fire of failure.

The dimmed star got worse and worse. She managed to save herself through a scene or two, and at last appeared hopelessly dazed and demoralised, in boots of different colour, one green, one red! Whereupon there was a wild yell of derisive laughter, which evidently annoyed the fair actress, who came forward to the footlights and said, in a well wadded voice, "Now, you stupid fools, when you have done laughing and making idiots of yourselves, I will go on with this (hiccup) beastly play." This of course was a somewhat serious affront to the poor author.

From that moment the game of "Écarté" was played out. She had trumped her partner's best card, and the

sad author did not win on this particular speculation. *Actum est de Écarté*, as we used to say at school. I wrote an account of the play and the scene for the *Observer* that was to appear on Sunday morning, but that settled it. "Écarté" was never acted again, and on the Monday the theatre was closed.

Years before that there had occurred a silent and impressive scene of destruction at Her Majesty's Theatre. This was a case where a play was acted for one night only. No, I am wrong, it was not even acted for one night! The real play was never finished, and never will be finished until the crack of doom. Many of us saw the beginning of "Oonagh"; a few of us witnessed its collapse; but how it ought to have ended no human being save the luckless author ever knew. Edmund Falconer, a most excellent Irish comedian, as he proved by his admirable performance as Danny Man in Boucicault's "Colleen Bawn" at the Adelphi, and as Barney O'Toole in his own "Peep o' Day," at the Lyceum, was the most long-winded author that the stage has ever known. His verbiage was excessive and monotonous.

Edmund Falconer was about the unluckiest speculator of his time. All his enterprises failed him. Accordingly on the 19th of November, 1866, he took Her Majesty's Theatre—the worst possible place in the world—in order to produce there another Irish play called "Oonagh," or "The Lovers of Lisnamona," founded on two novels, Maria Edgeworth's celebrated story, and Carlton's "Fardouroughra the Miser." Falconer, who was devoted to weird characters, played the Miser, and Fanny Addison, the sister of Carlotta, both daughters of a very excellent old actor, was "Oonagh," the heroine.

On this occasion there was no actual disturbance, no

one shouted or screamed, but I expect very many enjoyed a peaceful slumber. On! on! on! went this interminable story! Eleven struck! Twelve struck! One A.M. struck! On went the relentless "Oonagh." The audience adopted the American system. It made no sign, no protest, but gradually, one by one, the most devoted subsided. "They folded their tents like the Arabs, and silently stole away." It must have been close on two o'clock in the morning when only a chosen band of critics and Bohemians were left.

Amongst them, as far as I can remember, were dear old Palgrave Simpson, Herman Merivale, Jack Clayton, Lewis Wingfield,—a distinguished amateur and the friend of everybody in all the arts, a man of extraordinary versatility, who acted, wrote very good and entertaining criticisms in the *Globe*, signed "Whyte Tighe," novels, and essays, painted huge pictures which never could be exhibited anywhere, and acted as war correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph* at the siege of Paris; Joe Knight—or "good night" as he is ever called, because he never goes to bed until cockcrow, and your humble servant.

But no empty house, or chiming of morning clocks or early cock crows, disturbed the verbosity of the actors, who were heard delivering prosy platitudes, "all in a row," at uncanonical theatrical hours on Sunday morning. At last the stage carpenters took the law into their own hands: it was a terrible position; they thought of their anxious wives and families at home. There was only one way of stopping this tornado of talk, and the scene hands adopted it! They pulled the carpet deliberately from under the feet of the author and his companions, and down they all went prone on the floor. Then the



curtain was rung down. "Oonagh" was played no more! And I suppose it is about the only drama on record that was never finished.

There was something like a disturbance on the opening night of the Vaudeville under the management of three young energetic friends. I have an old card before me, which reads thus :

"Messrs. H. J. Montague, D. James, and T. Thorne  
request the honour of  
Mr. Clement Scott's company  
at dinner at the St. James's Hall on Sunday next,  
the 10th April, at 7 o'clock sharp.  
April 4th, 1870, Vaudeville Theatre, Strand.  
An immediate reply will oblige."

So you see we had "chicken and champagne" and good speeches and firm fellowship also, when we wished success to the dauntless three, mere boys of managers.

The theatre was opened on the 16th of April, 1870 ; the opening plays were Andrew Halliday's "For Love or Money," and in the cast were George Honey, the quaintest of comedians, Amy Fawsitt, a delightful actress, Louise Claire, G. W. Garthorne—Kendal's brother—Ada Cavendish, H. J. Montague, and Henry Irving, in the character of Alfred Skimmington. The three young managers gave their friend Henry Irving his first serious start in theatrical life ; for here at the Vaudeville he created Digby Grant in Albery's "Two Roses," and was selected by old Colonel Bateman soon after for his speculation at the Lyceum, where Henry Irving has remained ever since, first as subordinate, then as chief, finally as guest !

The play was not a conspicuous success. It was followed by a new burlesque, "Don Carlos, or the Infante in Arms," written by one Conway Edwardes. Tom Thorne, George Honey, Jenny Beauclerc, Henry

Elton, Kathleen Irwin, and Louise Claire, all clever actors and pretty girls, were in the cast ; and last, but assuredly not least, the delightful Nellie Power, who graduated at the music halls, had a lovely voice, and, what is as good or far better, sang like a genuine artist with true heartfelt expression. An address written by Shirley Brooks, the father of young and handsome Shirley, the reckless Bohemian and good fellow of later days, was spoken by Harry Montague and completed the evening's entertainment. A farce by F. Hay, called "Cupboard Love," was to have been played ; but it was so late that it had to be postponed until the following Monday.

The theatre built on the site of what was once the Bentinck Club and the office of the *Glow-worm*, a serious evening paper comically edited by a couple of wags, Frank Burnand and Arthur A'Beckett, still together on *Punch*, had been built by C. J. Phipps, the celebrated theatrical architect, in four months. The walls were scarcely dry, the paint was certainly not. Before the curtain rose there was an uproar. Yells were raised for all three managers. Indignation and hubbub prevailed. At last it turned out that innumerable coats and dresses of the pittites had been ruined by the wet paint. Genial Harry Montague, who luckily appeared on the scene, was quite equal to the occasion. With one of his charming smiles, he promised, on the spot, new coats and beautiful dresses to all who had suffered, if they would kindly send round their names on the morrow. He had a considerable bill to pay, it is needless to say. However, Harry Montague was loudly cheered, and calm prevailed again.

The last recorded row at a London theatre occurred at the Prince of Wales Theatre in Coventry Street,

built originally by Edgar Bruce, the actor, who was once manager of the old Prince of Wales Theatre in the Tottenham Court Road, the home of the Bancrofts, where he produced Frank Burnand's brilliantly successful play, "The Colonel." The new Prince of Wales Theatre, originally christened the Prince's Theatre, was opened on the 18th of January, 1884, with Gilbert's "Palace of Truth" and Sydney Grundy's "In Honour Bound." Edgar Bruce, Beerbohm Tree, Kyrle Bellew, Alice Lingard, Sophie Eyre, Helen Matthews, and Zeffie Tilbury (her first appearance), all appeared on that memorable occasion.

The disturbance to which I have alluded happened on Saturday, the 11th of February, 1899, when, under the management of Henry Lowenfeld, an opera called "The Coquette" was produced. Directly the final curtain had fallen there was a row indeed! It was thus described in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*:

After a brief pause, during which the "Ayes" and "Noes" of clamouring gods struggled for mastery, the footlights were lowered. The cheering and shouting continued, mingled with cries of "Lowenfeld!" the gallery being apparently anxious to have a sight of the lessee before they left the building. Several of the occupants of the stalls had departed previous to the fall of the curtain; but the pit and the circles appeared to be tolerably full, although, as everybody was standing up, there was, naturally, some difficulty in estimating how many had retired. The fact that the curtain fell so early as eleven o'clock may have accounted, in some degree, for the leisurely demeanour of the audience. Presently there was a "wobbling" of the green baize. Mr. Dam and his associates stepped forth and made

their respectful bow to a house, half-applauding and half-hooting. Once again the footlights were switched off, and people on the floor were slowly moving out, when suddenly the curtain was pulled back on the prompt side, and Mr. Lowenfeld made his appearance.

A mingled chorus of cheers and "boos" greeted his arrival. Standing in the centre of the stage, and giving an imperious wave of the hand in order to obtain silence, a proceeding which seemed to impress the Olympians, order was momentarily restored, and then the following extraordinary scene ensued.

Manager: Will those gentlemen in the gallery who are booing kindly tell me what they have got to "boo" about? (Cries of "Oh!" and groans, with some cheers.)

Here were conflicting cries from above.

Manager (defiantly): Now then, out with it! As man to man, who was it sent you here? (Loud groaning and hooting, mixed with derisive laughter.) A Voice from the Gallery: Don't mind 'em, Sir. It's only a lot of roughs. (Disorder and tumult in the upper regions, several members of the disputing parties being engaged in fierce altercations.)

Meanwhile the manager, standing his ground, and pale with indignation, repeated his inquiry. Some hissing was then heard, followed by cries of "Order!" presumably that Mr. Lowenfeld might be further listened to. The pit, the dress-circle, and the upper boxes, so far as could be gathered, took no part in the commotion, and the lessee addressed himself exclusively to the gods. The noise dying down the arguments commenced anew.

Manager: I ask you again, as man to man, who was it sent you here? (More "booing.")

A Voice : What oh ! (Laughter, disorder, and cries of "Turn them out !")

Another Voice : Nobody sent us.

A third Voice : Who do you think sent us ? (Uproar.)

No comprehensible answer being forthcoming to his question, Mr. Lowenfeld remarked : "Ladies and gentlemen—I ask you to very kindly draw your own conclusions." The footlights were again lowered, and the manager retired, many persons leaving also, under the impression that the unpleasant scene had come to an end. This proved to be a mistake, for as the noise continued in the shilling seats the lessee once more appeared, and the colloquy recommenced.

Manager (to the gallery) : Now, don't be silly. What don't you like in the play ? (Confusion.) It shows what a lot of silly fools you are up there ! (Loud hooting, and some cheers.)

A Man in the Stalls : Why, the man must be mad ; I never heard of such a thing.

Manager (continuing) : Confess yourselves. (Uproar.) I am ready to talk to any of you. ("Oh, oh," and more noise.)

A Man in the Stalls : Do go in and be quiet.

Manager (addressing the gallery, very excitedly) : I think I have produced a damned good play. (Great groaning and booing, which continued for some time, with cheers and shouts and derisive laughter.)

When the noise had somewhat subsided a voice in the gallery cried : We have paid our money to come in. (Renewed noise.)

Manager : Will you kindly clear the theatre ? (Uproar.) Let us toss up for it. ("Oh, oh," and more noise.) Have you had your money's worth ? (Cries of



“Yes,” and “No,” and opposing cries.) Come along. You won’t frighten me, you know! (Uproar.)

A Man in the Stalls: You don’t know what an exhibition you are making of yourself.

Manager (to the gallery): Don’t you ever come into this theatre again. (Hisses and laughter.)

It was to be hoped at this juncture that the unseemly wrangle would have come to a termination, but the gallery appeared to be deriving enjoyment from the proceedings.

Mr. Carl Hentschel, an officer of the Playgoers’ Club, who was standing at the entrance to the stalls, asked if there was a *claque* in the gallery, to which Mr. Lowenfeld emphatically replied that there was no *claque* of his. Somebody else might have sent them, but not he. Mr. Hentschel repeated the question in a different form—whether there was any *claque* in the gallery or the pit; and Mr. Lowenfeld indignantly repudiated the idea that he had formed any *claque*. The Olympians had now got into “full cry,” and it was impossible, even with the friendly aid of Isaac Pitman’s obliging system, to make a note of all the shoutings and cries, some of which were only half heard upon the floor of the theatre. Several of the “gods” were understood to be asserting their right to express disapproval of the performance.

Mr. Hentschel (from the stalls to Mr. Lowenfeld): They have paid their money, and if they don’t like the play they have a right to say so. (Cheers.) You have no right to bully them. (Cheers and more shouting.)

Manager: If they were *bôna-fide* people—if they were *bôna-fide* people——(Uproar.)

Mr. Hentschel: They are *bôna-fide* people. I know the playgoers in the gallery, and——

A Voice : They are a set of fools.

At this point a man upstairs called out that the management had been trying to force encores—an allegation which led to more noise.

Mr. Hentschel : They have a right to express their opinion.

Manager : We have had enough of this. ("Hear, hear," and shouting.) Ladies and gentlemen—I give you my word that I have tried my very best—(Cheers, "Hear, hear," and, "So you have!")

A Voice : That's much better.

Manager (continuing) : And so has every member of my company. (General cheers.) If I have failed to do so, you gentlemen in the gallery lose one shilling. But what shall I lose? Many thousands of pounds. ("Hear, hear," and a Voice : "Serve you right," with much shouting and contention in the gallery.) Therefore I am the man to be sympathised with more than you. ("Hear, hear," and a noise.) Because, after all, as the play went throughout the evening——

A Voice : Well, let future audiences decide about that.

At this point Mr. Lowenfeld, whose latter remarks had considerably abated the feeling which previously existed, made a bow to the audience and retired, the house "breaking up" in a very animated fashion, discussing the extraordinary scene. On the pavements the gallery contingent was found debating the situation with great energy.

## CHAPTER X

### “ LIGHT IN DARKNESS ”

THE Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street was destined to be the battlefield for the advocates of free trade in dramatic art. The fame of Charles Fechter had scarcely been established when up started Stella Colas. Fechter had been execrated for daring to play Hamlet in English. How about a foreign Juliet to brave English prejudice ? Such an artist was Stella Colas !

She was announced to play Juliet, in English of course, at the Princess's Theatre in 1863. Who discovered her I never knew ; she had made a name in Paris and an even greater one in St. Petersburg, where she obtained an enormous success both of beauty and talent ; but what made us all wonder was that George Vining, a vigorous and violent member of the protectionist school, should forget his fixed principles and go over bag and baggage to the camp of the enemy. But consistency is not the strong point of the actor manager when a depleted treasury has to be renewed again.

Some of us had got in the thin edge of the wedge, and we had broken down the outer gates of the opposition. George Vining, when he deserted such champions of the protectionist policy as Webster, Buckstone and Chatter-

ton, whose continuous cry was, "The English stage for the English," probably said to himself, "Dramatic trade is very bad, and, after all, we must live. If Fechter succeeded as Hamlet and Iago, why should not Stella Colas do the same with Juliet?"

I dare say at that time George Vining was influenced very much by the opinion of John Ryder, the "Juliet maker." A more intolerant opponent of French art never existed. He loathed the foreigner. He was a Macreadyite to the backbone, and looked upon his old master as a god. Luckily for her, Stella Colas went to John Ryder for instruction,—the man who had made Adelaide Neilson into a star and the best English Juliet of our time. John Ryder was not so blindly obstinate as to go against his own interests. Here he had a chance of bringing out another Juliet and of playing Friar Laurence into the bargain; and a first-rate Friar he made, speaking the lines as the old school knew how to speak them.

Besides, John Ryder could see that there was brilliant material in the young actress. She had two gifts most rare in Juliets, but absolutely indispensable for the character. She had youth, spontaneity, vivacity, girlish beauty, and a fierce hidden passion on the eve of development—all essential for the ball-room and balcony scenes; and she had absolute tragic force at command for the "potion scene."

In the balcony scene this fair-haired girl, with the lovely figure, was a perfect picture; and her foreign origin enabled her to delight us with those tricks, fantastic changes, coquettings, poutings, and petulance which come with such difficulty from the Anglo-Saxon temperament. Adelaide Neilson was half a gipsy; Stella Colas was the most exhilarating of French or

Italian girls—what does it matter? the temperament is almost the same,—speaking love which she felt mysteriously but did not understand. It was innocence on the verge of a tempest, nature rushing into a storm!

Father Henry Sebastian Bowden wisely observes, in his nobly critical book, “The Religion of Shakespeare”:

“According to the prologue, the moral of ‘Romeo and Juliet’ is the redeeming and atoning power of dying for love. With their death their parents’ strife is ended, and an apparently implacable feud is healed. But the poet sees deeper than this external and adventitious action for love; he anatomises its core. Romeo’s love for Rosaline was but a passing fancy, and was therefore fickle and accidental. It was merely a subjective feeling, and belonged to that class of affections which thrives best in solitude. Hence Rosaline is purposely kept out of sight; and Benvolio says of Romeo, ‘Blind is his love that best befits the dark,’ and the Friar reproaches him for doting not for loving Rosaline, and for shedding so many tears ‘to season love, that of it doth not taste.’ Romeo’s attachment to Juliet, on the other hand, had the character of a violent headstrong passion, enkindled and sustained by the object, and bent at all costs on its immediate possession.”

The Juliet of Stella Colas was the embodied fact that the “love that lasts is measured and reasonable, and not a mere impulse of feeling,” in fact that—

“Violent delights have violent ends,  
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,  
Which, as they kiss, consume.”

But Stella Colas possessed far more than the fire of love that burns itself out. She understood the agony of fear. Critics talk vaguely of a girl Juliet, and that she



should be in her teens and "sweet seventeen" no more. But the "sweet seventeen" of England cannot play Juliet, try as she will.

We want an early matured and developed Juliet. The potion scene, to be effective, is tragedy; and "sweet seventeen" can only by a miracle play tragedy. This scene as played by Stella Colas I can never forget. She conjured up the dread horrors of the lonely charnel house; we could see as if it were on the stage—

"As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,  
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones  
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;  
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,  
Lies festering in his shroud!"

The terror of the picture was so impressively conveyed by the actress, that she who, in the balcony scene, had been an ideal of beauty and comeliness, now turned positively green with fear, and became prematurely old, ugly and haggard. There never was such a transformation. And what a piercing unearthly shriek, all in tone and tune, exactly the right note, rang round the astonished house when, working up the speech *forte forte*, and *crescendo crescendo*, she gave superbly the lines,—

"Oh, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
Environed with all these hideous fears,  
And madly play with my forefathers' joints,  
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?  
And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bones,  
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?"

The scream on that word *dash* I have never forgotten to this hour. It rings in my ears yet, and so does every accent of the speech, and I heard it first in 1863—thirty-seven years ago.

As usual the enthusiasm of the young school irritated and perplexed the old. Some of us were beginning to feel our feet. The tables are turned to-day, but in a different sense. Now the old school is irritated at the want of enthusiasm of the new.

Our most intellectual and serious opponent was George Henry Lewes, who would not have Stella Colas at any price whatever. He said of her, "With all her vehemence she is destitute of passion; she 'splits the ears of the groundlings,' *but moves no human soul.*"

That was too wide a generalisation. She certainly moved me, and scores of others who knew what good acting was, notably George Rose. To this day Charles Warner, who was Benvolio in the Princess cast of "Romeo and Juliet," confirms all that I have so often written about Stella Colas.

When this very gifted artist appeared as Juliet on the 24th of June, 1863, at the Princess's Theatre, Walter Montgomery was the Romeo, and George Vining the Mercutio,—and not a very bad one either. The best Mercutio I ever saw was Wilson Barrett when he played it at the Court Theatre, to the Juliet of Modjeska and the Romeo of Forbes Robertson in March, 1881. This is what I said of Wilson Barrett's Mercutio at the time:

"There was another surprise—and a most welcome one—the Mercutio of Mr. Wilson Barrett, a very original, highly intelligent, and effective performance. He was indeed an embodiment of those natural gifts of charm of manner and sunny temperament which are summed up in our familiar phrase 'a good fellow.' Mercutio, with all his babble and fun, his chatter and



ALFRED BISHOP

HENRY NEVILLE.

CHAS. WARNER.

*Photos by]*

JAMES FERNANDEZ.

HERMANN VEZIN. *[Alfred Ellis*



simile, his bravery and recklessness, was evidently a good fellow; and Mr. Wilson Barrett, by a very effective dash of manner, lightened up every scene in which Mercutio appeared.

"In the Queen Mab speech there was possibly too great a tendency to illustrate the text by physical signs and gestures; but tradition has made this speech theatrical, and at any rate the actor avoided tameness, and was not guilty of excess. Nervousness may have given all the early scenes of Mercutio a little extra flurry, but nothing could spoil the effects of the death scene, which, in its detail, its thought, and its thorough unconventionality, was a sincere contribution to art.

"It was not the death of a stage Mercutio, with repetition of old tricks and theatrical devices, but the death of such a man as Shakespeare depicted, with a sense of grim humour in his extreme agony, and an honest smile upon his dying lips. Mercutio was not going to give in—not he!—he was brave in the very presence of death. His last reproach to Romeo had kindness in it; and he died as he lived, with no terror of death before his eyes. As Mercutio succumbed after a brief struggle to the common enemy, keeping up bravely to the last, it seemed that from his limbs—

"Unwillingly the spirit fled away,  
Regretting the warm mansion which it left,  
And youth and bloom, and this delightful world."

"Original work is always pleasing, and the audience instantly appreciated and applauded the new Mercutio."

After her success in London, Stella Colas appeared as Juliet at the Tercentenary Festival performances at Stratford-on-Avon on the 23rd of April, 1864. John Nelson was then the Romeo.



The only other play in which she appeared in London was (1864) the "The Monastery of St. Just," adapted by John Oxenford from the French of Casimir Delavigne. Stella Colas doubled the parts of Donna Florinda de Sandoval and Peblo, a boy novice. George Vining, John Nelson—afterwards the husband of Carlotta Leclercq—and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Marston were in the cast. The play produced in Paris in 1835 as "Don Juan d'Autriche" was not wholly new to the English stage. It was acted at Covent Garden on the 23rd of April, 1836, as "Don Juan of Austria," with John Dale and Helen Faucit in the principal characters.

Something I had written in 1895 about these old times at the Princess's attracted the attention of Madame Stella de Corvin (Stella Colas), who was living in retirement in her beloved Paris. She favoured me with the following very gracious letters.

"PARIS, 133 AVENUE MALAKOFF,  
"10 Novembre, 1895.

"MONSIEUR,—Ce n'est qu'en rentrant à Paris, au retour de la campagne, que j'ai pris connaissance de *votre critique* du 23 Septembre dernier 'Romeo and Juliet' que de bons vieux amis, de ceux précisément qui n'ont pas oublié, m'ont adressée. Excusez-moi donc de venir si tardivement vous exprimer combien je suis touchée du souvenir qu'elle évoque. Sa date lointaine n'y ajoute que plus de prix pour celle que vous ressuscitez dans des termes en bienveillants, si chers au cœur de la Juliet de 1863-64 (Stratford-upon-Avon). Et puisque vous vous êtes rendu compte de cet effort . . . désintéressé, vous comprendrez, Monsieur, que je ne sois pas consolée d'avoir quitté la scène à l'âge où l'élève, passée artiste, devient enfin maîtresse d'une étude dont la vie est la pratique, si l'art en est le théorie.

"Hard, but lovely study, as you say.

"Toutefois, je continue à travailler, à professer, à suivre le mouvement littéraire et théâtral; il part de Paris le plus souvent, je n'ai donc pas lieu d'être très fière pour l'instant.

"Vous frappez juste, Monsieur, votre spirituelle satire dégage la leçon d'un maître, surtout pour ceux qui prétendent 'that whatever has been done before must be wrong.'

"Avec vous, je me demande où mène cette école toute de convention, d'uniformité, d'émotion, factice, prétendue contenue, et dédaigneuse—par pose—de l'effet dramatique, en même temps que de tout idéal.

"Et faites donc de l'art sans idéal, de la vérité sans émotion, du beau sans poésie !

"Vienne jeu, tout ça . . . même dans le classique . . . Aujourd'hui, les larmes et le sang doivent couler au pèse goutte le thermomètre se maintenir sous zero, et les yeux des spectateurs admirer . . . sans se mouiller, car décorateurs et costumiers passent avant l'auteur.

"Now it is the tendency of modern criticism following the evolution of modern thought, &c. . ."

"Et plus loin, cette exquise remarque : 'It is all to flow on evenly, smoothly, like a limpid stream or a babbling brook.' Luckily when limpid, I dare say, car trop souvent, et chez les plus célèbres créateurs du genre, (je ne nomme pas) on a peine à suivre le murmure, le sweet babbling de leur chanson . . . up-to-date. Mais en vérité, Monsieur, vous allez me trouver un peu bien causante et en français encore—que voulez-vous,—depuis plus de vingt-cinq ans j'ai forcément négligé la langue anglaise, comment oser y revenir auprès d'un écrivain tel que vous ? Du reste, ne vous en prenez qu'à votre intéressante analyse dramatique, si je me suis

sentie encouragée à vous entretenir aussi longuement et aussi franchement.

“Et puisque vous m'en avez offert l'opportunité, voyez encore ici l'expression du souvenir ému, reconnaissant, que je garde à votre grand pays.

“Toute jeune, moi, étrangère, il m'accueillit, avec confiance, avec enthousiasme, à l'aide du temps et du travail il m'eut peut-être adoptée tout-à-fait, tant de belles pages de Shakespeare me tentaient encore !

“D'ordinaire les enfants sourient volontiers quand les aînés parlent des exploits dont ils furent les héros, Juliet, devenue grandmaman, presque une légende ! Ce qui n'empêche qu'à la lecture du *Daily Telegraph* ma fille n'ait pu cacher une larme qu'en m'embrassant bien fort.

“C'est mon dernier succès, et comme je vous le dois, cher Monsieur, laissez-moi vous serrer la main en vous disant, Merci ! merci ! merci !

“STELLA DE CORVIN  
(Stella Colas).”

“PARIS, 133, AVENUE MALAKOFF,  
“November 19th, 1895.

“DEAR SIR,—Again receive my hearty thanks. How astonished and deeply touched I was in reading my prose mixed with yours in the *Daily Telegraph* ! ‘It is an honour that I dreamed not of.’ And what to say also of those unexpected articles which so promptly flowed from your pen ? But, really, the ‘envoi de la photographie’ is the dearest of all !

“In looking at it a good while I felt growing the sympathy I had already for the writer.

“The prospect of your visit to Paris is simply charming, and you will be compelled to keep this promise, only, it may be, that I shall have the great

pleasure of calling on you first; as my daughter—the one of the good hug—is longing to have a nice stay in England with her ‘proud mother.’

“When we meet, dear Sir, you will never recognise that ‘fair little girl’ you speak of so kindly. ‘Full of coquetry!’ But would she had retained something of this nice defect, who pretends women cannot be cured of! How confused shall she be to reappear before you so dreadfully changed, somewhat like her dignified mother, Lady Capulet, or her oldish acquaintance, the nurse!

“Alas! it must be so! Only, as you are a delicate observer, accustomed to read the human heart, I hope you will find true feelings in mine, and also a smile of that eternal spring which makes us love youth and be loved by it.

“It is why trusting in Mrs. Scott’s graceful indulgence—one so lovely must be good!—I take her hand with yours in mine and press them both most affectionately.

“STELLA DE CORVIN.

“What a poor sample of my English!”

Having swallowed two pretty strong doses of French art in Fechter and Stella Colas, the protectionists and anti-free traders were met with rather a formidable American invasion. Hitherto the English stage had kept the American stage pretty well at arms’ length. They were at that time men, but scarcely brothers or sisters in art.

Lucius Junius Booth, Wallack, Booth, and many more, had flashed upon London before my time. Edward Askew Sothorn was scarcely regarded by any of us as an American. He was an English comedian, burlesquing in a play written by an Englishman dealing with

American manners. In a play written by Tom Taylor, and acted by Buckstone and Sothern, there could not be much danger of prompt failure owing to incomprehensible dialect.

But it was different with Kate Bateman, who shone upon London as a very bright and particular star at the Adelphi Theatre on the 1st of October, 1863. Miss Bateman's Leah became the talk of all literary and playgoing London. She had appeared before at the Surrey Theatre on the 27th of April, 1852, as one of the "Bateman children," Ellen and Kate, who appeared in a play by Bayle Bernard, called "The Old Style and the New." The precocious children did scraps of Shakespeare, and gave imitations, and were not far removed from the ordinary run of "infant phenomena."

Their father, good old H. L. Bateman (the Colonel), was a born showman, who adored his family. Ellen Bateman retired from the show business; but when Kate Bateman grew up to be a comely girl with a fine stage face and presence, my late dear friend, Augustin Daly, then a dramatic critic in New York, suggested that he should adapt for the young actress a very powerful Jewish play called "Deborah," by Mosenthal.

He called it "Leah, the Forsaken." The part and the play suited the actress. She had been well taught. Her curse was magnificent; and the scene with the child of her false lover who was called Leah, after the forsaken one, made all the women in the house shed tears. Leah, on her wedding day, has cursed her lover with a heart-rending and blood-curdling curse; and years after the outcast Jewess limps back to the Styrian village and sees a pretty child playing at the door of a cottage. Leah asks the little one for a cup of cold water, for



the poor woman is footsore and weary. Shall we ever forget it ?

"What is your name, my pretty one?" moaned Leah.

"Leah!" babbles out the child.

And then the pocket-handkerchiefs went to work. In the cast were Henrietta Sims as the wife; John Billington as the vacillating lover, Rudolph; and Arthur Stirling gave a fine performance as the apostate Jew, Nathan.

The version of "Leah" used at the Adelphi was virtually that of Augustin Daly. But it was touched up for London by John Oxenford of *The Times*—a bad principle I venture to suggest, but then very few troubled their heads whether it was good or bad; and, as I have said before, John Oxenford, when he saw the result, was just as ready to blame his own work as to praise it in *The Times* newspaper. He did so with "Ivy Hall."

But a far more formidable test case of the everlasting feud between protectionists and free-traders and the danger of an "American invasion,"—subjects which crop up even in these days of reformation and progress,—was put, on the arrival in this country of Joseph Jefferson, who was announced to play Rip van Winkle at the Adelphi.

Jefferson, one of the most delightful men and modest artists I have ever met, and as an actor combining playful mirth and the gentlest of pathos—the kind of man that would be loved by his fellow men, adored by the women, cuddled up to by the children, and have his hands licked and caressed by the dogs in the street—has told, in his own attractive fashion, the story of the evolution of Rip van Winkle.

I can see the earnest young student, lolling on a wet day among the hay in the loft of a barn of an old Dutch settlement in America, with Washington Irving's "Sketch Book" before him, wondering how he could make a play out of dear old Rip. Dramas on the same subject had been done before by Frederic Yates in England and both Hackett and Burke in America, but no one as yet had been able happily to combine the human story with the myth. When playing Asa Trenchard in "Our American Cousin," Jefferson had felt that he could combine pathos with humour; he knew that he possessed tenderness and could touch the hearts of his audience, though very few who saw Buckstone play Asa could have conceived that there was half an ounce of pathos in the part.

The first happy thought that struck Jefferson was the necessity of keeping the spirits of Henrik Hudson and his crew absolutely silent when Rip awakes from his long sleep of twenty years in the Catskill Mountains. It was a daring thing to do for one actor alone to speak throughout an act, whilst the rest indulged in dumb and silent pantomime. But Jefferson was right. The effect was tremendous; and we who saw it never can forget, apart from Jefferson's marvellous art, the pantomime of old C. J. Smith as the bent old man, who carried on his deformed shoulders the whisky barrel, and kept beckoning to the gaunt, grey-bearded Rip.

Jefferson, as he himself owns, made a fair but not very great success with his own version of "Rip van Winkle" in America and Australia, where he toured with the play. It was a case of building up the play, brick by brick and stone by stone, with elaborate care and thought.

It was Dion Boucicault who placed the pinnacle on

a solid foundation and crowned the work. With his characteristic generosity Jefferson owns this, and adds some valuable criticism on dramatic writing.

"'Rip van Winkle' was not a sudden success. It did not burst upon the public like a torrent. Its flow was gradual, and its source sprang from the Hartz Mountains, an old German legend, called 'Carl the Shepherd,' being the name of the original story. The genius of Washington Irving transplanted the tale to our own Catskills. The grace with which he paints the scene, and, still more, the quaintness of the story, placed it far above the original. Yates, Hackett and Burke had separate dramas written upon this scene, and acted the hero, leaving their traditions one to the other.

"I now came forth, and saying, 'Give me leave,' set to work, using some of the before-mentioned tradition, mark you. Added to this, Dion Boucicault brought his dramatic skill to bear, and by important additions made a better play and a more interesting character of the hero than had as yet been reached. This adaptation, in my turn, I interpreted and enlarged upon. It is thus evident that while I may have done much to render the character and play popular, it has not been the work of one mind, but, both as to its narrative and its dramatic form, has been often moulded and by many skilful hands.

"So it would seem that those dramatic successes that 'come like shadows, so depart,' and those that are lasting, have ability for their foundation and industry for their superstructure. I speak now of the former and the present condition of the drama. What the future may bring forth it is difficult to determine.

The histrionic kaleidoscope revolves more rapidly than of yore, and the fantastic shapes that it exhibits are brilliant and confusing ; but under all circumstances I should be loath to believe that any conditions will render the appearance of frivolous novices more potent than the earnest design of legitimate professors.

“ One word on dramatic writing. On the discovery of a mysterious murder, when all are at loss as to who has committed the deed, the first thing the detective searches for is motive. If the murderer be not insane a motive must exist ; and as the actions of our lives, when we are in a state of reflection and cool deliberation, spring from this cause, so must the playwright, in the construction of his plot and the action of his characters, give us motive.

“ Again, an audience should never be kept in the dark as to the true state of all matters connected with the play, particularly in comedy. Let the characters be deceived and entangled in a perfect labyrinth of difficulties if you will ; but the audience must know just how the matter stands, or they cannot enjoy the confusion of the actors. For example, in ‘ She Stoops to Conquer,’ when young Marlow makes love to Miss Harcastle he thinks that she is the barmaid, but the audience know perfectly well that she is not ; hence they enjoy his mistake.

“ If they had not been let into the secret the effect would be lost ; but an *équivoque* scene, wherein both characters are deceived as to each other’s identity, is the most enjoyable, and requires perhaps more ingenuity in its construction than any other branch of writing in comedy. Such a scene, too, must be rendered with great skill and the most perfect seriousness ; if a smile should steal over the actor’s face, showing that he

inwardly sees the humour of the situation, the whole effect will be lost.

"The bewilderment of the characters must be supreme; and as the scene progresses and they become more and more entangled, their blank looks of amazement delight the audience, who alone are in the secret."

It was an anxious time for Jefferson when he arrived in London in 1865 under contract to play "Rip van Winkle" at the Adelphi Theatre, at the request of Benjamin Webster. He was determined to try the Boucicault version in London for the first time, and he felt that his future fate depended on that first night, the 4th of September, 1865.

His difficulties were twofold: first, a furious feud existed between Boucicault and Webster; secondly, Jefferson had been persuaded and influenced by some very foolish people that the English public would not stand an American actor at any price, and that if they did the English critics would go for him tooth and nail.

Let us dispose of the last difficulty first. Unquestionably the feeling did exist for many years in America, and I think there was little justification for it. On one historic occasion Forrest, the tragedian, very unwisely addressed the audience from the stage, pleading his own case and hurling violent anathemas at the "irresponsible assassins of the pen." Actors and authors who air their supposed grievances on the stage and seek sympathy from the public do so at a very formidable risk. They act as intemperately and unwisely as the manager or the actor who hurls at the pit or gallery those always dangerous words, "organised opposition."

I have never known such a plan to succeed; nay, I



have invariably found it has ended in disaster for the spokesman. Two things these rash and impetuous gentlemen invariably forget: the first is that the newspapers are invited by the managers to give their candid opinions on a matter of public importance, and the critics are under no possible contract to say things that are complimentary and to leave uncomplimentary matters unsaid; the second is that the critic always has, and must have, the last word. These things are unfortunately forgotten when associated managers try their utmost to prejudice independent and influential criticism by

1. Urging society to compass the destruction of a candid critic by means of coercing his employers.

2. By searching out the extreme technicalities of the law in order to keep the defiant critic out of a public theatre; to refuse his money; and to technically assault him.

3. By using the 'boycott' in such a discreditable and un-English fashion as to say, in the case of a benefit given to a public favourite, that if the offending critic is advertised in any way as connected with it, they, the associated managers, would withdraw their patronage *en bloc*, and ruin the *bénéficiaire* at any cost or hazard. These things can be proved, and, if necessary, the proof is forthcoming.

I am bound to defend the honour of my own craft, though, as I shall have occasion to point out presently, journalists as a body are not quite so keen in protecting their own interests as actors are. In connection with the Forrest remark about the "assassins of the pen,"—by the way he might have remembered the "Macready Riots" when on the subject of fair play—Jefferson says:

"A dramatic critic told me that he was paid a stated sum of money to go to the theatre regularly every night during Forrest's engagements at the Broadway Theatre in 1856 for the purpose of writing him down. This gentleman (?) had lately come from England, and until this time had scarcely seen a Shakespearean play. He was a fluent writer, but had not the remotest idea of the thought and philosophy contained in the plays of which he was to write. He said he would get a book of the tragedy that was to be acted at night, read it up, then form his own conception of how the character should be acted; and if Forrest did not render it to his way of thinking—which, fortunately for the public, he never did—he, as the critic, would cut the actor all to pieces."

Such statements as these are frequently made; they have never to my knowledge been proved. A man would be a lunatic to make such a statement, even if it were true; and no one save so high-principled a gentleman as Joseph Jefferson would induce me to believe it. We are bound to accept it from him. At any rate it would be interesting to have the name of the informant. I expect he comes "from Sheffield."

On the subject of English prejudice against American artists and *vice versa*, Jefferson is very explicit and equally fair. On the whole I do not think that America has much to complain of in this respect. A very able artist, John E. Owens, was certainly never recognised at his proper worth; but this was because the "dialect play" was not understood at that time in this country. "Apple sass" did not appeal to us.

That it is understood now and cordially welcomed was proved very recently by the chorus of congratulation that greeted that exquisitely sympathetic actress, Miss Annie Russell, when she appeared as "Sue" in Bret Harte's delightful legend teeming with American life and character, and also by the admirable work of Nat Goodwin, Maxine Elliott, and their clever companions. I only wish that Sol Smith Russell would decide to come to London, and then we would try to make up for the defeat and disappointment of his friend, John E. Owens.

Neglect American art indeed! Why, England and English critics have done little else but encourage it since Jefferson came and established himself as one of the greatest of English speaking artists. He has appeared twice as Rip; twice has he been taken to English hearts; and have we not all implored him, again and again, to come back once more to show a new generation what Rip is like, and what acting of the first class is?

"It cannot be better than poor Fred Leslie's Rip," some one whispered in my ear the other day.

I only looked and stared, and said, "Indeed!"

Why, I was told that when Charles Thorne, a splendid virile comedian, came to the Gaiety to play in "Led Astray" ("La Tentation," by Octave Feuillet), they said in America that his countrymen did not know what a fine actor he was until he had been criticised in England. A few, very few American comedians may not be accepted here on their own merit; but I do not think that a Jefferson, an Ada Rehan, a John Drew, a Gillette, a Paul Arthur, a Nat Goodwin, or an Annie Russell have much to

complain of in the matter of any want of recognition or sympathy.

These are Jefferson's views on this interesting subject :

"Much comment has been made on the usual reception given to an American actor in England, and *vice versa*. London and New York are naturally selected as the initial points for the appearance of plays and players ; and it is reasonable to suppose that in such large communities, containing, as they do, thousands of actors and hundreds of critics, there should be a small band of histrionic and literary assassins, whose natures are embittered by their lifelong failures. But the great public of both hemispheres have no spleen to exercise ; they welcome a new entertainment with the heartiest warmth, if it affords them gratification.

"They have neither the time nor the inclination to persecute strangers. Of course if some element of national pride is wounded there are always enough turbulent spirits to begin a disturbance, as was the case with the Forrest and Macready riots in 1849 ; but these occurrences are exceptional, and at no time are they approved by public opinion. The spirit of fair play circulates freely in Anglo-Saxon blood on both sides of the Atlantic.

"An excellent English actor may visit us, the local features of whose performance are not understood ; or an American will perhaps take an indifferent play to London, and the public decline to receive it—not because it is American, but because it is bad. As soon as these weak spots appear, the assassination begins, the churlish actors wag their tongues, and splenetic critics draw their pens—points envenomed, too. The un-

fortunate victim returns home in either case under the natural, but erroneous, impression that the country has been up in arms against them.

“With these convictions and the agreeable remembrance of my professional success in 1865, I had no apprehensions of failure when I visited London ten years later. Shortly after our arrival in London I entered into an engagement with Mr. Chatterton to appear at the Princess’s Theatre in November, and straightway proceeded with my family to France, where we passed the summer.”

After forty years’ experience I can say that I believe these “assassins” and “splenetic critics” with envenomed pens exist only in the lively imagination of the sensitive artist. Assassins cannot work long in the dark; and spleen of this spiteful kind does as much good to the actor as harm, for it wins him the sympathy he requires.

I can say this candidly, and with my hand on my heart, that I have never known an actor who was continually at war with the press who was not a most indifferent actor! If a bad actor is not taken by the press at his own valuation, the critic is spiteful, ungenerous, prejudiced, this, that or the other. It never occurs to the bad actor that he has himself to blame for the antagonism that his bad art provokes.

I believe the stage of England and America has gained as much for its art and its artists by candid, independent and out-spoken criticisms as it has by the rout of the protectionist policy. When protection existed the art was maimed, weak-kneed, fragile and consumptive. When feeble, nervous, unanimated



criticism was the fashion, it was the actor who suffered first, the art next.

The actor was comparatively unrecognised, his good work was left unstudied, his ambitious efforts were slurred over. No! Free trade in the drama, and free speaking in criticism have done no harm to dramatic art. They have given us a living, breathing drama; they have exalted the actor's position to the point of extravagance. Take them away, and we shall be exactly where we were in 1860.

## CHAPTER XI

### “ MORE QUEENS AND COMING KINGS ”

“ WHO is the Greatest Living Actress, and Why ? ”

I was once upon a time not only rash enough to answer this formidable question, but to allow it to appear in print. I sometimes wonder how I ever survived the fatal act. I got out of the difficulty somewhat like this.

“ My pity has always been extended to poor Paris. when, at the request of mighty Jupiter, the winged Mercury found out the beautiful shepherd lad on Mount Ida, placed in his hands a golden apple, inscribed ‘*Detur pulchriori*,’ and was told to award it to one of the three loveliest women in the world. We all know what happened. It was all very well for Miss Aphrodite to smirk and smile and shake out her yellow locks ; but, thanks to the rejected Juno and Minerva, the wretched Paris had rather a bad time of it in the Trojan war, and Mrs. *Ænone* was not best pleased with the gallivanting ways of her handsome husband in the Phrygian cap.

“ And now you ask me who I consider is the best actress, and why ? Seriously, the task of Paris was a joke to this judgment. He could only have two little apples hurled at his head ; but a whole orchard will be

flung at mine, if I dare to be candid. There is no best actress. They are all superlatively good—in their line. Who could be found better, or, indeed, half as good—in her line—as Lady Bancroft? My eyes will never see again such a Polly Eccles, such a Naomi Tighe, such a Lady Franklin, or such an exquisitely sweet old lady as the heroine of 'Sweethearts' and 'The Vicarage.'

"Who could be better, in her line, again, than Ellen Terry? 'Olivia' will live in the after generations as a standard English play. It is inconceivable that Olivia could ever be better played than by the delightful actress who created Oliver Goldsmith's and W. G. Wills's fascinating heroine. Shakespeare's Beatrice will to me be ever Miss Ellen Terry; and as Henrietta Maria in 'Charles the First' there is no one to equal her, because, to me, it was a perfect performance. In romance and semi-mediævalism we have had no actress to compare with Ellen Terry.

"Who, again, could be better as an exponent of the healthy, emotional English school than Mrs. Kendal? Her Susan in Douglas Jerrold's immortal play was one of the finest things of the kind ever seen. I liked her Lady Clancarty far better than the original; and no one has yet played Dora in 'Diplomacy' with the fire, vigour, and intense passion of Mrs. Kendal. They were discussing the delivery of blank verse the other day, and I was astonished that no one mentioned the Galatea of Mrs. Kendal, or her noble share in the poetical plays of W. S. Gilbert. Her Constance in 'King John' would, I am convinced, have been a revelation; for she has maturity, mellowness, and experience to aid her. Coming down to more modern times and plays of fashionable life, Miss Gertrude Kingston is, in her line,

without a rival. But I should be very sorry to see her play Lady Macbeth, though, no doubt, she is dying to do so. In the Pinero plays of the Ibsen period of his art, it would be difficult to find an actress more essentially suited to the miserable and fate-haunted creatures, recently so popular, than Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Her Mrs. Tanqueray and Mrs. Ebbsmith were, as works of art or temperament, quite flawless. But, I frankly own, I did not like her Dulcie Larondie, and I do not think she understands the capabilities of Shakespeare's Juliet or Ophelia. We have few really great actresses at the moment. A Madame Rachel or a Sarah Bernhardt turns up once in a lifetime. Perhaps the genius will be born in England next time. She will be very welcome. We have scores of clever and capable actresses who skim over the ground, but they do not soar. They are swallows, not eagles!

"If you ask me which actress in her career has given me the greatest and most unfailing delight, one who never disappoints, and has that indescribable gift of emotional charm which is part and parcel of her nature, I should name Marion Terry, one of the very sweetest English-speaking actresses of her time. I think I should bracket with her at the top of the first class Kate Rorke and Winifred Emery. The Clarissa Harlowe of the last-named actress will never be effaced from the memory. And if I might add a proxime accessit, I should certainly name Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, an artist never half-appreciated at her proper worth, a student, an excellent elocutionist, and, as I before observed, the very best Ophelia I have ever seen, and one who is bound to take a very leading position in the future."



*Photo by*

SARAH. BERNHARDT.

*[Lafayette.*





Marion Terry is one of the very few actresses I have known who has never gone back from her gentle career of continued success. On and on she has wended her way, improving and improving. With her gifted sisters, Kate and Ellen, some characters have suited them better than others; but from the old Olympic days down to the present time I never remember to have been disappointed with Marion Terry, or wished she had not appeared in such and such a character.

How shall I choose then the play or the performance in which I liked Marion Terry the best, when she was excellent in all? If I were bound to make the choice, I should say Claude Carton's play called "Sunlight and Shadow" (1891); for in this charming comedy neither Marion Terry nor George Alexander have ever been seen to greater advantage. She was then as ever a Queen of the Stage; he, the excellent Faust and Valentine and Nemours of Lyceum days, was a Coming King.

English acting was seen at its very best in this ideal performance of the village Helen by Miss Marion Terry. It was not alone that the character was sympathetic; it was that this particular actress understands and can portray every subtle touch and every heart-beat of a sweet good woman. From first to last it was not acting—but nature.

Every sigh, every accent, every gentle look from the eyes, every throb from the deep-toned and changeful voice, belonged to the very woman for whom our interest was claimed. And it is distinctly true to say that Marion Terry improved on her original conception. She acted firmly, with grasp and decision. She was not afraid to put down her foot on the forte pedal; and she proved she was right. These tender plays often fade out by underplaying. They are taken

in such a low and subdued key that they become monotonous and uninteresting. They require every atom of force that can be given to them. The dull monotone is death to all pathetic plays. The stage manager's *mot d'ordre* should be, "Keep within the picture, observe restraint; but, for goodness sake, play up! play up! play up!"

If to Marion Terry in this case may be awarded the prize of a "best on record," the same may equally be said of George Alexander's cripple, one of those imaginative studies that linger long on the memory. There was nothing conventional or stagy here. It was an example of what man might be, not always as he is; but we can conceive few more beautiful pictures than that in the last act, where the gentle girl, with her heart far away, props the maimed youth on his pillows, soothes his fretfulness, and kisses his troubled brow as if she were indeed a mother—only to hear a passionate outburst of unexpected love that bends her like a rose bush to the tempest.

Marion Terry and Winifred Emery as English actresses of the first class have somehow or other always run in double harness. They were both children of actors, and therefore of the stage.

When in "Lady Windermere's Fan" (1894) they appeared together it was impossible to resist the fascination of bracketing them together.

I feel sure that the author of this clever play must have regretted his rash and groundless statement that actors are mere puppets, and that interpretations are utterly subservient to creation, when he saw Winifred Emery play the sweet and childlike heroine in "Lady Windermere's Fan." When this charming artist returned to London, restored

to health to win fresh artistic laurels, she gave positively a new complexion to the play. She restored its lost balance; she gave just that power of innocence, that charm of nature, that rare ideality and womanliness which are the proper contrasts and antidotes to the cynicism, worldliness and paradox which are the leading features of this complex work.

Winifred Emery rightly grasped the character and understood the dreaminess of Lady Windermere's nature. She stood before us as a woman instinctively refined and infinitely gentle. In the first act we saw a proud, thoughtful, religious woman, awakening, almost with a shudder, to the sorrows of society. The knowledge of sin is forced upon her; she is dragged against her will to its very gates. But the subtlest and most delicate features of Winifred Emery's acting were only seen in the scenes with Mrs. Erlynne—her mother—played to perfection by Marion Terry. Here she evidently desired to show us—and she did it most beautifully—the dim overshadowing influence of the mother who is by her side. She does not know it is her mother, but she feels she is under a mysterious spell.

At the conclusion of the great scene of the play, grandly acted by Marion Terry and Winifred Emery, there was an infinitely pathetic touch—just the touch that all cried out for when the play was first produced. It was the infinitely tender scene in the play when Lady Windermere breaks down at the mention of her child, and then, herself a child again, plaintively moans to the protecting mother, "Take me home." But this was no mere artist's point. It was part and parcel of Winifred Emery's conception. At the close of the play this gentle lady is still under the maternal spell; and whatever Mrs. Erlynne bids her do, that she does, awed as it were by

the very presence of the woman she believes to be dead, the woman who is the subject of her nightly prayers.

If, then, Marion Terry was perhaps at her best in Claude Carton's delightful play, never sufficiently appreciated, I venture to think, it would be difficult for Winifred Emery, notwithstanding the popularity of her *Lady Babbie*, and the artful Jane Nangle, in the "*Manœuvres of Jane*," to efface our memories of her *Frou Frou* and *Clarissa Harlowe*.

Let me try and recall this last delightful performance. In the year 1890 at the Vaudeville, tears once more were shed in abundance over the sorrows of *Clarissa Harlowe*. Not even the beautiful *Rose Chéri*, when in the heyday of her success and loveliness, could have moistened sympathetic eyes more effectively, or caused such suppressed sobs, as Winifred Emery did, when, "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful," this "pure and stainless soul," in the poetical phrase of Robert Buchanan, "triumphed over all possible physical corruption," and, rejecting "her betrayer's proffered hand, rises above him to the sublimity of martyrdom."

The pathetic death of *Clarissa*, as acted with such infinite pathos and exquisite sensibility by Winifred Emery, moved her sympathetic audience to abundant tears. This death scene was so finely imagined that the attention was riveted throughout by *Clarissa's* plaintive pleading, and the eye held spell-bound with the wondrous far-away expression that her face assumes.

In no part of Winifred Emery's performance was there one jarring note. In the earliest scenes the actress was wholly in the manner of Richardson,—sweet, modest, maidenly and unobtrusive. In her most dramatic scenes she was entirely natural, and never for a moment stagey. She aroused interest at the outset,



and at the conclusion touched the tenderest fibres of the heart by a method that was alike artistic and pathetic.

Winifred Emery illustrated truthfully what the author described—that the dying *Clarissa* has had a heavenly vision of another world. Never did actress better realise by art, and an intensely sympathetic nature, that to *Clarissa* had been given the grace of an "angel's visit." She held the house enthralled with a death scene whose very purity deprived it of all pain. It was a poem in action; and at its conclusion, whatever disappointment may have been caused by *Clarissa's* death being too long delayed, the actress was greeted with enthusiasm. Horrible, tragic, feverish, agonising death scenes there have been on the modern stage in plenty. Here was one illumined, refined, and spiritual, and it advanced very considerably the reputation of Winifred Emery as an emotional actress. This death scene of *Clarissa Harlowe* was an inspired bit of acting not unworthy of a *Sarah Bernhardt*, who has invented more death scenes than any actress in the world.

One of the best of our young English actresses of what I call the *Mrs. Kendal* school, human, tender, and true, is the delightful and charming *Kate Rorke*. I remember well the impression she made in one of her latest creations (1896) as *Mary Pennington*.

It fell to *Kate Rorke* to create a woman of business, *Mary Pennington*, Spinster, an advanced thinker, who combats nature at every turn, and is compelled to be its slave. A delightful creature was this sweet-faced *Mary* as played by *Kate Rorke*. She was none of your impudently aggressive, crop-wigged females. Her very presence breathed a charm; so earnest was she, so determined and yet so womanly. And the woman

conquers, as she must until the end of time ; indeed, it seemed to some of the audience that man could have no sweeter or dearer companion than this woman, who had been through the fire of emancipation, who had been severely scorched and ultimately saved !

Kate Rorke gave to this delightful character all the charm of her equally delightful art and manner. She was heart and soul a woman. I can say no more in her praise. She knew her subject, she argued it out as a clever woman invariably does, and she charmed everybody by the force, truth, and subtlety of her personation. This was not acting, it was truth. This was not theatrical and stagey stuff ; it was nature. And I may venture perhaps without offence to state that since one of the great sorrows in the life of this delightful actress she has never displayed such exquisite tenderness or such pathetic charm. When has genius ever declared itself on the stage without the alluring graces of maternity ? Kate Rorke seemed to be made for Mary Pennington.

The first strong success made by Mrs. Tree very shortly after she came on the stage, having left a brilliant scholastic career and a tutorship at Queen's College, where she taught Latin and Greek to clever girls, was at the Court Theatre (1883) in a play called "A Millionaire," written by G. W. Godfrey, and based on an excellent novel, "Kissing the Rod," by Edmund Yates. Thus early in her career she showed a strong sense of character and a welcome power.

Hester Gould was a clever elaboration of Edmund Yates's character in the novel, and she was played with singular talent and most welcome nature by Mrs. Beerbohm Tree.

The woman depicted had a silent and determined passion for Robert Streightley. The love was so strong

that it demoralised and unsexed her. She was the evil shadow lurking about the scene, and the bitterness of her hate was as relentless as the fever of her love. Such a character might be made the most stagey and artificial in existence. If badly acted it would have gone far to ruin the play ; but Mrs. Beerbohm Tree gave to this weird creature a reality that sometimes startled the audience, and endowed her with serpentine fascination.

Well made up, cold, pale, red-haired, and grimly passionate, the actress showed us not the mere husk and shell, as so many actresses do, but the heart of the woman. We could see how she loved, feel how she hated ; we could almost sympathise with the cold terror of her revenge. The scene in which Hester Gould, with cat-like purring ways and claws ready to tear and rend, handed to her rival the document that would break her heart, was rendered by Mrs. Beerbohm Tree in a singularly artistic fashion, but throughout she made very few false steps, and secured on that occasion the best share of the acting honours.

Mrs. Tree's chances on the stage have been comparatively few, but of her talent there can be no doubt whatever. When actor and actress are man and wife one or other of them must yield. Mrs. Tree has more than once loyally consented to make way for her husband. There cannot be two stars in one household.

I have always thought that Mrs. Tree would have been an ideal Zicka in "Diplomacy." She would have played the part, I am sure, as Bartet originally played it, —a thin, elegant woman with an insinuating manner and a cat-like tread, a woman of serpentine grace, who smiles to deceive, and is always acting. Zicka is not a melodramatic virago, all red fire and smoke ; she is a cat or

panther, not a macaw ; she is very feline, not forcible ; I hope yet to see Mrs. Tree as Zicka.

Luckily when Beerbohm Tree played Hamlet, his clever wife got her chance with Ophelia. It will be said that no one yet failed as Ophelia. But it is not the case. I can quote one or two who failed in the part very conspicuously. But that is neither here nor there. Two of the best Ophelias in my time were Kate and Ellen Terry. Florence Gerard, who played the part—not in white,—but in brown, to Edwin Booth's Hamlet, ran them very close. But I prefer to all of them the plaintive and pathetic sweet-voiced Ophelia of Mrs. Tree.

Mrs. Tree made a brilliant success as the Princess Claudia Morakoff in "The Red Lamp," when it was revived in September, 1887. This was at once the most ambitious, and at the same time successful, character that this artist had hitherto attempted. Her acting was remarkable for its vigour and its earnestness, for its bold attack, and true womanly touch. It was unequal of course.

Sometimes the actress did not know how to discipline the forces she put out. Experience more than once failed her just where it was requisite. She had the power to conceive, but not always to execute. By far her best played act was in the Nihilist's studio, when, in her condemnation of secret societies and the defence of her brother, she astonished the audience by her intensity, and by the nervous force which she kept well under control. Acting as bold as this from any actor or actress must always be a step in the right direction. Sometimes we hear a false note ; but it can well be forgiven when it is felt that the artist has thought out the subject, understands it, feels it, but misses the intention for want of that which even





*Photos by* JESSIE MILLWARD.

KATE RORKE. [*Alfred Ellis.*

*Photo by* OLGA NETHERSOLE. [*Alfred Ellis.*

*Photo by* MRS. BERNARD BEERE.

[*Falk.*

*Photo by* JULIA NEILSON. [*Alfred Ellis.*





genius requires—hard work, study, and continual practice.

Beerbohm Tree, as usual, surpassed himself in craft, tact, and subtlety, as the wily Demetrius, one of his very finest creations. Repetition has not induced the slightest exaggeration, and it remains what it was at the outset,—a most polished and artistic piece of workmanship.

Although she has retired from the stage, do not let us quite forget Mary Eastlake. When she first came to the Criterion at the invitation of Charles Wyndham, a lovelier girl never stepped on to the English stage. She was lucky enough to have such a master, for he has the gift of making actresses, as has been proved in the case of Mary Eastlake, Julia Neilson, and Mary Moore.

They came to him amateurs. They left him actresses.

When this charming creature, Mary Eastlake, deserted the Criterion, she loyally helped Wilson Barrett during his memorable Princess's career, and became famous by her performance of Helle in Sydney Grundy's admirably written play "Clito," that caused so much discussion in 1886.

Actresses as a rule have a horror of playing downright wicked and abandoned women. In the first place they get it into their heads that the public will imagine that they are in real life the exact women they personate, and the better they act the more atrocious they appear to be. The notion that "society" will look down upon them, though society is often in a glass house itself and should not throw stones, frightens the actress to death. In the next place they think, not without reason perhaps, that to play a wicked woman

well is to get into a groove from which managers and authors will never release them. The clever Mrs. Bernard Beere and the brilliant Mrs. Cecil Raleigh are instances of the danger of coquetting with dramatic wickedness.

The dramatist, like the preacher, has two distinct methods of conversion. He arrives at the ultimate goal of moral rectitude by opposite paths.

He can persuade to repentance by drawing awful pictures of an eternity of sorrow ; he can paint life as it is with all its vileness, the bitterness of its disappointments, the shallowness of its love ; or, with face serene and voice of touching tenderness, he can by sympathy, by example, and by illustration, show that for the most depraved of men there may be forgiveness, for the most degraded woman there may be restoration and love.

"Clito," by Sydney Grundy and Wilson Barrett, was a bold, unconventional, well-written, and powerful play, relentless in its sarcasm, uncompromising in its severity, fancifully clothed with flowers of speech, and superbly decorated with brilliant pictures of ancient Athens steeped in depravity and corruption. The skill of the dramatist, the art of the actor, the taste of the archæologist, combined to interest and excite the audience. But we rose from the play jaded, harassed, depressed, frightened and not consoled, with the old, old truth ringing in our ears, that men may be weak and women vicious, that treachery is more powerful than truth, and deceit more omnipotent than love ; that the sum total of existence is vileness, and that life is, indeed, a sorry and distressing tragedy.

No one doubted the sincerity of the authors, no one questioned their cleverness ; but, in order to enforce the truth of their moral lesson, they cultivated the real and

despised the beautiful; they painted human nature in its most repulsive colours, with scarce a relief of contrast; they set before us a severe and relentless text, that sin has its punishment, and that for the sinner there is nothing but a degraded and pitiless death.

"Clito," which preceded by many years such aggressive stage sermons as were contained in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," "The Sign of the Cross," and "The Christian," preached from a popular pulpit by Pinero, Wilson Barrett, and Hall Caine, was not one of the plays, either drama or tragedy, from which any one could rise conscious of the errors of human nature, but buoyed up with the hope of mercy, soothed by what had been witnessed, and in a measure consoled with an inner confidence of pardon.

The preacher's face was ever severe; he thundered forth anathemas with withering scorn; there was no light of love about his eyes—no pure, calm dignity of demeanour; he execrated the folly of mankind, paraded perdition, and thumped the pulpit cushions.

If such a story of human folly and heartless dissoluteness had to be told in order to enforce a great moral lesson; if it required a poetical play and sumptuous surroundings to hint to us that the man most conscious of his strength is most fallible, and that the woman outwardly most beautiful is inwardly most corrupt; if it required stage pictures and groupings of remarkable magnificence to din into our ears the old unalterable truth that the coxcomb who poses as a model of virtue is an egotist, bound to fall at the first attack of temptation, and that there are women in the world so steeped in vice that they are dead to every feeling of shame, and indifferent to every

access of pity, it was well—nay, it was essentially more artistic—to place the scene in old Athens half a century before the dawn of Christianity, than eighteen hundred and sixty years later.

M. Emile Zola and his disciples claim the same freedom for their art as the authors of “Clito” and many others have done since that play was written. Mr. Pinero and Mr. Carton are the latest converts to the Zola and Ibsen creed. Zola is of course the apostle of the new artistic doctrine that a spade is a spade still, and may be called so in literature, in painting, and in the drama. He is as sincere in his conviction that vice can be routed by strong and uncurbed expression, and that the preacher’s lesson can only be got home by violence of illustration, as our new recruits in the artistic Hallelujah Army ; but, with perhaps less discretion, Zola has told the self-same story by means of a Nana instead of a Helle.

Between these ugly women there is not a pin to choose. The one is modern, the other ancient ; that is all. The one sweeps her train on the Boulevards, the other in the Agora. The one is Parisian, the other Athenian. The cheers, enthusiastic, unanimous, real, that greeted Clito and all his self-consciousness, and Helle with all her unsavoury surroundings, might indeed, have been jeopardised had Clito lived in the Albany and Helle been a resident in St. John’s Wood.

The moral argument would have been precisely the same, but the illustrations far more dangerous. The weak spot in the tragedy of Clito was the contemptible character of the hero ; a man with whom no soul could possibly sympathise, a man who is a windy braggart when he is not a fool. The *poseur* who takes upon himself to denounce vice in the market-place should be strong



enough in his virtue to resist the first faint attack of a vicious woman. A man with a brain to analyse, and a mind capable of understanding what an ideal woman is, apparently from experience, might fairly be expected to hesitate before he rushed madly, even when his eyes were open, after a creature so deplorably unideal and unimaginative, so destitute of taste and tact, that one would have thought his whole soul would have revolted against her when the scales fell from his eyes, and he was relieved of her contaminating presence.

A Clito who in his public harangues has denounced a Helle and all her tribe could scarcely be expected to be innocent of her character when he finds himself in a dissolute palace, amidst perfumed lamps and singing bacchanals, intoxicated with wine and song, in the very home of luxury, that has been his sermon's text.

Clito is either a headstrong and impulsive boy, or a calm, deliberative and thinking man. If he is intended to be the first, he would surely not have reflected on an ideal woman, or even understood her; he would not have appreciated the exquisite simplicity of Irene, or the noble love of Xenocles; he would not have won the applause of the mob or the confidence of his countrymen. If, on the other hand, he be the last, it is difficult to understand the innocence of a mob orator and member of the Athenian Purity Society, when he finds himself a contented guest in Helle's notorious palace.

Nor was Helle, the wretched creature who lures Clito to his doom, wholly great in the sense that Cleopatra and the vicious heroines of history were great. A woman who could so defy the present and the future should scarcely be shown as a rank coward in her death.

Virtue and vice must be equally consistent when they are represented in ambitious tragedy.

On all hands, and without contradiction, it was decided that, apart from the literary merits of the piece, and its sumptuous and superb decoration, the full acting honours of the play belonged to Miss Eastlake.

The revolting character of Helle was by far the boldest thing this actress had ever attempted, and in point of art far the best. She was not responsible for Helle. It is not a part that any woman would willingly choose ; but, being given to an intelligent actress, she succeeded to a marvel.

The caressing voluptuousness of the woman, as contrasted with the violence of disgust that bubbled up to the surface ; her seeming artlessness, counteracted in an instant by a devilish suggestion, penetrating her whole nature, her languishing airs, checked by a hiss of cat-like ferocity, were hideously true.

Miss Eastlake showed real and genuine power in her indignant denunciation of her sensually sentimental lover, and in the pale death-sweat of the terror-stricken woman beating the floor in an agony of terror when hunted to earth by her enemies.

The actress had a terrible task to perform, but she went at it boldly. The very daring of her treatment made some of the audience wince. So realistic a picture of feminine depravity, in look, in vindictiveness, in light attitude, and in shamelessness, had not been seen since "Nana" was performed in Paris, when a lovely actress simulated death on the stage, deserted by her friends and companions, and wearing a mask painted to represent the ravages and scars of small-pox !

In this disfigurement the actress took her call at the end of the play, in obedience to the dictates of the realistic school, which hopes to check men's viciousness by pictures of Nanas of the nineteenth century, and Helles

who flourished four hundred years before the Christian era. The distance of time, unfortunately, does not diminish the horror of the picture. But then the art of Wirtz and Van Beers was never to my taste.

Whilst on the subject of the modern realistic play of which Pinero is now the strongest and cleverest advocate, it is impossible to avoid the mention of Mrs. Patrick Campbell and her two most alluring successes, "*The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*" (1893), and "*The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*" (1895). As a work of art, I infinitely preferred the latter, though the former was of course the more popular. Mrs. Tanqueray fitted Mrs. Patrick Campbell like a glove; it scarcely became necessary to act, for the temperament was there. But Mrs. Ebbsmith was very nearly a work of genius. I dare say others could play Mrs. Tanqueray—in fact they have, notably Mrs. Kendal and Olga Nethersole; but I can only conceive one Mrs. Ebbsmith. She fascinated like a serpent with lovely eyes.

In proportion as I ever considered "*Mrs. Ebbsmith*" the best, most interesting and most convincing of Mr. Pinero's realistic plays, so do I think this infinitely the finest thing done by Mrs. Patrick Campbell. It was a natural and convincing personation. We talk of the nature of Eleanor Duse, and rightly, but she is not always convincing. From the first line to the last of Mrs. Ebbsmith it was impossible to distract the attention from Mrs. Patrick Campbell. When she was most silent we read her thoughts. She had the rare art in this play of thinking aloud. Any little theatrical tricks of the companions by her side seemed for the moment to irritate and jar on the nerves.

The actress took us to wonderland, and she kept us there until she had done with us. Her defiant attitude

in connection with her own bold but mistaken opinions, was no less superb than her contemptuous and supercilious scorn of the Duke, whom she treats with outward courtesy, but with veiled insolence. So many women do that, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell has studied the art to perfection.

But the performance was full of beautiful, human and womanly touches—the defeat of Agnosticism and Materialism, and Free-Love jargon, at the mere danger of her lover's departure; the gradual rebirth of an almost buried affection; the consummate victory of nature over unfaithfulness; the scornful rejection of the Bible, followed by the reaction of penitence; the natural scorn of scorn; the equally natural love of love; and in the end the very martyrdom of ruined hopes and aspirations.

The face of Mrs. Campbell at the conclusion of the play was piteously beautiful; on it were registered the defeat of self, the triumph of a dim and distant faith.

If ever acted again it is a performance and a play that every one ought to see who understands, or who has studied, the art of the theatre. For here we have before us, what some of us have so constantly advocated—a play teeming with interest, a performance glowing with inspiration. Here all Mrs. Patrick Campbell's faults melted before our eyes. She was distinct, she was audible, she did not slur her words, or indulge in monotonous "sing-song," she did not scamp her work. All through she showed a profoundly interesting personality, while in the great scene of the play the actress exhibited genuine dramatic power and passion. Author and actress shared a well-earned triumph.

Mr. Pinero's success was proportionately greater because he had been truer to nature in his arguments





*Photos by* MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.



J. FORBES ROBERTSON. [*Alfred Ellis.*]



*Photo by* KYRLE BELLEW. [*Robt. W. Thrupp.*]



*Photo by* MRS. BROWN POTTER. [*Alfred Ellis.*]





and conclusions. Mrs. Patrick Campbell's triumph was the more complete because she showed that she could get inside a character, and place it before us with all its whims and oddities and incongruities and infinite variety. This particular performance reminded me not so much of Eleonora Duse as of an artist infinitely greater, with more nature, more womanliness, more fitful in change and chance; an artist who has painted a woman's capricious nature better than any one of our time. Need I mention her name? It was the late Aimée Desclée. In Mrs. Patrick Campbell we have all the elements of a Desclée. I should like to see her in the "*Maison Neuve*"; and perhaps I shall some day, for the play has never as yet been properly handled.

It was of this wonderful soul-actress, Desclée, that Alexandre Dumas the younger wrote these touching words:

"Diane, Frou Frou, Lydie, Séverine, Marceline, Cesarine! Where art thou? There is no answer. Close your eyes, look at her for the last time in your remembrance. You will never see her more. That enigmatic voice which swayed and intoxicated you at the same time like music or an Eastern perfume—listen to it for the last time in the distance—you will hear it no more for ever. Nothing remains of what was once so dear.

"Let us regret this great artist, but pity not her death. She has won the rest for which she prayed. Her best reward is death. Of the details of her actual life I have told you nothing. Where was she born? How was she brought up? Where did she first appear? What became of her? What matters it at all? A woman like her has no biography. She touched our very souls: and she is dead. There is her history!"

Charles Wyndham and Julia Neilson in "The Home Secretary," during the year 1895, formed a very happy combination.

At the outset of her career, Julia Neilson suffered somewhat from the injudicious partisanship of a brilliant dramatist, who imagined that actresses are sometimes born and not made, and that when they were not so born he could make them. He could do nothing of the kind. If Julia Neilson in those early days had found a Charles Wyndham or an Augustin Daly to instruct and train her, much heartburning might have been avoided in connection with "Brantingham Hall."

For the last half hour of "The Home Secretary" Julia Neilson held her audience as in a vice. She had never done anything better in her painstaking career, never shown such feeling, never so clearly exhibited her heart. First of all, in a singularly clever soliloquy, this strange, circumspect and flawless woman had to examine her heart, and determine whether this pastime of a year was friendship or love. We all knew it. The audience knew it. The woman had deceived herself, no one else; but this soliloquy, had it occurred in a better play, would have far more deeply affected the audience.

It was not the fault of Julia Neilson. It was the fault of the author. We began to understand the woman too late. For the first three acts she had been ill drawn, and the actress was fighting desperately against fate. For one act she was well, truly, and fairly drawn, and the actress conquered. Nay, she did more. She pulled the play out of the fire. She saved it at the moment of extinction.

But Julia Neilson's success was not confined to her exquisitely delivered soliloquy; it culminated in her

confession to her husband,—a confession so modest, so womanly, so true, with the voice half broken with sobs, and the face lined with agony, that suddenly the thought sprang to the more imaginative part of the audience. "Why should not Julia Neilson play Tess? Why should she not make the greatest confession in all fiction and become a poetic actress?"

How strange it all was! Here was an actress who had struggled bravely to the front, who had done everything fairly well, but had never been credited with much feeling or sympathetic charm, suddenly melting a bored and weary audience to tears. Never was an audience more astonished at the beautiful scene of confession, and never was applause better deserved. Where the character of the wife was unreal and incomprehensible, Julia Neilson could do nothing with it. She broke down under her burden. The instant Rhoda Trendal was turned into a natural woman, the actress caught her on the rebound, and saved the play. And it was the same with Charles Wyndham. For three acts he worked on the treadmill. During the last he was sent to exercise in the air, and he contributed mainly to the success of the last act. Charles Wyndham was compelled to play a desperately waiting game, but his love scene with the wife in the last act of "*The Home Secretary*" will be quoted in after time as one of the truest and most touching things in serious art he has ever done.

A comic actress of remarkable variety, versatility, vigorous expression, and consistent cleverness is Fanny Brough. She comes from a very gifted literary and dramatic family, and is the daughter of Robert Brough, the journalist and poet, author of the remarkable "*Songs for the Governing Classes*." With Fanny Brough, as with

so many comic actors of the first class, the border line between humour and pathos is extremely narrow. She, like Mrs. John Wood, can make you cry as easily as she can make you laugh. This was shown in a Spanish play I once adapted with Wilson Barrett, in which Fanny Brough honoured us by appearing as the heroine, and played it extraordinarily well. But in this case it was the play that failed, not the actress.

She gave us another instance of these quick changes in "*A Mother of Three*," the clever work of that brilliant woman, Clo Graves, which was produced at the Comedy Theatre in 1896.

The burden of this pathetic farce fell on the shoulders of Fanny Brough, who worked with characteristic vigour, and, true artist as she is, carried out to the very letter the ingenious design of the authoress. In this play Fanny Brough was not the mere woman of business in one act, and the harassed mother masquerading in men's clothes in another. She had a higher conception of the part than that. She saw in it something of the grimness of domestic tragedy. The woman idolises her girls, and would go through fire and water to further their interests; and so it comes to pass that when the mother of three attires herself as a man, it is to her not a joke, but an absolute martyrdom.

The scene in which the wife really does meet the husband, and, clogged with the fatal and fateful garments, grovels at his feet, was worked up into an absolutely pathetic scene. Miss Brough had the notion at her finger ends.

The triplets were delightful, and were positively "three lovely cherries moulded on one stem." This handsome trio consisted of Esmé Beringer (daughter of a most gifted mother and talented authoress—Mrs. Oscar



Beringer), Lily Johnson, and Audrey Ford. Each one of them had a clear sense of humour, and nothing could be better than their attack of the play in its opening scenes. The audience took to the triplets directly the curtain had gone up.

Now that Sarah Bernhardt has played Hamlet, and with such success, it must not be forgotten that as late as 1896 was seen the best girl Romeo of our time.

I know the best Romeo I have ever seen was Esmé Beringer.

Picture to yourself a handsome Italian youth, with dark skin, bright eyes and gleaming teeth ; an impulsive, hot-headed Southern creature, easily moved to passion, and as easily moved to tears.

Picture to yourself also a temperament, so different from ours, swayed this way and that, loving, and scarcely knowing what love is ; hating without a trace of venom in the hate ; a boy with the womanish part of his nature not quite knocked out of him, a boy who can by his very passion be made "drunk with grief," a boy who by a spasm of idiosyncrasy can "take a measure of an unmade grave ;" and there you have something like the ideal Romeo.

Something like the ideal Romeo of Shakespeare's text was found in Esmé Beringer.

Scarcely one Shakespearean enthusiast present believed it was a woman. It was not a woman at all ; it was a boy. No suggestion of sex entered into the study. We had to forgive nothing, to beg nothing. There stood before us a comely youth—poetic, imaginative, impulsive, with the hot blood of Italy in his veins, with an adorable charm of manner, and a voice tinged with the golden sun. It was all warm, sunny, poetic,

imaginative. There was not a trace of baseness or sensuality in this delightful study.

Ah ! it will be said, so far so good for the picture ; but how about the art of it ? Miss Esmé Beringer may look Romeo, but how can she act it ? How can she speak the immortal lines of Shakespeare ? All I can say is, would that Shakespeare's text could always be delivered with such exquisite grace of diction ! The voice rang true, it echoed and echoed about the crowded theatre ; but the brain was there as well as the voice, and I believe that many present had never understood Romeo so well as when, line after line, sentence after sentence, scene after scene, did not, as they so often do, pass in a dream, but went straight to the mind and understanding. A better pronounced performance of Romeo has been seldom heard ; a more ideal Romeo has seldom been seen. The mind throughout the play refused to believe that it was not a passionate Italian boy before their eyes.

I can remember no scene in which the ideality of the character was lost. The first stab of love in the ball scene, the warm enthusiasm of the balcony scene were good enough ; but where the part stood out best was in the heroic, irritable passages, the fights, the scenes with the Friar, half hysterical, half romantic, wholly unreasonable, and the scene at the tomb, where the wild, romantic, and wholly unsensual side of love was exhibited with force and undoubted charm. It certainly was a revelation in Romeos. Let me sum up the merits of the performance ! A pretty picture, a pure and resonant voice, a Shakespearean method marvellous in one so young, a power of sending the text straight home to receptive minds, and throughout a glamour of idealism and poetry. Voilà Romeo !



*Photos by*

FAY DAVIES.

LENA ASHWELL. [*Alfred Ellis.*

*Photo by*

IRENE VANBRUGH.

[*Sarony, N.Y.*

*Photo by*

VIOLET VANBRUGH.

[*Lafayette.*

*Photo by*

EVELYN MILLARD.

[*Alfred Ellis.*



When I look "into the future far as human eye can see," and imagine what young actresses and actors will carry on the traditions of their gifted predecessors and do credit in time to come to the English stage that they adorn with their conspicuous talent, even now several names rush to my lips. I think of Julia Neilson and her kinswoman, Lily Hanbury, both remarkable for their beauty, their fine stage presence, and their devotion to the art they love, both fighting bravely for that experience that is so essential, and that schooling and discipline of which English stage art is so lamentably destitute. I think of Olga Nethersole, earnest, indefatigable, often brilliant, who has become almost as popular in America as the lovely woman and Juliet who preceded her, Adelaide Neilson. I think of Lena Ashwell, with her pathetic, pleading voice, and her thoughtful, poetic style, which is bound to win when she gets the chance she so well deserves.

I think of those remarkable sisters, Violet and Irene Vanbrugh, destined, if I mistake not, to be the twin stars of tragedy and comedy in the time to come.

Violet Vanbrugh first showed the valuable artistic material that is in her in "The Queen's Proctor," on the 2nd of June, 1896. To tackle the heroine of "Divorçons" after Celine Chaumont, Eleonora Duse, and Jeanne May, was no very simple task. But Violet Vanbrugh came to the front with astonishing force and vivacity. The author, with that rare observation and cleverness which she possesses, turned the divorced wife of an English fox-hunting Squire into a foreigner.

This was exactly what was wanted. All the vivacity, all the excitable temperament, all the go, the verve, the implied hysteria came at once, from the fact that Lady Crofton, the English Squire's wife, was an Italian bred and



born. Violet Vanbrugh, like the artist that she is, at once seized on the suggestion. If it had been an English woman she would have been dancing in fetters ; but, make her Italian or French, and she could suggest, as she did suggest, both Sarah Bernhardt and Eleonora Duse.

It is clear to every competent judge of acting that Violet Vanbrugh has that essential power of which the modern stage is so conspicuously barren. She has been chaffed and ridiculed and pooh-poohed for her very admirable rendering of the character of an executioner's daughter in a clever but somewhat morbid little play. But what harm has it done her ? None at all ; it has done her good. It has made her feel her feet. It has given her confidence ; and now, after the tragedy of "*The Executioner's Daughter*," she tackled the heroine of "*Divorçons*," and gave it a comic power and a tragic intensity which no actress who has ever preceded her has ever suggested. Chaumont was frankly funny and vulgar. Duse was superb in certain scenes, but quite ludicrous in others. Violet Vanbrugh was good, natural, and intense from start to finish ; best of all in the risky scene of the last act, because she was never suggestive, but always human. At last the heroine of Sardou's masterpiece became a woman, not a doll. She was flesh and blood, and no puppet. She loved well and hated well, and she made the scene vibrate. This is where the art of a young actress like Violet Vanbrugh is so valuable. She is not ashamed to act. She lets herself go ; and it is certain that the time is coming when, as George Bernard Shaw points out, the modern university shamefacedness and indifference to enthusiasm will have to be reconsidered. The stage of the last ten or a dozen years has been afraid to act for very shame ; but the public of to-day intends to make

actors and actresses act, instead of being mere lay figures and dummies !

Nor has Mr. Arthur Bouchier done anything much better than the hero of this comedy of divorce. He was quiet, calm, humorous, and observant. Mr. Bouchier, if he advances as he has recently advanced, will be one of the best of our comedy actors. He thinks on the stage. He listens. He makes his points with ease and without effort. Few young actors in so short a time have acquired such a mastery of their art. It will be said that he works desperately hard. So he does. But industry is not everything on the stage ; you want something more, and Arthur Bouchier proved to a very observant and critical audience that he had that something more required. Well studied, well conceived, and acted with consummate finish, these two performances of Arthur Bouchier and Violet Vanbrugh did ample justice to the brilliant work of Herman Merivale. Naturally enough, the art world is ringing now with the name of Irene Vanbrugh. Her great chance came with "The Gay Lord Quex," and behold the English Réjane of the future.

In looking towards the future I think also of Jessie Millward, another of the sound English-made actresses of the Madge Kendal school, and a better one cannot be found. I think of Mrs. Lewis Waller, a young actress happily influenced by the best French school, and often momentarily inspired with the true "feu sacré."

Such names as that of the gentle, pathetic, and pleading Fay Davis occur to me, and, as I said before, of the sweet-voiced, intense, and interesting Lena Ashwell, who, I am convinced, has a great future before her ; and the stately enthusiastic Mrs. Bernard Beere, who will

be the "grande dame" of the future. Mrs. Bernard Beere appeared as Jane Eyre, in December, 1882.

It seemed to be over-elaborating the fastidiousness of criticism to raise objections to this conception of Jane Eyre, with its waves of tenderness, passion, pathos, and dignity, on the ground that the actress did not physically resemble the heroine of the book. It matters very little for the purpose of this play, as arranged by Mr. Wills, whether Jane Eyre is short or tall, if she be picturesque or commonplace, if she have green eyes or blue, if her complexion be pale or peach-like. If it were the book in action and idea, it might be important; but, for the purpose of this play, it was not. In fact, Mrs. Bernard Beere performed such an unexceptionally difficult task under circumstances of such aggravating ill-fortune, that her success as an actress was far greater than it appeared to be to a superficial observer. To tell the truth, she played Jane Eyre without a Rochester—and played it with such brilliancy that this one performance should charitably hush the voice of the pessimist, when he declares that the stage of the future will be destitute of leading actresses.

It came as a surprise to all who saw it, but it was none the less welcome. Mrs. Bernard Beere brought to her task presence, physique, voice, and an apparently unconquerable resolution; but, best of all, a mental penetration, an insight into the deeper feelings of a woman's nature, that raise the art of acting from commonplace to dignity. She had been playing with extraordinary variety and impulse throughout the evening; she was affectionate and natural with her little pupil, the French child Adèle; calmly cynical and invariably effective in all the comedy scenes when the governess is insulted by Lady Ingram and her daughters;

and in her first love scene with Rochester, told her love certainly without concealment, but with a frankness and sincerity, a tenderness and whole-heartedness perfectly consonant with the nature of such a woman. But the great scene of the play, the scene that interested all who admire the art of acting, is that where Jane Eyre is left alone with the man she loves, having been told that the madwoman is his wife.

Here Mrs. Bernard Beere rose to the occasion, step by step, until she grasped the prize of success. First, the terror-haunted, dejected woman, as, with the agony of doubt painted on her face, and with pride uncrushed, she asked: "Is that woman your wife?"

In vain may Rochester plead and divert the issue; in vain, may he postpone the inevitable confession—still fell on his ears the voice, "monotonous and hollow as a ghost's," "Is that woman your wife?" The secret is divulged, and then came the denunciation. The acting had taken another key. Dejection and doubt gave place to dignity. The voice was so strong, the outraged woman so powerful in her scorn, that Rochester hides his face in his hands, unable to look upon the features painted half with contempt, half pity.

Suddenly there came another change, most forcible, most natural, and artistic of all. In the tempest of this bitter denunciation the voice broke, and all the woman was conquered as she fell at her master's feet, and so, womanlike, told him how absorbing her love has been. He is the "dear master" once more; she must leave him, but her love surpasses that of woman. There is a moment of tremor and agitation; the poor creature's love is so strong that she would almost yield to Rochester's passionate appeal, when once more the mad scream and the laugh came ringing in the lovers' ears, and the



prostrate woman was strong again. "She stands between us;" and so the curtain fell. It was impossible to avoid the idea that for the singularly clever effect by which Mrs. Bernard Beere changed from denunciation to heart passion, she had been impressed by six lines in the "Idylls of the King," that expressed exactly what the actress reproduced. It is after the parting of Arthur and Guinevere :

"Then she stretched out her arms, and cried aloud,  
'Oh, Arthur!' there her voice brake suddenly;  
Then—as a stream that spouting from a cliff  
Falls in mid air, but gathering at the base  
Re-makes itself and flashes down the vale—  
Went on in passionate utterance!"

That was exactly the effect which Mrs. Bernard Beere conveyed when the commanding figure became crushed and suppliant, and the loud ringing voice became charged with tears.

Mrs. Bernard Beere as *Fedora*, when she played it at the Haymarket in October, 1883, held the play together as in a vice. Her presence, her command, and her gesture seemed to animate her companions, and, aided by the remarkable tension of the dramatic position, she did what few actresses can do—she caused a silence.

It is not for me to say what Sarah Bernhardt could do in this particular scene; but I have sufficient evidence as to what she actually did. It is no exaggeration, but the simple truth, to say that all the art and energy of Sarah Bernhardt failed to give this first act of "*Fedora*" the particular glow that it acquires from an actress who added to and improved on an inspiration.

But, most of all, I think, I pin my faith to Evelyn Millard, who has power and style, and to Lena Ashwell, with the voice of gold, who is to England what Annie



Russell is to America, and will be as pathetic an actress as authors, or critics, or public can require. And by their side as heroes will be found Martin Harvey of the romantic school, and Lewis Waller, an actor bound at no distant date to take chief command, for to his natural intelligence in all he does he adds the merit of being a Shakespearean scholar, a student of dramatic literature, a lover of heroic poetry, with a voice with which to declaim noble words, and a virility with which on the mimic stage to express noble deeds and manly endeavour.

They say it is never wise to prophesy. I cannot help it; I have done it now, and do not desire to recall one word.

When Lewis Waller astonished play-loving London as Raoul D'Artagnan in Henry Hamilton's excellent Dumas drama, old and young playgoers joined hands in rounds of applause, genuinely deserved.

Those of the old brigade rubbed their eyes with delight, for it seemed as if old times had returned again, with their spirit, vivacity, and admirable elocution.

As for the youngsters, they were not ashamed to own that there was something after all in romantic drama when led by a young actor. No more dawdling, no more pauses, no more irritating atmosphere of depression and dulness.

It was the express train of acting; not the slow parliamentary, with a wait at every roadside station.

I have spoken very often in these pages of one of the very best romantic actors of the century. His name is Charles Fechter. Were Charles Fechter living, he would have a very serious rival, and he would be the first to own it, in Lewis Waller.

This admirable young actor has, what even Charles Fechter did not possess when he first came amongst us—

youth. Fechter had spirit, variety, passion, enthusiasm. So has Lewis Waller. Fechter, so to speak, led the scene, and never allowed the interest to drop. So does Lewis Waller. Fechter had, in addition to grace and charm, that one requisite for an actor of every class—humour. And, to the surprise of every one, the earlier scenes in which D'Artagnan was engaged were pungent and pregnant with humour.

To me personally I do not hesitate to say that Lewis Waller's success as D'Artagnan was very consoling.

For years past I have been urging, perhaps with wearisome persistency, the faults of slow acting in romantic subjects. Half our good plays are ruined by the self-sufficiency of the posing star.

Lewis Waller has never erred in this respect. Gifted by nature with a noble voice, he not only knows how to use it, but he understands the value of variety in the utterance of long speeches. Now, long speeches are not necessarily bad, or to be despised; but they have become impossible on the stage, owing to the miserable manner in which they are generally delivered—now indistinct, now smothered, now blurred, now pointless, ever to the despair of clever writers for the stage.

Lewis Waller has changed all that. He had a speech to deliver in this play of abnormal length, but to hear him deliver it was a treat indeed to all who value and understand stage elocution. It was a spirited, lilting, well-written description of D'Artagnan's adventurous journey to London in search of the Duke of Buckingham and the diamond studs—a kind of prose version of Robert Browning's celebrated ride from Aix to Ghent.

The audience hung on every word and syllable as the actor, by the power of his art, broke up every sentence, changed and varied the time, accentuated each incident



LAWRENCE IRVING.

H. B. IRVING.

LEWIS WALLER.

*Photos by*

MARTIN HARVEY.

HERBERT WARING.

[*Alfred Ellis.*



in the adventure, and made supremely interesting what would otherwise have been deplorably dull. The applause at the end of that elocutionary feat was as powerful as it was unanimous. I for one felt proud of it, for it endorsed much that had been said by me, of the deadly dull inefficiency of the so-called romantic actor. When the lovers of good acting think over this electric and vivid performance of D'Artagnan, they will persuade themselves that Lewis Waller's buoyant, youthful, and emphatic style is of incalculable advantage to all on the stage. One dull prosy actor makes the rest dull, and the audience depressed. One Fechterian actor makes the scene sparkle, and the audience exhilarated. Take a case in point.

Long before Fechter came to this country, John Ryder was accounted an excellent actor. He was a stalwart in the days of Macready. But he was never so good an actor as when he played with Fechter. And I go further than that, and say that no romantic drama has ever gone so well since the days of "The Duke's Motto," "Ruy Blas," and "Bel Demonio," as "The Three Musketeers" did. The reason was obvious. We found a young romantic actor unrivalled as Hotspur and Brutus, super-excellent as Raoul D'Artagnan.

Never did Queen of France have a more intrepid and dauntless defender than D'Artagnan in the chivalrous person of Lewis Waller.

Certain it is that Lewis Waller and his clever wife never had two stronger characters to interpret than D'Artagnan and Miladi; the one would not have been despised by a Fechter, and the other certainly is not unworthy of a Marie Laurent or a Doche.

No mere talking, or lounging, or society drawling will do in plays of this pattern, cast in the romantic mould,



as is clearly shown in the powerful and admirable scene between D'Artagnan and Miladi in the bed chamber, and in Miladi's death, which, call it romance if you will, is simple tragedy.

But, though Lewis Waller's performance of the romantic hero of Dumas stood out conspicuously, and was received with enthusiasm, his bright and joyous example was not lost on his companions.

For instance, his wife (Mrs. Lewis Waller), who had a magnificent chance with Miladi, began with some timidity, and showed her craft and cunning under a very soft and velvet mask ; but when she came to her great scenes she astonished everybody with the power that could be extracted from that thin and nervous frame, and made us wonder that her successes of old times had not encouraged her to still bolder work, which would have enriched the voice, added to the experience, and improved the style.

She, however, waited for her dramatic opportunities. There were two strong ones. The one was in the intensely dramatic scene in a bedroom, with locked doors, and in the dark, where Miladi's enemy D'Artagnan, personates her lover, and discovers the felon's mark on the shoulder, parrying her dagger thrusts with his sword, and leaving her in a wild frenzy, impotently stabbing at a closed door. Here the effect was very fine.

The second chance came with Miladi's death scene, where the gallant Musketeers offer her the alternative of a pistol-shot or a deadly draught from the inevitable Borgia ring.

Long ago, at the Hugh Conway time of "Called Back," and dark days, and in the classical and artistic tours of Helena Modjeska, Miss Florence West was regarded as a young actress of remarkable promise.

Let us look round the shop windows and see how many photographed beauties could play "Miladi" half as well as Mrs. Lewis Waller. She also has a comely face, a slight and sinuous form, much of her husband's dash and impetuosity, and in the bed-room scene as well as in the death scene she fairly astonished everybody. There was no mistaking the sincerity of those cheers and calls. They were not "sent in," but "came out." In fact when the furious little hell cat, in her night dress, stabbed and jabbed with her dagger, rushed upon her enemy's sword, upset the dressing table and candlesticks, and battered impotently against the barred door with her broken blade, the sudden remark in the audience was almost justified: "By Jove, a pocket Bernhardt!"

When Lewis Waller played Hotspur at the Haymarket in 1896, what a treat it was to hear Shakespeare's text again! What music it was to the ear! What intelligent pleasure it gave to all assembled when verse was delivered with such admirable emphasis, with such variety, and with such intelligence and evident love of literature as by the hero of that Shakespearean success—Lewis Waller! I have no hesitation in saying that the Harry Hotspur of Lewis Waller was as fine a Shakespearean performance of its class as playgoers, old or young, have seen and welcomed for many years.

It had dignity, it had a rugged humour, and had infinite variety. The man is a brave soldier, a passionate friend, a manly lover. Hitherto Lewis Waller, meritorious actor as he ever proved himself, had been inclined to be monotonous and to pitch the character all in one key. He had been in love with his voice, as so many actors are, and gone on loving his voice, with-

out thinking of the man he was playing. I ventured to remonstrate with him on this fault again and again. I was the first to congratulate him on having succeeded in throwing this trick to the winds and stamping young Hotspur as an example to every Shakespearcan student of the stage. There is no monotony here. The actor varies every scene. The famous passage about the "certain lord, neat and trimly dressed, fresh as a bridegroom, and perfumed like a milliner," was delivered with delightful and subtle humour. So was the bit so well known by every schoolboy reciter about the starling who "shall be taught to speak nothing but Mortimer."

But this was not all. The young actor advanced to his ultimate triumph with quickening strides. The scene with Hotspur's wife, delightfully and coquettishly played by Mrs. Tree, was admirable. Hotspur was just the brave manly fellow that Lady Percy would adore. And so he went on bolder and stronger to the battle scenes and vigorous speeches, delivered with fervour, with intensity, but without one scintilla of bombast or rant, until the death scene came, which concluded a really magnificent Shakespearcan performance. At least the intelligent audience thought so, for when the final curtain fell the cries all over the house were for "Waller! Waller!" and it has been "Waller! Waller!" ever since.

It was a success very genuine, and well deserved. I am asked sometimes to define the old school as contrasted with the new, and to say how they differ. Let me answer the question by saying that Lewis Waller's Hotspur combines the vigorous elocutionary power and strength of the old school with the variety, grace, taste, and discretion of

the new. In old time the actors were said too often to "ladle out" Shakespeare. Lewis Waller never does that. But he does what so few modern Shakespearean actors do. He thinks aloud. He breaks up the text. He is variable in face, manner, and gesture. In fact he has given to the modern stage a fine Shakespearean reading of a gallant Shakespearean hero, and he has told the new school that Shakespeare cannot be acted with kid gloves or be steeped in rose water. Actors who cannot act applaud under-acting, or "reserved force" as they call it. It seems to me that under-acting in heroic parts is as detestable a fault as over-acting. Lewis Waller has hit the happy mean, and he will reap his reward in the appreciation and applause of all who have conscientiously studied acting as an art. When he can be a little more tender in love scenes his success will be complete.

## CHAPTER XII

### “ THE ACTOR-MANAGER SYSTEM OF ENGLAND ”

IT would be a very strange circumstance indeed if any system for managing our theatres and places of amusement were found so generally perfect that it gave satisfaction to everybody, the public as well as the profession, and that no one could possibly find any fault with it whatever. It is notorious in England that actor-managers, from all time, have been the rule, rather than the exception. Nearly all our greatest actors of the last half century have been managers as well, and many of them have shown a strong devotion to their art and a laudable unselfishness that has done them infinite credit.

William Charles Macready was an actor-manager ; and no actor, before or since, has approached his task with a grander ambition, or a finer desire to serve the interests of the profession to which he belonged, but which, by the way, he so cordially detested. If the sentiments of Macready about the stage were written by any one else and put into print to-day, he would probably be stoned by his brother actors, who may possess more earnestness in favouring their immediate interests, but not always so much conscientiousness as thinking, observant men !



Samuel Phelps, once the loyal and able lieutenant of Macready, during his brave but not wholly successful career, established, as we have seen, a home of art of his own at Sadler's Wells Theatre, Islington, where patiently, unostentatiously, and without any flourish of trumpets, he collected round him one of the best stock companies ever seen in London, and played season after season nearly the whole round of the Shakespearean and available classical dramas. Phelps was not slow in making use of the literary efforts of the best dramatists of his time, and proved to the hilt that his chief object was in the work, and not in the individual. Never was there a less self-advertising, trumpet-blowing, actor than good old Samuel Phelps. He loved Shakespeare; he adored his art; he summoned to his call some of the most earnest playgoers of this Victorian age.

He knew nothing of Society, and cared less for it. He lived in Canonbury Square, slept after his early dinner, was punctual, and in his way a gruff but kind-hearted disciplinarian; acted for all he was worth; and when he wanted a holiday, went down to the Red Lion at Farningham; fished, and made the simple rustics believe he was a moody recluse, instead of one of the great powers of our stage when it wanted rugged force and discipline.

Those who remember the days of Henry Marston, George Bennett, Hoskins, Frederick Robinson, Lewis Ball, Hermann Vezin, Belford, Miss Glyn, Miss Fitzpatrick, Miss Atkinson, Mrs. Charles Young, and many more, will bear me out in my statement.

The next actor-manager of importance was Charles Kean at the old Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street, where he produced a Shakespearean and romantic repertoire—which has been very closely followed by Henry

Irving at the Lyceum—and spared no expense whatever in mounting all the plays superbly, and endowing them with taste, beauty and archæological accuracy. Mrs. Charles Kean, once the famous Ellen Tree, was by his side, but she was never made unduly prominent, though she was a most capable actress ; and from this hive of industry came Kate and Ellen Terry, J. F. Cathcart, John Ryder, an old Macreadyite, Walter Lacy, Miss Heath (afterwards Mrs. Wilson Barrett), J. Pritt Harley, Drinkwater Meadows, and several other actors and actresses of note.

The elder Farren, Charles Mathews, Benjamin Webster, John Baldwin Buckstone, Frederic Robson, George Vining, Henry Neville, John S. Clarke, were actors and managers of more or less importance, and they paved the way for what is perhaps the best, the most noteworthy and profitable actor-management in my time—that of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft at the Prince of Wales Theatre in the Tottenham Court Road, and afterwards at the Haymarket, redecorated and restored by them to its present magnificent proportions.

The Bancrofts, and the Bancrofts alone, must have the full credit for what has been justly called the renaissance of English dramatic art. Their unselfishness is beyond all question : they worked for the good of the community and for the elevation of their art. In her own line, a comedian of the first class, a humourist with incessant charm, one who lighted up the stage directly her merry laugh was heard—in fact, a genius if ever there was one,—Mrs. (now Lady) Bancroft has never had a rival !

But even she, who could make any play, and has never marred one, again and again effaced herself when it was deemed necessary, and, with rare generosity, ex-



*Photo [by]*

*"DIPLOMACY"  
Group, 1891-1892*

*[Windsor & Greve]*



tended a helping hand to a younger generation which flourished under her sway. Her husband never failed to do the same, and, apart from the nobility of it all, it proved a most remunerative plan.

Few, except those occasionally behind the scenes, know what assistance young authors, young actors, and young actresses receive from such experienced and born actresses as a Mrs. Bancroft. Unfortunately, when success smiles on them, they sometimes conveniently forget the kindly pressure of that helping hand, and the generous attitude of the one true friend who guided them to the first rung of the ladder of fame. In certain walks of life, particularly that of the stage, nothing is more hateful to the successful man or woman than to be reminded of kindly and generous assistance in the past.

What Mrs. Bancroft, assisted by her logical, level-headed, and common-sense husband has done for the authors and artists of her time is incalculable. I happen to know it, and it is only fair that it should be recorded.

Thus we found under the Bancroft management, John Hare, who helped to open the ball, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Ellen Terry, Lydia Foote, Carlotta Addison, H. J. Montague, Charles Coghlan, Marie Litton, Marion Terry, John Clayton, Arthur Cecil, Mrs. Stirling, Madame Modjeska, Mrs. Bernard Beere, nearly all of whom became managers or manageresses in their turn, when these brilliant offshoots broke away from the parent stock. From what other theatres in the world have come such capable candidates for dramatic honours? I do not know of one!

Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft were "comrades" in the truest and best sense of the word; but their comrade-



ship did not plant a thickset hedge round advancing art and artists. They planted, they reared, and then they redug, and watered the soil. Feeble amateurishness in any form was never encouraged by them ; they stood in the way of nobody who claimed and deserved promotion ; they were not wholly occupied in grinding their own axes ; their repertoires, though mainly Robertsonian, took in the best classical comedies ; they placed "The School for Scandal" on the stage as it has never been seen before, but they never disdained the best available modern work, French or English.

In fact, they, from the parent home, sent out colonisers to every part of the globe. Not only were the Bancrofts the pioneers of what is now known as "natural acting," encouraging thereby just that "one touch of nature" which should be associated with art ; they were the authors of several judicious reforms. Before their time the dressing of modern plays was atrocious, for the very good reason that the management never supplied dresses to any one, except in costume or classical plays. Before even the days of Robertson the clever little manageress of the Tottenham Court Road Theatre determined to give the ladies their dresses, and to see they were in good style and suitable to the scene. At first, of course, the material was not so rich or expensive as that which we see on the stage to-day ; but the reform in dress suggested years before by Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews was carried out boldly by Marie Bancroft. That which was once the exception is now the rule.

Against such an unselfish, artistic and well-ordered system of actor-management as that, no one could raise a dissentient voice. In those days there were no aristo-

cratic free lists deadening the commanding interests of a play on the night of a first production ; there were no after suppers on the stage on vitally important first nights, or insinuating advances to stifle legitimate criticism. The Bancrofts took the bad with the good, like sensible people ; and when the critics were their friends, they did not turn them into enemies because they uttered, rightly or wrongly, their conscientious and unbiased opinions.

Dead heads and toadies, mere hangers-on to a busy art, were to such a healthy management an abomination ; but they encouraged and earned the confidence of the learned and liberal professions ; the painters, the lawyers, the barristers, the musicians, the doctors, and the professors of one and of all the sister arts,—those who are, after all, the only true and natural friends of the actor and actress, being of their own bone and breed, flesh and blood.

These are facts that the ambitious modern actor sometimes forgets. He takes himself occasionally too much at his own valuation. During their two managements, and after their retirement with a well and honourably won fortune, the Bancrofts spread their good work and great influence in every direction.

The first important management that sprang indirectly from the parent stock was that of H. J. Montague, David James, and Tom Thorne at the Vaudeville. This management it was that discovered Albery, the author of "The Two Roses" ; that produced one of the most successful plays ever written, "Our Boys," by H. J. Byron, who, as we have seen, was the first partner of Marie Wilton, when she opened the Tottenham Court Road Theatre ; that engaged the son of old Farren, our present William Farren, rich with the traditions of his

gifted father ; Mrs. Stirling, one of the grand old school, a Peg Woffington never to be forgotten ; Henry Neville, John Clayton, and many more celebrated players, to give dignity and gaiety to old comedy ; a management which with glad expression proclaimed the certain advance to fame of Henry Irving.

Many of us had followed his career with unceasing interest from the day when he first appeared under Miss Herbert's management on the 6th October, 1866. The general public, however, has always erroneously dated the brilliancy of his first success from the time of Digby Grant in "The Two Roses."

Then came the memorable management of John Hare at the Court Theatre, where he produced many a good play, "Olivia" in particular, and was bravely assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Charles Coghlan, Charles Kelly, or Wardell, who married Ellen Terry whilst she was acting at the Court Theatre.

Now we come to an historic event in the important era of actor-management. Old Colonel Bateman, the enthusiast, is dead ; his excellent wife, who succeeded him, finds the cares of management too great for her woman's shoulders. Henry Irving has triumphed all along the line. He has rung in "The Bells" ; he has illuminated stage history with "Charles the First" ; he has culminated his many victories with "Hamlet." So by universal consent he is elected and advanced to the managerial throne of the Lyceum. As I have ventured to point out elsewhere, there were pioneers of the good work by several of the Lyceum Knight's predecessors ; but he came at the precise moment when he was most wanted, and under him the art "flourished like a green bay tree." With wonderful judgment and tact he selected as his able and talented assistant in this artistic

enterprise one of the most popular and fascinating actresses of our day,—Ellen Terry.

Highly strung, nervous, sensitive, and emotional as all are who possess the true artistic temperament, she has been the right hand of the Henry Irving management. She may occasionally have been found deficient in the power that heavy tragedy demands, but no one of her time can yield to her in charm. A woman who is universally beloved by women is the greatest attraction that any theatre can have ; because where women go, men are sure to follow. A play that is praised by women is nearly always bound to succeed,—I don't mean the new woman, but the true woman.

It must be confessed that notwithstanding its great success as the recognised head quarters of the art, the Lyceum has not done nearly so much for colonising, spreading its influence, and teaching, as other theatres have been able to do. But this is no doubt due to the commanding influence and personal popularity of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry. They have never had any rivals. Whilst they reigned, they reigned. There could never be a Prince or Princess Regent. The Lyceum fabric stood or fell by them. They were the stars. On them the strong limelight of appreciation has ever been turned.

As for Ellen Terry, "age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety." There was no question ever of introducing a new and formidable actress at the Lyceum, for the public would have resented it. Plays had to be discovered somehow for this enchantress. Again, there was only one Henry Irving ! He must stand out as conspicuously as Ellen Terry stood out. They were twin stars ! In a certain sense of course this is not of the greatest advantage to art, but it

is inevitable. Nor should we ever forget the conspicuous loyalty of Ellen Terry to her chief, and her rare unselfishness. There were no Bells for her ; no Louis the Eleventh for her ; and though, for the sake of Cardinal Wolsey and Macbeth, she put on the mantle of Lady Macbeth and Queen Katharine, the Rosalind of our imagination must remain so for ever, because Matthias was disinclined to put on the philosopher's habit of Jaques as Macready did, and permit a William Terriss, a George Alexander, or a Kyrle Bellew to appear as Orlando.

With such favourites as these the past is never forgotten, and the public carelessly stand before the clock and sing, "Turn on, old Time." This is why the Lyceum school has not become a university, and has only turned out, so far, one very strong and capable candidate for managerial honours,—George Alexander, the Lyceum Faust and Valentine, and an admirable artist, who adds to his capacity and charm as an actor all the shrewdness and business capacity of his race.

The time for young Martin Harvey will soon come. He has enthusiasm and a persuasive poetic touch, he has the rare gift of modesty, and, like so many more, he is personally popular with his brother players and with the public. Martin Harvey, well trained at the Lyceum, has made a sudden rush to the front, and he will keep his place now that he has won it. Forbes Robertson had won his spurs over and over again elsewhere, before he played Buckingham in "Henry the Eighth" at the Lyceum, and Lancelot in "King Arthur." He was the right hand of Modjeska during a memorable artistic season at the Court Theatre.

Side by side with Henry Irving at the Lyceum, doing good work not very far off, was his lifelong friend and



attached companion, John Lawrence Toole, an actor-manager *per se*, one who was able to call his theatre "Toole's Theatre," one of the very kindest and most genial men who ever drew breath, as popular as a comedian as any of his predecessors, equally happy as Spriggins, Paul Pry, or the delightfully human Caleb Plummer, an actor and a man, who has travelled through the often thankless journey of life without making a single enemy; one who in act, word and deed, has throughout the whole of his career upheld the dignity, the credit, and the popularity of his profession. In every city, town, hamlet, and village in the United Kingdom, who does not know and love dear old Johnny Toole, afflicted, alas! beyond his fellows, and bearing his sorrows with heroic patience?

There has ever been something pathetic in the deep and earnest attachment between these two literally brother actors, and the public at large has appreciated it to the very fullest extent.

It has been one of the characteristics of Henry Irving in his estimable career never to forget a kindness, and particularly a kindness done to him when he most needed it. He has given places and berths in his theatre before and behind the stage to old friends of other days, boon companions at Manchester or Edinburgh or elsewhere. He has never turned his back, so it has been insisted with vehemence, on comrades of other days. His purse has been liberally opened, perhaps too liberally, for the assistance of all who claim kinship in his art.

It is to this characteristic temperament that is due the indissoluble friendship with J. L. Toole; for there were times at the outset of Irving's career, times never forgotten by either, when Johnny Toole fulfilled the old

adage that "a friend in need is a friend indeed." He included his old and now rapidly struggling and successful comrade in all his touring trips, insisting that he should be engaged and paid well, and keeping his name constantly before the public. Thus gratitude and friendship were amply illustrated in the attachment between Henry Irving and John Lawrence Toole.

Small wonder that Johnny Toole was a personal favourite with the public. Indefatigable in his work, constant at his post, cheery and bright everywhere he appeared, and on any stage, London scarcely seemed itself when the cheery comedian was not acting.

All through the evening Johnny Toole, for he is ever Johnny Toole with the public, used to keep the ball of fun rolling; he scarcely opened his mouth without causing a peal of laughter; the curtain always fell on unanimous applause; and naturally, in order to complete the success, came the inevitable speech, which was always pardonable when it comes from such a favourite as this.

No one acted with more spirit, or enjoyed so thoroughly the mere pleasure of acting. That was after all the strong point of his success. He delighted in acting, he loved his work. His energy was infectious, and his mercurial temperament he communicated directly to those who watched and listened.

Not to laugh, and laugh heartily, at Johnny Toole in his comic characters—whether depressed at Norwood, or driven to the madness of despair at Margate, in the calm of his own drawing-room, or in the semi-nautical attire peculiar to the Isle of Thanet, was ever a matter of impossibility. J. L. Toole was farce embodied. The humour of this actor was fairly personal; it belonged to himself, whether it be Spriggins of Norwood, or Harry Coke

the Engine Driver, or Tom Cranky a working man. The audience never wished the manager of Toole's Theatre to appear as any one else but Johnny Toole. But he could be pathetic also. I have never seen a better Caleb Plummer or so good a Tetterby in "The Haunted Man."

London now began to rain actor-managers new and old. Charles Wyndham, who has just built for himself a new theatre to fit his laudable ambition, the very best farce actor and all-round comedian I ever saw on any stage, has for years done excellent work at the Criterion, which was once the hotbed of French farce, frolic and good-natured merriment. I helped Arthur Matthison to write one of Charles Wyndham's first farcical successes, "The Great Divorce Case," figuring under the name of John Doe. And so Wyndham went on advancing step by step to his present accepted position, perhaps, after the modern fashion, taking himself a little too seriously, forcing the actor-managerial voice till it nearly cracked, and somewhat impetuously resenting criticism, or any opinion that did not harmonise with his own. As an actor of the first class and one of rare versatility, Charles Wyndham has made very few mistakes; but he is not the only actor or artist who can do some things far better than others, and imagines that, born as a comedian, he is destined to end his days as a tragedian. He has the actor's true gift of at once communicating his electricity, his charm, and his style to the audience across the footlights.

I have, of course, seen many a Charles Surface. Wyndham is incomparably the best; whilst in many of his performances, in the clever modern comedies of Henry Arthur Jones, this invaluable actor may be pronounced faultless. The French stage has seldom if ever produced a better actor than Charles Wyndham.

"The Case of Rebellious Susan," by Henry Arthur Jones, produced at the Criterion on October 3rd, 1894, was a play without a story, and yet in scene after scene was pungent, apposite, and delightfully written. It seemed to me to be a play without dramatic fibre, pulse or sufficient stamina, and yet bright, alert and instinct with the true spirit of comedy. A play thin as a thread, and yet at odd moments giving us flashes of acting so good and so polished that they did credit to modern English art.

The characters were of the first importance. The dialogue sparkled with good things—solid and thoughtful, not mere flashes in the pan, borrowed epigrams, or the rudeness of repartee; but, best of all, Charles Wyndham was in the centre of the stage, nodding, observing, discriminating and guiding the puppets, a kind of comedy chorus, who, as the scenes shift and the men and women pass before us, rightly interprets the sentiments of all who listen.

This kind of Greek chorus character is not new to the comedy stage. Dumas, and Augier, and Sardou, all use him. But in France, the wiseacre who sets everybody right and always says the right thing at the right time, is generally a confirmed cynic, or a blasé man about town. Sir Richard Kato, Q.C., was one of the best characters ever written by Henry Arthur Jones; and I do not remember Charles Wyndham ever to have given such a truly admirable performance. It looked nothing, and still was everything. No flurry, no bustle, no attempt at point-making were suggested in the acting. In style it was of the very best, in effect most convincing.

There was plenty of food for the observation of Sir Richard Kato. He has practised in the Divorce Court for a quarter of a century, and still there are several



*Photos by]* GEORGE ALEXANDER.



C. H. HAWTREY. [*Alfred Ellis.*



*Photo by]* CHAS. WYNDHAM. (*Barraud.*



*Photo by]* JOHN HARE. [*Alfred Ellis.*





new types of matrimonial failures in his own drawing-room. He is particularly interested in Lady Susan Harabin, because she is his niece and he is her guardian. But he never breaks down in his desire and determination that she shall not make a fool of herself. When she has rejected the overtures of peace, he watches her as a cat watches a mouse. He pretends to know nothing, when he can see every move on the board. It is a kind of silent, and subtle, cross-examination of a hostile witness.

He knows, this keen-sighted and quick-witted lawyer, that the rebellious Susan has nearly kicked over the traces at Cairo; and then, in the supreme moment of danger, he asserts his strong man's supremacy, and shakes his helpless little victim as a cat would shake a mouse, or a dog worry a helpless cat. In this scene were contrasted the strong, determined and upright man, with the weakness and the babyish petulance of the easily led and silly woman.

Charles Wyndham's acting was quite first class; it was nervous, muscular and virile; and yet the actor never once got out of the picture or attempted to play for applause. Sometimes it is asked, what is natural acting? Here you had it from Charles Wyndham, and not only in this scene, but in almost every scene of the play. For Sir Richard Kato had another woman to tackle—there was another thorn in his side, in the shape of a red-haired, green-gowned specimen of the advanced modern woman, played to perfection by Nina Boucicault, daughter of the great dramatist, whose disease of vanity the clever lawyer quickly diagnoses, and whose treatment is laudably drastic. Sir Richard Kato is never rude, not even supercilious or sarcastic. He defeats his enemies by his brilliancy of argument and

his great gift of common sense. Only once he rises to something like passion ; but it is an earnest, smothered, banked-up fire of indignation. The speech ridiculing the pretensions of the "new woman" was so vivid and sparkling, and was received with such a chorus of applause, that I venture to quote it here as a guide to any future debaters of the point. "There is an immense future for women !" snaps out the Titian-haired, green-gowned Elaine. Sir R. (interrupting): "At her own fireside there is an immense future for women as wives and mothers, and a very limited future for them in any other capacity. While you ladies, without passions, are raving and trumpeting all over the country, that wise, grim old grandmother of us all, Dame Nature, is simply laughing up her sleeve, and snapping her fingers at you and your new epochs and new movements. Go home !

"Be sure that old Dame Nature will choose her darlings to carry on her own schemes. Go home ! Go home ! Nature's darling woman is a stay-at-home woman, a woman who wants to be a good wife and a good mother, and cares very little for anything else. (Elaine is about to speak ; Sir Richard silences her with a gesture.) Go home ! Go home ! and don't worry the world any longer with this tiresome sexual business ; for, take my word, it was settled once for all in the Garden of Eden, and there's no more to be said about it. Go home ! Go home ! Go home !" Elaine (furious): "Sir Richard, you are grossly indelicate !" Sir R. (blandly): "I am ; so's nature. (Cheerfully) : Now I must go and dress for dinner !" Here was Charles Wyndham at his very best.

But the good scenes in which Sir Richard Kato, alias Charles Wyndham, was concerned were endless. Perhaps

the best of all, the best written and the best acted, is that between the man of the world and the widow of the world, between Charles Wyndham and Gertrude Kingston. This was the perfection of high comedy. It was the old question: should a man and woman reveal their past or not on the eve of marriage? The scene has been treated scores of times seriously in novels and in plays, but here it was treated in the comedy vein; and it was comedy indeed, comedy so good that one wishes it were in a play beautifully woven, and not a dazzling patchwork counterpane made up of costly and rare materials.

Charles Wyndham had a difficult task to do, but he never faltered for an instant. He kept his team together with a keen eye, firm nerve and strong hand. If the play were ten times less interesting than it was, it would have been worth seeing and valuing for the Sir Richard Kato of Charles Wyndham, who showed that there is a strong, firm table-land between the frolics of farce and the earnestness of sentiment; and that is the masculine, well-considered and artistic comedy touch which we saw.

Lucky again the author, the earnest author, at the mercy of his interpreters, who, in the case of "*The Physician*," won such an actor to his side as Charles Wyndham! Here is a curious circumstance. We got the newest of new plays, and it was exalted to an abiding value by the most competent and experienced of actors. Why? Because Charles Wyndham is an artist; because he understands his business; because he appreciates and admires his author. Never before had Charles Wyndham proved himself to be such a consummate artist. The part of the Physician is beset with pitfalls. Another actor might have made it a showy, theatrical exercise; another temperament might have made of this doctor

a character full of rant and bombast. Not so Charles Wyndham. He showed us the man, heart and soul, body and brains. And it was no easy task. He had to paint on a very limited canvas the despairing man; the loving, lazy, disappointed man; the dutiful man; the devout man; the man who changes before our very eyes from an agnostic to a believer. All this he did with earnestness, grace and finish.

If he erred at all, he erred in his determination to follow nature to excess in his loyalty to art. There were times when he appeared to be underplaying; but he was not. It was all even, consistent, admirable. No scenes exhibited the excellence of restraint more than those that were played so delightfully with clever Marion Terry. The worldly, irresolute woman had jilted or thrown over the determined thinking man. When they met again the tables were turned. He was no longer the lover. The pleading and insisting came from her. But, changed as his heart was, revolutionised as his life was, the man who had begged on his knees almost for mercy, showed the woman, not contempt, not anger, not even unkindness, but the most polished courtesy and grace of manner. The acting of Charles Wyndham, admirable throughout, was in these touches perfect in style and charm. It was acting replete with subtlety and the highest intelligence. Where another actor would have raved, Charles Wyndham spoke beneath his breath. Where another would have stormed, this one held himself together with an iron hand. The whole effect was that of a man kept by himself in absolute restraint. His very hate was a low, muttered hiss. His love was a deep and earnest sigh. A play becomes of some importance whenever revived if it can obtain such acting as this; and Charles Wyndham



advanced by leaps and bounds from farce to comedy, and from comedy to drama. The doyen of managers once again proved himself to be one of the very best of our actors.

In after years, when we remember the most beautiful scenes that have been presented on the stage and recall the accents of favourite actors, one sentence will rush to the memory: "Dear old friend! I shall never forget her." Charles Wyndham is on the stage. The play is "Rosemary," the old Professor is trying to comfort the middle-aged Sir Jasper.

It is a scene of absolute and heartfelt despair that very few actors in our time have been able to touch with such accent, such emotion, and such faultless expression. "I shall never forget her!" There is a poem hidden in those few short words.

The man has been lonely, women good or bad have very seldom disturbed his reveries. He has thought deeply, but the opportunity for love has been obstinately denied him. Suddenly a fair-eyed angel crosses his path. To us who look on, she may be weak, frivolous, contemptible, small, unworthy of him, a flirt, a coquette, a doll. But it is not so to him. For, good or ill, she is to Sir Jasper a divinity. No argument, no persuasion, would lead him to a contrary opinion. She is his all in all. And she belongs to another.

She is the affianced bride of another man; and the time comes when that lovesick man has to be tortured into the paths of honour by his cold, calculating and matter-of-fact friend. It is no good. Sir Jasper will be honourable, manly, everything that is required of him; but there is one hearty refrain in this chapter of life's history: "Dear old friend! I shall never forget her." This was the poem enclosed in the leaves of that

delightful play "Rosemary," by Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson. I have to look back to some of the most gifted actors of the past to instance one who could have played Sir Jasper with such tenderness, such soul, such expression, and such unexaggerated sentiment as were flung into it by Charles Wyndham.

The name that will occur to most old stagers will be that of Leigh Murray. But not even Leigh Murray in "The Marble Heart" ever played a scene with such truth and such nature as Charles Wyndham did when Sir Jasper shakes himself together and determines to do his duty. There was nothing mawkish about it; no false or vulgar sentiment appeared on the scene. It was true, sound, manly, and human; and Charles Wyndham established himself by acting like this as the first of his class and age. Years and experience conquered in him the merely comic actor, the fribble and the droll. Charles Wyndham in that character gave the stage an example of heart, conquering the mere artifice of the theatre. Always an actor of the best in taste and expression and fancy, he now became an actor of deeper reason and a more earnest thought. He ceased to be a gaudy, painted butterfly of ephemeral fashion. His Sir Jasper was a man of experience, of brain and of intellect; and this is why the attention of the audience was concentrated on those scenes where the heart of the man comes out. The actor pinned them to the position.

Up then came the representatives of a younger school of actors, who burned for the popularity, the position, and the dictatorial power of an actor-manager of to-day. Beerbohm Tree, the original lank, and gamboge yellow, Rev. Mr. Spalding in "The Private Secretary"; a Macari who could not be beaten by any one of his time;

a remarkable exponent of vivid and weird character ; a diplomatic Demetrius in "The Red Lamp," never to be forgotten ; aspired to managerial honours, and "babbled of the green fields" of Shakespeare, poetry, and romance. There was no reason, so far as I can see, why this curiously clever man should ever have been tempted into the cares of management, or have been called upon, except as an earnest observant stage-director to coquette with Shakespeare. But, being self-elected a manager, he flirts with Hamlet and meanders with Marc Antony. In his own line, in a company well directed, with a strong hand over him to tell him what to do, and persuade him to do it, Beerbohm Tree would be invaluable in a stock company like the *Comédie Française*. But conceive a Coquelin, a Worms, or a Febvre as manager of a leading London theatre. In a company admirable ! as a star impossible.

I was gravely told recently that both Sarah Bernhardt and Coquelin were brilliant instances of actor-managers ; nothing of the kind. They were "stars," and they managed nobody but themselves.

Beerbohm Tree became, luckily for him, the lessee of the famous Haymarket Theatre, which has always proved a gold mine. Here he succeeded in almost every venture, notably in "Trilby" ; but ambition with some cannot be resisted, so he crossed over the way to the newest and largest reconstructed theatre in London, "Her Majesty's," gave free vent to his fanciful schemes, kept his name well before the public by means of literary assistants, expert in the art of personal advertisement and conversant with the new journalistic world, and left his Tom Tiddler's ground to those clever young managers, Frederick Harrison and Cyril Maude, who have been "picking up gold and silver" ever since.

Beerbohm Tree, like so many of his companions in art, notably Sir Henry Irving, objects to be called a "character actor." Well, perhaps the word is not very happily chosen. Caricaturist would possibly be nearer the mark, though that in its turn may be a little too much in the opposite direction; still, some of the best of Beerbohm Tree's impersonations have been much closer to caricature than character. Macari in "Called Back," old Demetrius in "The Red Lamp," and notably Svengali in "Trilby," were, if claimed as characters, still very exaggerated, though vastly amusing characters indeed.

Du Maurier, in his illustrated "Trilby," obviously caricatured Svengali: he made him a kind of "bogey man" or fiend; and necessarily Beerbohm Tree, with the pictures before him, followed suit. Such a man would not have been possible in real life: he was a caricature in the book, he was a caricature on the stage!

But art permits these things. The stage must be a magnifying glass, not a diminishing one. Absolute fidelity to nature, "accurate realism" as it is called, is scarcely possible, nor would it be good art if it were.

The artist on the stage has to hold the mirror up to nature and see it reflected there,—the image, mark you, of nature; but absolute reality or photographic art is not the best art after all. We must have a highly coloured finished picture to be interesting. Beerbohm Tree recently made a pronouncement with which most of us will mainly agree. He said:

"The cant of 'character acting' has wearied me to death. Every part is a character, and therefore every actor is a character actor, no matter what he plays.

"How can a man exist in the drama, or out of the

drama, who is not a character, either good, bad, indifferent or eccentric? I don't know what this foolish talk of high character actor means.

"Of course I am a character actor, or do my best to be so; and the well-meaning but futile efforts of misguided friends to persuade me to abandon all but one class of character—oh, that word character!—parts used to annoy me, now they only amuse me. How narrow-minded must a man be who thinks that it is inartistic for me to present dramas that amuse and may not elevate one exactly into the seventh heaven of ecstatic æstheticism! 'Isms' my friend! Think of that vile ending to so many inoffensive and otherwise useful words!

"The world of art is full of 'Isms.' As though art itself were not cosmopolitan and all embracing! Art knows no rule, no restrictions; it is elastic and benevolent. It has, or should have, no prejudices. It cannot move in a groove. It must be absolutely free, as nature is free, and yet all absorbing. The age of all profession and arts, as it aims at presenting the living picture of dead and gone things and times as well as events of the time and portraits of the period in which we live, must be catholic. You cannot apply the term artistic to one form of art which is only nature in a different guise, and not to another.

"These thoughts are suggested by the strange notions people have of the propriety of an actor playing D'Artagnan, when he should be offering an expensive Shakespearean or other classical dish—is not Dumas classical?—of the wickedness of attracting all London to see 'A Man's Shadow' after giving them a luscious Roman feast of 'Julius Cæsar?' It makes one laugh at all this nonsense about the art of things, when all things viewed in the right light are artistic. For my-



self I have no fads, I have no prejudices and few superstitions. I welcome all characters to Her Majesty's,—good men and bad men, lascivious men, and romantic men, so that they give me traits that grip me and allow me to do my best to show nature in the mould in which folly, circumstance, misery or joy has thrown them."

Beerbohm Tree went on to explain that he played one style of character to please the public, and the other to please himself; and, curiously, in the latter instances he succeeded in pleasing both.

It is here that some of us who have studied acting closely will disagree with this always interesting and intelligent artist. There is one character that he is ever fond of playing, and that is himself,—a very remarkable personality no doubt, but the constant use of it shows the actor's limitations, and I am sure that he will agree with me, that in the selection of characters for acting the thing called "temperament" has to be considered. A man may be a very admirable actor, and yet be by temperament and nature not quite suited for romantic parts.

It is remarkable and no doubt a very creditable thing to step off the amateur stage and instantly make a name in the regular professional theatre. But as the scent of the roses clings to the shattered vase, so the allurements of the amateur sometimes lovingly and tenderly entwines itself in the stage garments of the actor. Had it been possible for Beerbohm Tree in his early career to have knocked about the provinces, studying elocution, practising the voice, learning at great pressure dozens of different parts, and watching the methods of the old and experienced actors faulty or not, it would have



CYRIL MAUDE.



WINIFRED EMERY.



*Photos by* MRS. BEERBOHM TREE.



H. BEERBOHM TREE. *{ Alfred Ellis.*



been no disadvantage to his distinguished career. But he is not the only modern actor whose pronounced style has been formed without sufficient study.

As Captain Swift it was pleasant to see Beerbohm Tree in a line of character that suited him so admirably. He looked remarkably well—too well, perhaps,—as the bushranger turned gentleman. His decision was remarkable, his style wholly excellent. But at several pathetic moments, and in the painful death scene, Beerbohm Tree had seldom played with more force and nature.

This actor, with his swift skill of characterisation and strong artistic impulse, was no doubt right from his own point of view in doubling the innocent hero and vindictive spy in "A Man's Shadow." It was not done in France; but then the Théâtre Ambigu cannot boast any actor nearly so good as Mr. Tree, or within any reasonable distance of him. The process robs the spy of a good deal of his dramatic significance. He can no longer be the usher in the criminal court, prowling about with his crafty face, and showing the effect of the trial on his cold and calculating countenance. But, from the actor's point of view, it was a judicious move; and Beerbohm Tree once more showed his acute perception, careful art and strong dramatic instinct. In the two characters he is like and yet unlike. From first to last it was a most interesting performance.

Again, Beerbohm Tree, as is his wont, simply transformed himself into another creature as Beau Austin.

He is as changeable and variable in his art as the fabled chameleon. I doubt if a dozen people in the house knew him as he sat before the looking-glass the wigged fop of the Regency. So far as artist could do he brought back the manners of the

period exactly to us. So far as the sketch went, what could he do better? The actor, by the delicate touch of his art and by innumerable master strokes of detail, took us back to the Georgian days.

A management only second in importance to that of Henry Irving was that of Wilson Barrett, actor, dramatist, manager, good fellow and plucky Yorkshireman to the backbone. In early youth he took to the stage as a duck takes to water. Acting was with him a second nature, and in his time he has done everything, from Harlequin to Hamlet. All the years I have known him as manager of the Court Theatre, as manager of the Grand Theatre at Leeds, as manager of the Princess's Theatre, writing dramas on his own account, revising and rehearsing the plays of others, now up, now down, now on the highest pinnacle of fame, now pluckily putting his back to the wall and fighting a host of misfortunes, I have never ceased to wonder at his exhaustive energy and his marvellous recuperative power.

Wilson Barrett throughout his honourable career never knew what defeat was; and though some of his Dædalian flights were a little too ambitious and near the sun, his wings were not of wax, and he always, after lofty tumbling, managed to fall on his feet.

Few managers have done more for young authors than this versatile artist. Many of our most successful dramatists owe their first start in life to him, for he could do more than criticise,—he could construct: his was not the mere suggestion, it was a practical result of considerable value. A man with quicker brain and happier dramatic ideas I have seldom met, and I speak by the card, for we have been collaborators in plays more than once. But, as I said before, if he had not



loved to have been an actor he would have been a dramatist, and, had he rejected the stage for the study, I am certain that he would have been saved an infinity of worry and trouble, and possibly made more money.

But the stage attracted him, as the magnet does the needle. He could write plays when necessity required him to take up the pen, but acting was his passion.

"Twenty-five years ago," said Mr. Wilson Barrett, once on a time, on the stage of his own Princess's Theatre, "a poor and almost friendless lad stood outside the walls of the theatre that once stood here, and determined to devote his last sixpence to the enjoyment in the gallery of one of the celebrated revivals of Charles Kean. Coming out of the theatre he swore to himself, that not only would he become manager of that theatre, but that in the distant future he would play Hamlet on that very spot. Ambition is in this instance satisfied; for the little boy was myself, and I have played Hamlet before you this evening."

The effect of this simple story was immediate and direct on an audience, for the moment taken off their guard by the naïveté of the announcement; and amidst renewed cheers Mr. Barrett retired behind the curtain, to receive even a more enthusiastic welcome from the company who served him so loyally, and by whom he was held in such affectionate regard. It was of course a very memorable evening, and must have been an encouraging moment in the career of any actor. In addition to the many personal friends who wished him well in a trying ordeal on that occasion, literature was represented by such true lovers of the drama as Lord Lytton, Professor Ruskin, and Mr. Matthew Arnold.

The stage of the Princess's Theatre has played a very important part in the history of "Hamlet."

Here, more than a quarter of a century before Wilson Barrett, Charles Kean many a time and oft enacted Hamlet, one of his most favourite Shakespearean characters, but not by any means his best.

Here, in succession to Kean, came Fechter, to outrage the old school of acting, to wear a blonde wig and take strange liberties with the text, to show with almost effeminate suggestion the "fruitful river in the eye," and the "dejected 'haviour of the visage," and to remain one of the most picturesque Hamlets of the present century ; here, well within memory, was welcomed Edwin Booth from America, son of a famous actor, and the inheritor of fixed tradition, a brisk, alert, and dapper Hamlet, who could not quite convince us that the old school was after all so much better than the new.

Mr. Wilson Barrett's rearrangement of the text was in many respects novel, in most judicious, and in all unselfish. By unselfish I mean he did not sacrifice every consideration of the play to the fact that he himself was playing the leading character, and desired to show it off to the best advantage. On the contrary, he discarded much theatrical trick personally to himself as Hamlet, and added prominence thereby to the character of the King, who never before had been allowed to show how dramatically effective he can become when in capable and clever hands. They were the hands of Mr. Willard.

For instance, the speech, "Oh ! what a rogue and peasant slave am I !" has hitherto been an acting climax for Hamlet. The curtain has always fallen at the end of this fine and effective soliloquy ; and the Hamlets who have gone before have not been indifferent to the applause that has resulted from it.

But Wilson Barrett went straight on with the drama at this point, proceeded with the Ophelia scene, and so secured a valuable break of time in order to start the play and all that is connected with it in the garden grounds of the palace. All this was new, interesting, unstrained and effective. Hamlet made his speech to the players on his road to the selected spot in the moonlit grove, where, with the silver path upon the distant sea, under the dark shadow of the castle towers, and amidst the gloomy fir trees, they had pitched an open platform on which the players performed the fatal "Mousetrap." It was reserved for the genius of a Sarah Bernhardt to suggest that Hamlet should speak the speech to the players standing on the actual stage they would presently occupy, and to illustrate it with direct allusion to the actors busy with the scene.

On this play scene considerable thought and ingenuity were expended. The gay dresses of the courtiers, the amorous attitudes of the King and Queen whispering together amidst the excitement of representation and the mystery of the scene, the variety of light obtained by flaring torches, and the persistent beauty of the still clear moon, all combine to make a strange but not unwelcome contrast to the stereotyped regularity of the celebrated picture by Maclise.

In the play scene occurred one of Wilson Barrett's best effects. What shall Hamlet do when the King has been "frighted with false fire"? What shall become of this most mischievous personage when the court and its retinue have called for "lights" and vanished into space? Shall Hamlet throw himself shrieking into the empty throne, or fall weeping upon the shoulders of the faithful Horatio? Shall he show ambition or affection, which? Shall his nervous excitement end in a yell

of triumph over the defeated King, or in the prostration that results from an overstrained nervous susceptibility?

Wilson Barrett thinks that the whole bent of the mind of Hamlet has been turned upon acting. He has been talking to and instructing the players; he has worked up the new play; it has succeeded beyond his expectations. So what does he do? After the hubbub and turbulence of the exposure he leaps upon the stage; he takes it; he shows that he can rant as well as the best of them. His mind is full of "wild and whirling words," he pieces together scraps of disjointed authors and eccentric impromptus; and so, upon the stage that is deserted, pitched on the very spot in the garden where his dear father was murdered—a very delicate idea!—the excited and storm-tossed Hamlet lets out his pent-up excitement before the astonished Horatio.

In the succeeding scenes the unselfishness of the new arrangement was again apparent. When Hamlet has repaired to his mother's chamber and shown her life to her as in a mirror, the act does not conclude with the last good night between mother and son. The play goes on as it was evidently intended to do. The King, before retiring to rest, consults Gertrude on the anxious condition of affairs, the details of the disposal of the body of Polonius are fully explained, and the departure of Hamlet for England is definitely fixed. This done, all is consistent and natural in point of time for the return of Laertes in the next act, and for all the pathetic circumstances of the madness and death of Ophelia.

These structural alterations were alike judicious and admirable. They were not done for the higher glorification of the actor who played Hamlet, and who, *ipso*



*facto*, is bound to be prominent, according to stage theory ; but they were done for the better and higher understanding and interest of the play.

Wilson Barrett's Hamlet was one of the surprises, I had almost said one of the audacities, of modern art. It was rapid, emotional, hysterical, passionate, and restless. In the actor's effort to avoid being conventional, he often rushed into the extreme and forgot to be reflective. He started off at a whirlwind speed, and almost took the breath of the audience away with surprise that he had stamina enough to endure the fatigue and exhaustion of such an enterprise. Never did actor so heartily despise the funereal gloom, the pauses and tricks of the old school. He had no patience with the funereal plumes of the John Kemble style, and no doubt laughed the old picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence to scorn. Even those who were not educated according to the teaching of old-fashioned doctrine, who rebelled a little at Charles Kean and Phelps, and who derived inspiration from the heretical Fechter, sat astonished at the daring unconventionality of the new Hamlet. They waited for points, or the semblance of points ; but these were blown to the winds. Mr. Barrett would have none of them. He went out of his way to avoid them, and occasionally sacrificed effect thereby.

Few modern plays are ever revived with such a certainty of interest as "The Silver King." For it is one thing to revive a play ; another to reconsider it. After all, how seldom it is that the playgoer can revisit the scenes of recent enchantment, and find them even fresher, healthier and more encouraging than they were before !

The work of Mr. Henry Jones and Mr. Henry Herman in this particular play is sound and lasting. I had



almost said "The Silver King" should be taken as a model for the construction of melodramatic stage work. It is so nicely balanced and well ordered; it is so human and so seldom vulgar; the strength of drama, the power of pathos, the truth of human nature are so happily commingled. At one moment we are absorbed with the grim tragedy of human existence—for the first act of "The Silver King" is as stern, as relentless and as fatal as any Greek play; at the next, we are whirled into the careless frivolity of ordinary life.

The position of Wilfred Denver, recovered from his drunken stupor, and face to face with a dead body in a lonely room, is as fine a conception of drama as the modern playgoer has seen. It matters not that the scene is in Hatton Garden, or that the actors occupied in this dire tragedy of existence have returned tipsy from the Derby or wear gauze veils over their battered hats; seldom before had such a sermon been preached against the curse of drunkenness and the mad frenzy of youth.

To ordinary plays we return either weary or satiated; but in this one play, by some happy accident, we find the poets and the Philistines on a common platform. The poets by the aid of imagination find satisfaction in the death-haunted Wilfred Denver, the triumph of good over evil, the stupendous villany of the Spider, the heart-touching devotion of his faithful wife, the exquisite simplicity of the little children; whilst the Philistines who abjure sentiment and despise enthusiasm can fatten on the serene brutality of Father Christmas or the congenial cockneyism of Mr. Henry Corkett. Here then is an opportunity when the advanced schools of dramatic thought can join hands.

The authors have curiously satisfied two opposing

factions. People with imagination can supply what is so carefully and tenderly suggested in the fine language of Henry Arthur Jones ; whilst the stern and uncompromising Henry Herman checks the poet, and leads him back to occasional rowdyism and useful Rotherhithe. I do not believe that Wilson Barrett ever acted Wilfred Denver nearly as well as he did when he revived the play in 1885. His recent trips to the realms of poesy did the manager and his company no harm. Wilson Barrett set an excellent example. His first act was as fine an exposition of the weakness that leads to dissipation and the drunkenness which is the pathway to crime as could well be presented in a modern homely play. It was realistic without being coarse ; it was picturesque without being affected. The once despised melodrama was lifted into significance and purpose by a performance which gained in dignity and lost in trick. Always human, always pathetic, always strong and nervous, the actor, strengthened by his authors, gave to melodrama a tone that it so long wanted.

Apart from general and to descend to particular criticism, I may point to the delivery of the dream speech as a noteworthy specimen of intense thought applied to clear and unaffected elocution. The public will stand long speeches, provided there is something in them, and they are well delivered. When actors and actresses learn how to speak, the drama may be lifted even higher than it is at present. To the student of art, however, few things in this play were ever more interesting than the Spider of E. S. Willard. It was a daring idea, executed with a cool determination and a dramatic strength seldom applied to characters of this calibre. The splendid effrontery of the man, his unnerved imperturbability, his white-lipped courage when fate is

at his heels, were executed with a vigour of art that can scarcely be too highly praised.

"His trust and lovingkindness will break my heart." This, the wail of the weary woman who has wrecked the lives of two good men,—companions, friends, more than brothers in affection,—is the keynote of the story that Mr. Wilson Barrett built upon Hall Caine's brilliant and human novel known as "*The Manxman*."

Such was the pathetic note of a play that created so profound an impression ; the exquisitely pathetic refrain of a song of sorrow that was received with such absorbing interest. "*The Manxman*," as I have repeatedly urged, can be treated in two ways : it may be turned into an impressive drama, with its court scene, its renunciation of the Deemster, and all the terrors of a conscience-haunted man ; then it must be a play with Philip Christian for its hero ;—or it can be turned into a pastoral tragedy, with Pete Quilliam as the absorbing idea.

Wilson Barrett wrote a version of the novel from both points of view. His first play was the result of conviction and heart. In the second play, which failed, the author worked against his own convictions and without heart. Wilson Barrett did not act in the play, and it failed. The emphatic success of the new "*Manxman*" was as much due to Wilson Barrett the actor as to Wilson Barrett the dramatist.

His Pete Quilliam is not only the best thing he has ever done in domestic tragedy, it is perhaps the best thing of the kind that the English stage has ever seen since Charles Dillon played "*Belphegor*."

Wilson Barrett's Pete is a singularly impressive and a vividly pathetic performance, conceived in the spirit of a true artist. There is nothing maudlin in it. Its

very manliness and strength, its virility and power increases our sympathy for its tender-hearted victim of cruel fortune. All the robustness and energy of the actor's style disappear. With his Celtic nature and half Irish brogue, with his mixture of manliness and tenderness, the actor can be compared to a Dion Boucicault without the craftiness of his style. This is high praise, but it is not undeserved; for it is delightful to see how easily a popular actor can get down from the rhetorical platform and get inside the skin of a part as Wilson Barrett does in Pete.

He is never Wilson Barrett. We cannot detect one tone or manner of him. He is Pete in appearance, Pete in sentiment, Pete in joy, Pete in sorrow, from the time he appears with his favourite fiddle in the old farmyard to the moment when, heartbroken and crushed, he turns his back upon the dear homestead for ever.

Few dramatic pictures have been presented on the stage fuller of beauty and nature than the one presented by Wilson Barrett and Miss Maud Jeffries, when Kate Cregeen, fevered with maternity, returns to her abandoned home to kiss or steal the child of her lover from her husband's keeping. The weary, heartbroken husband discovers his lost wife bending over the child's cradle. Called upon for an explanation of her absence, she is dumb. The truth gradually dawns on the distracted man. He forbids her to leave his roof. She clutches at the infant nestling at her breast.

The climax has come, and Kate, with her cup of sorrow full and overcharged, tells Pete that the child he so adores is not his child at all. He is struck as with a thunderbolt. He totters and reels like a drunken man. But, felled to the earth as he is, he can still be merciful. The woman who was his wife shall not be

turned out into the darkness and the night. He lights her candle. She, with the infant in her arms, drags herself up the dreary staircase to the room she has dishonoured. He, the poor wreck of humanity, is left alone in the half flickering firelight with the empty cradle which he—an exquisite touch this!—pretends is the child's grave, into which he scatters the relics of his strong and manly love.

The scene gets darker and darker. The "fool of fortune" sways about in a dumb agony of grief, only broken by incoherent and half-hysterical sobs. The ruined home is still as death. The village clock strikes the hour of midnight, a passing watchman proclaims the beauty of the night, and, with infinite satire, adds, "All's well." And so the curtain falls on the silence of agony and despair.

The beauty of Wilson Barrett's performance from an artistic point of view is the gradual change from the brightness of sunshine to the darkness of despair. Pete enters on the scene like a spring morning. He is the life and soul of the play. But the grey shadows close round him and enfold him, gradually, gradually, gradually, until at the end the darkness is such as can be felt indeed.

Wilson Barrett's Pete is a very remarkable bit of acting indeed—human, tender, true; and the only fault that can possibly be found with it is that it is occasionally over elaborate, and from over elaboration becomes slow. But this is a defect in all English acting, and the worst of it is that slow acting is as infectious as yawning. If Wilson Barrett's companions had not been slow also, the defect would not have been so conspicuous. But, after all, it is a defect that can be easily remedied.



Miss Maud Jeffries was an ideal Kate Cregeen, beautiful to look upon, delightful to listen to in all the scenes that proclaim the woman's misery, the wife's despair. And it was a varied performance also. The wilfulness of the comedy in the first act, the spoiled child, and petted plaything of the virginal days are well contrasted with the agony of the despairing woman. So picturesque, so thoughtful, and so interesting was the Kate of Miss Maud Jeffries, that the mind wandered into other scenes, and suggested the heroines of other novels of deep thought, observation, and imagination. It must have occurred to most who were sitting at the play "what a Tess Miss Maud Jeffries would make." But it was just the Kate in all her irresolution and self-made sorrow that exactly suited this particular version of Hall Caine's story. She was a fitting complement in every passage and scene to the darkness that settled on the life of poor, pitiable Pete. Plays of this pattern are poems in prose, and both actor and actress recognise the beauty and humanity of the theme.

We have seen Edward Terry as an excellent and always popular comic actor at the Strand, Gaiety, and elsewhere. He also, like so many of his comrades, put on from time to time the fantastic garments of old-fashioned burlesque. Eventually, having made a name as an actor, he drifted into the cares of management. His career as a manager has been not only a creditable, but a very useful one for the art that he has served occasionally with somewhat frantic devotion, forgetting that journalism has its duties to perform, as well as the profession whose interests he has so warmly advocated.

In any case it can never be forgotten that it was owing to Edward Terry's encouragement and advocacy that the modern stage possesses to-day that treasure

in the way of plays, the "Sweet Lavender" of Arthur Wing Pinero. It may be doubted if the masterpieces of Robertson and Albery will outlive this, as yet the masterpiece of Pinero. Much has been said and written of the early period and the later period of Pinero. His "Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and other fantastic, but brilliantly clever efforts at the St. James's, backed by the goodwill of George Alexander; his "Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" and the "Gay Lord Quex," directly encouraged by John Hare, have had their enthusiastic admirers and their equally conscientious depreciators. Some have liked them, however ignoble the subject; others have regretted that the age in which we live required them. Unquestionably they have all been popular and remarkably remunerative. They are the outcome of an age that allows Society to rule the stage and not the people.

But I do not think I ever heard one dissentient voice raised against "Sweet Lavender."

There was no ignoble subject here; on the contrary, a deep vein of tenderness and humanity. Here we had the human nature that lasts for all time, and I believe that "Sweet Lavender" will perfume the stage of to-morrow when the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and the "Gay Lord Quex" are at rest in the cemetery of the dead drama. This dramatic gem was given by Edward Terry to the stage at his own theatre in March, 1888.

"Sweet Lavender" is, as its happy little title implies, a wholesome, pure, refreshing, and a charming play. Only a simple story of London life, its scene a set of chambers in the Temple, its hero a brave young barrister, its heroine the daughter of a widowed house-keeper; only a tale of man's sure trust and woman's gentle confidence; only a record of the hope of youth



*Photo by* MARIE TEMPEST. [*Window & Grove.* *Photo by* LETTY LIND. [*Alfred Ellis.*

*Photo by* ARTHUR ROBERTS. [*Alfred Ellis.*

*Photo by* FLORENCE ST. JOHN. [*W. & D. Downey.* *Photo by* LOUIE FREEAR. [*Alfred Ellis.*



contrasted with the repentance of age—this comedy of life passes before us with its alternate ripples of honest laughter and its tears of sympathy, with its genuine humour and its wholesome, manly sentiment.

In this case it would be difficult to suggest what to omit; what passage of it, or scene of sentiment, to sacrifice. Pinero in his earlier method had one of the happiest gifts that can fall to a writer of the stage. He had the power of absorbing the nature and of reproducing the style of the best writers of wholesome fiction who preceded him. Robertson possessed this talent to a remarkable degree; but Pinero's genius of reproduction and suggestion was even greater. Robertson had but one master hero in fiction, William Makepeace Thackeray. With Pinero we find reflected heroes and heroines from most of the master minds that have endeared themselves to the readers of wholesome fiction.

Let it be remembered that there is no idea of implying or suggesting such a coarse word as plagiarism, or any form of imitation.

On this point our author, rightly or wrongly, has suffered enough already. The discussion on "Far from the Madding Crowd" is dead and buried.

There is not one character in "Sweet Lavender" that is deliberately borrowed or coolly appropriated from London-loving Dickens, or human Thackeray, or woman-worshipping Anthony Trollope; and yet, as this most pleasant and enjoyable drama passes before our eyes, with its homely story and its pleasant characters, there arise before us dim and distant memories, as it were, of many of the good men and women that three at least of our departed novelists have given us for our companions and our friends.

Pendennis and Colonel Newcome; Ruth Pinch and



her honest lover; Pip and Herbert Pocket; the good men and women that Dickens loved to describe; the brave men and women that Thackeray delighted to eulogise, arise before us in dim and shadowy outline; and in the painting of a sweet, pure-minded English girl, redolent of roses and buttercups—a girl with spirit, grace, refinement and honesty of purpose, Mr. Pinero has, in his *Minnie Gilfillian*, outstripped the success of Anthony Trollope's *Lily Dale* in "*The Small House at Allington*."

How admirably and with what delightful nature Miss Maude Millett answered in the days of "*Sweet Lavender*" to her author's call, and echoed every suggested idea! Since Robertson was lost to us and Albery laid down his pen, no such pure and perfect specimen of English girlhood has been given to us to oppose the feverish, pceevish, excited, unwholesome, discontented creature called "woman" on the modern stage.

A vote of thanks should be awarded to Pinero at a woman's congress for his beautiful idea of *Minnie Gilfillian*, the girl of honest principle, of generous instinct, and of common sense.

The best praise that can be given to "*Sweet Lavender*" is, that it is one of those rare and exceptional plays of which, when the curtain has fallen, we somehow feel so little weary, that we should like to see it all over again. We seem to have seen far too little of its delightful characters; we leave the theatre, as we close the charming novel, with a sense of unfeigned regret. We should like to see more, know more of the pleasant people in whose society we have spent such agreeable hours. We have laughed so heartily that we should like to remember many of the witty things and pregnant sayings that literally set the theatre in a quick spon-

taneous roar. We have been touched so quickly and so deeply that it seems a shame when the curtain divided us from the homely, honest characters we have learned to love.

Where are they, and why do they disappear and part from us so soon? Brave, generous-hearted Clement Hale, who loved the purity in woman, though he found it and treasured it in the heart of his housekeeper's daughter; poor, mistaken, drink-loving Dick Phenyl, the outcast barrister, who would have fallen into the mire of Fleet Street but for the help of the strong hand of his friend and chum; Ruth Rolt, the silent, grief-enduring housekeeper and laundress, who locks up the secret of her bitter past for the sake of the child she loves, and is enabled to forgive the man who ruined her; fine old manly tender-hearted Geoffrey Wedderburn, who finds in his hour of anguish the help and sustenance of the one woman in the world whose life he has embittered; and, fragrant among these weeds and ill-assorted flowers, the London child, the sprig of Sweet Lavender, who loves with earnestness, and whose love to her means life or death.

Does it not seem churlish to give us these kindly people, and to take them so soon away? But they are only a moiety of the characters that spring up from Pinero's welcome fancy. I have said nothing of the gentle physician who leaves his West End patients to attend the sick and sorry in deserted chambers; or of the bright, cheery young American who follows an English girl with persistency until he wins her; or of Mr. Maw, the solicitor; or of Mr. Bulger, the Temple hairdresser; and surely not enough of Minnie, the delightful English Minnie, who can sympathise with unhappy lovers and resent an insult, brush a carpet,

or wash up tea things, without losing one jot of her dignity or one grain of her self-respect.

But where are the villains, where are the adventures, where are the men that go off to their doom in handcuffs, and the women who are beaten by their husbands on the stage? What contrast is there to the unruffled serenity of this human story? Alas!—let not the realists hear it, whisper it very secretly!—in this case an audience has actually cheered a play as modern plays are seldom cheered, and showered congratulations on an author with very special fervour, because they have actually sat out and enjoyed a piece in which from first to last there is no suggestion of baseness, no atmosphere of evil, no odour of crime.

I doubt if any one present at any production of “Sweet Lavender” regretted this unfortunate omission on the part of the unconventional author. The laughter on the other hand that pealed round the house was only occasionally checked by those sudden fits of coughing that denote suppressed emotion; and it is very much to be feared that those who believe that the dawn of the new and true drama will never come until nature has been extracted from it, will have to wait until the perfume of “Sweet Lavender” is exhausted. The memory lingers very pleasantly on the English, upright, refined and lovable Minnie of Miss Maude Millett, to whom must be awarded the prize of success without one dissentient voice. Her frank and outspoken rejection of the cousin destined to be her husband, the quick woman’s sympathy to assist forlorn lovers that cross her path, her dignity in compromising situations, and her constant waywardness with her insistent American lover, make this a very memorable performance. And who can forget poor broken-down Dick Phenyl, the

barrister, as played by Edward Terry in a true vein of eccentric humour and suggested pathos? His gradual reform from a forlorn drunkard to a decent-living man; his sudden relapses from sobriety to wretchedness; his genuine impulsive nature; his idolatry of the friend who rescues him from despair; his quaint, odd, staccato manner and ready repartee,—mark this as the best and most thoughtful of the characters that Mr. Terry has as yet attempted. In this character he scarcely ever spoke without being rewarded with the prize of laughter that followed the good things put into the mouth of Dick, the barrister.

At any rate, Edward Terry understood how to give the best effect to Pinero's admirable dialogue.

Much, indeed, might be said of Miss Carlotta Addison, who in "*Sweet Lavender*" returned to the stage to show what a valuable actress had been absent so long from it, and to give an exact sketch of the patient, silent, long-suffering Ruth Rolt, who is so important a figure in this curious and interesting romance. Fred Kerr gave another of those light and faithful bits of character for which he was distinguished at the Court Theatre; and his Horace Brean, the American, was a thoroughly clever personation of a well-known type. Bernard Gould as the honest hero, Alfred Bishop as the good-natured doctor, made up after Thackeray; Sant Matthews, now no more, as the solicitor, and Mr. Valentine as the comic wig maker,—all did well.

In the list of actor-managers of distinction, though he only takes office occasionally, the distinguished name of that always excellent actor, E. S. Willard, must of course be included.

To him belongs the credit of giving the stage the best

of the plays written by Henry Arthur Jones. "What is that?" you will ask in one voice.

I reply, "Judah."

I was one of the very few who found delight in "The Masqueraders," notwithstanding the fact that Dulcie Larondie, that most charming of heroines, was quite out of the picture.

But my faith in "Judah" has never been shaken, notwithstanding the fact that I stood almost alone in defence of it nine years ago.

E. S. Willard has done no finer thing in his career than Judah Lewellyn. He shows us with passionate intensity the unconquerable devotion of a strong and earnest man. Of the woman to whom his heart goes out he might say that she was "mine in the heart's beat; mine in the breath." Who before would have given Willard, the accepted stage villain, credit for making love, love such as is seldom made on the stage nowadays? Not namby-pamby love, not theatrical love, not Claude Melnotte devotion, no tawdriness or tinsel about it,—but the love of a strong man that is to him a religion.

Nor, indeed, before that time would many people have given Henry Arthur Jones credit for writing love scenes as intense and as true as any the modern stage has seen. If witness is needed, let the future playgoers pay attention to the words of the love scene in the last act. But, apart from this scene or that, Willard's was a most consistent and artistic personation. He lived in the character from the first moment to the last. In face, in attitude, in earnestness, in seriousness, he was the very man that the author has been at such infinite pains to sketch in so masterly a fashion. George Elliot could not have drawn a character so well, so truthfully, so con-



sistently as Henry Arthur Jones did in his Welsh minister.

To Olga Brandon was allotted a task even more difficult than that of Willard; but as Vashti Dethic she succeeded to admiration. If Willard had to represent the triumphing love of a strong man, the love that delights in the ascertained fact that his adored one is not an angel because she is the nearer and the closer to his frail humanity, Miss Brandon had a more difficult study when she was called upon to portray the complex Vashti, coerced by her father, dimly conscious of a power she cannot understand, adored by the weak and helpless, and, by the accident of circumstances, bound to deceive the man she honours more than any one on earth.

This was a most artistic performance of a part of the most vital performance; but still not a showy one, a part that if badly or weakly rendered would have destroyed the whole of the author's elaborate scheme. The mysticism, the dreaminess, the occult influence that Vashti requires,—all these things Miss Brandon gave; it was a fitting companion picture to the noble Judah Llewellyn of Mr. Willard.

Let me now turn to E. S. Willard in "The Middleman." It is virtually a one-part play. The author has put all his strength, all his best writing, all his nervous energy into the personality of the hero; his minor characters are shadowy, incomplete, and unsatisfying and, "mirabile dictu!" the love interest is infinitesimal, and both betrayer and betrayed are absent from the scene during the better part of the play.

It was the character of Cyrus Blenkarn and the acting of Mr. Willard that made the success of the play. The expected had come at last. No longer doomed to villains, fashionable or unfashionable; no longer forced to play

second fiddle when he proved he could lead an orchestra,—for once his own master, and allowed to test his strength, Mr. Willard was tried, and was certainly not found from the scene wanting.

Admirable in intention, excellent in execution, virile and unaffected, and eminently unstagey, this fine performance, though at the outset open to criticism, is the work of an artist who never allows his high intelligence to get the master over his executive power. Not for one instance was Mr. Willard “out of tune”; voice,—and what a persuasive, searching voice it is!—nerves, and passion, were all firmly under control.

Cyrus Blenkarn, the workman genius, employed by the grasping proprietor of the Tatlow Porcelain works, is an enthusiast and a dreamer. He has made one distinct discovery that he sold for a song, enriching everybody but himself. He cares little for money, nothing for appearance, his heart is divided between his work and his one ewe lamb, who alone understands him—his daughter, Mary. Cyrus has two ambitions in life,—to enrich his beloved child, and to discover the lost secret which his adored art buried in the dust of ages. Such a genius as this old shambling, almost doddering artisan requires only one shock to wake him into action.

It is the kind of blow that would fell many men to the earth, would kill the energy of most, outright. The idolised daughter of this artistic dreamer is ruined by his huckstering master’s son; and the Peggotty of the Potteries does not go out into the wide world with sorrow at his heart to seek his lost Em’ly, but, instead of staggering under the blow, nerves himself for the encounter, calls down the vengeance of Heaven on the family that has beggared him body and soul, beats out his grief at the furnace fires, forgets the face of his

beloved child—reported dead—in the roar of toil; is rewarded for the toil of a lifetime by the discovery that enriches him and beggars his enemies, and is recompensed for his faith in the justice of Heaven, and for his sublime charity to those who have wronged him, by the return of his darling, honourably wedded to the man who had ruined, but had still loved her.

The performance always struck me as wholly admirable and commendably artistic. It was throughout unstrained and utterly devoid of exaggeration. The horror of the discovery of his daughter's shame, the curse wrung from his lips on father and son who have darkened his life, the exultation of the artist on the fruition of his life's labour, the dogged assumption of power, the grim hunger for revenge, the rapture of recovery when the lost lamb is folded in his arms again,—all these are points that might degenerate into staginess or excess. But not so with Mr. Willard, ever an artist who held his audience, not with raving, or rant, or gesticulation, or froth, or excess, but by that power and grip, that fulness and intensity which shows that the actor knows exactly his compass and understands the limit of his power.

Let me ask again why did "The Middleman" of Henry Arthur Jones succeed all over the world—wherever it was acted? Because it was interesting; because it was virile; because it was human!

## CHAPTER XIII

### “THE LAY MANAGER SYSTEM”

HAVING pointed out the excellent work done for the stage by the most celebrated actor-managers from the Macready dynasty to the reign of Henry Irving and his companions, it may very probably be asked, what possible fault can be found with such a system? Can anything better be substituted for it?

So far as the principals are concerned, perhaps not; but, whilst human nature remains, human nature with all its ambition and weakness, I venture to think that the young beginner, the earnest student and both the actor and actress of brilliant promise, get a far better chance in a stock company directed by either a layman manager or a commercial man, who understands from experience every detail of the stage.

As matters stand at present, the tendency is to rush into management on the slightest provocation. Some success has been made in a part that suits the manner or the temperament of the individual artist. Experts praise the laudable endeavour; the public freely endorses the verdict—but only let it be remembered in this one particular character.

The next step is to find a theatre, to invest money in it or get it invested by some one else. Thus far, too

often, the inexperienced actor and the equally inexperienced actress find themselves in the position of command when they should still be amenable to discipline. They start to teach when they should be at school. Nor is this all. The manager must necessarily have a leading lady. It may be his wife, or it may be his artistic "comrade." Is there an actor-manager in the wide world, I ask, who does not take a theatre in order that he may be the director of his own destiny, or work the oracle for his companion or comrade?

Has an actor-manager been found in any period of the history of the stage so conscious of his own limitations, so circumspect, and so unselfish, that he would give Hamlet to his brother actor and take Laertes? that he would yield Orlando to ambitious youth, and content himself with Jaques, or the Banished Duke? I do not think so!

Nor have I as yet found an ambitious actress, be she wife, partner, or comrade, who would willingly abandon her position in favour of a younger, a prettier, or a more talented rival. Human nature forbids it. The inevitable answer is, "Of course I should like to do as you say, and be unselfish in the cause of art, but I have no voice in the matter. The public demands that I should play such and such a character; the public pays to see me. We are the stars, we draw the money, we are the attraction."

It may be so. But still assertion is not argument, is it?

At any rate, a thickset hedge is planted firm and sound, watered by capital through which young talent cannot possibly force its way; and thus sometimes artistic reputations are long delayed, hearts not unfre-



quently are broken, and leaden despair takes the place of buoyant hope.

On the other hand, these difficulties cannot arise with a lay manager who has the power to choose his plays with his finger on the pulse of the public; to select his cast at his own discretion; to advance the novice and to respect the experienced—a lay manager, I mean, who can read a play and very possibly write one, who can direct a stage as well, if not better, than any actor, who prefers discipline to talk, who can at once be a disciplinarian and a business man, who does not spend his time in chatting about the dignity of his art and magnifying his self-importance, but on the whole prefers deeds to words.

Such managers—they are generally enthusiasts as well as practical men—give an illuminating glow to dramatic literature, inspire the students with “*esprit de corps*” and have a hypnotic influence that drags out the fire from latent genius.

Such a lay manager was Augustus Glossop Harris, a brilliantly clever and self-made man, manager of Drury Lane Theatre, stage reformer and born impresario, whose only failure in life was the wild attempt so far to defy nature as to squeeze out of the working day more hours than had been allotted to it. An excess of energy and a constitutional restlessness added to a reckless ambition killed poor Augustus Harris,—a man typical of the feverish, go-ahead age in which he lived, and whose life, had it been spared longer, would have been of the greatest value to the art he loved and tried to serve.

Augustus—commonly known as “Gus Harris”—derived his singular talent from his father, who was distinguished as a stage manager, in opera as well as

theatre, without a rival. The elder Harris is quoted even now by old opera habitués and musicians as a stage director of brilliantly original views. As we have seen, he once managed the Princess's Theatre when Henry Irving first came to London, and appeared in "Ivy Hall," and he it was that discovered Charles Fechter and brought him over to London.

His son, Augustus Harris the younger, commenced life through the father's influence as a bankers' clerk in the house of Erlanger of Paris, where, you may be sure, his love for the theatre was not diminished. But his was not the temperament for high stools and ledgers. His energetic nature resented all restraint and discipline. He was born to command, not to obey.

So he broke away from the office and became a very indifferent actor, thereby obtaining a more intimate knowledge of the working of the stage than he had done from watching the methods of his father from childhood.

There was something of the Napoleonic temperament about Gus Harris. He did nothing by halves, and always flew at big game.

London was considerably startled when it was announced that after the failures and struggles of such men as E. Tyrrell Smith, Edmund Falconer and F. B. Chatterton, the management of Drury Lane had been entrusted to a mere boy. The boy was "Gus Harris," who had scraped together sufficient capital to pay the rent in advance, and was duly installed in office by the Committee Renters.

His friends thought that the youth was mad, but there was method in his madness after all.

Nor was it such a suicidal scheme as the outside world imagined, as I happened to know. When the post of manager of Drury Lane Theatre was vacant an old

friend of mine, Sir Mordaunt Wells, who was very influential with the Renters' Committee, said to me one day at the Club :

"Why don't you apply for the post yourself? You might do worse."

I looked astonished.

"My dear fellow, I should not advise you if I did not know of what I am talking. A careful man cannot fail at Drury Lane. The Christmas pantomime has grown into such a certainty that out of it you can pay all your expenses of the year and make a handsome profit for yourself. For the rest of the year you can either let the theatre at a profit, or speculate on your own account. I should advise you not to speculate."

Gus Harris took the theatre on these conditions. In the matter of pantomime, he painted the lily and gilded refined gold ; and instead of resting on his oars he went in for reckless speculation in the matter of the autumn Drury Lane drama, which under him became a national institution.

He had his own mother wit to assist him, and at his elbow such experienced and practical dramatists as Henry Pettitt and Paul Meritt, both brought up by George Conquest, who knew more about the stage and melo-drama generally than any man now living.

But the success of the pantomime and the autumn drama did not content Gus Harris. He was bound to have other irons in the fire. His ambition, like his appetite, was insatiable. Not content with the cares of Drury Lane, he took the Opera in hand, and succeeded where a Gye and a Lumley had failed.

But this was not enough. He must needs devote his attention to City life and Guilds and Companies.

He was elected a Sheriff of the City of London, and

reminded one of Ducrow at Astley's driving a dozen horses at the same time.

It is only for a little while that any one can burn the candle at both ends. My poor friend tried it too long, and nature revenged herself. His constitutional energy burnt him out; and when he prematurely died, the theatrical world lost a very remarkable man, an inventor as well as a worker, certainly the greatest impresario of his time; and his innumerable friends mourned one of the best-hearted and most generous creatures who ever breathed. Thus once more the great Semitic race gave to the stage another genius. His funeral assumed the proportions of a national ceremonial of sorrow, for he was indeed one of the Men of Our Time.

Such a lay manager in a great degree was Augustin Daly. Such a lay manager is Charles Frohman. Such a lay manager is George Edwardes. Such a lay manager is Jules Claretie, director of the *Comédie Française*.

It should not be forgotten that in the great countries of France and America, the actor-manager system is almost unknown; and surely it cannot be denied that both France and America know something about dramatic art.

Augustin Daly qualified himself for his position by far more than an intense enthusiasm of the stage, and the fact that he was a student of Shakespeare and dramatic literature generally. He studied the stage as dramatic critic. He could judge a play and write one. As an adapter from the French and German, he has had few rivals. Though with no qualifications for the stage as an actor, he had a marvellous gift of teaching others how to act, and inspiring them with his ideas—in fact, of exercising over them a kind of artistic hypnotic influence.

In the rival arts of music and painting, the teacher is not always the best executant. Why should it be otherwise on the stage?

For let it be recorded that Ada Rehan, genius as she is, was by no manner of means the only actress of renown who derived her inspiration from Augustin Daly. The list started with Clara Morris, the one great actress of my time that I have never seen.

When my lamented friend passed away, after his life of incessant toil in the interests of the stage he loved so well, with the last pathetic words on his lips, "If I go to sleep, do not wake me!" they did not take long to disturb his spirit in this country at least—a country that he sincerely loved. All that I had said of the Daly system for many years was flatly and deliberately contradicted from the very same platform on which it had been incessantly promulgated in the interests of our own art, which, noble as it is, may still, like other good things, be capable of improvement.

He was sneered at as a "bowdleriser" of Shakespeare! In contradiction of that statement, I can only point to his acting editions and ask for a comparison between them and the various acting editions of the Shakespearean scholars and Shakespeare producers of our own country. The reverential spirit for the master that they possessed, he possessed also. He would not have tolerated Colley Cibber versions or that detestable farce known as "Katharine and Petruchio"—an insult to the name of Shakespeare.

He knew, as all our actor-managers know, that Shakespeare must be reverently edited for the stage; and that the text, the whole text, and nothing but the text, is impossible. The same charges were brought against Henry Irving when he cut down Dogberry and



Verges in "Much Ado About Nothing," and made "Faust" into an actable play, which it had never been before. The charges of "bowdlerism" can easily be refuted. The Bancrofts were not ashamed to alter the construction of Sheridan's "School for Scandal;" and Augustin Daly did little more with Shakespeare or Sheridan, and always with the approval of that brilliant critic, Shakespearean enthusiast and scholar, my friend and comrade, William Winter.

And now, with your permission, I will introduce a journalist of the third generation. I have alluded more than once in these pages to my father and his journalistic feats on the old *Morning Chronicle* and the *Saturday Review*; I have, I fear, even in an autobiography, said far too much about myself.

Having been connected with Augustin Daly's theatre in New York for a few years, I have asked my son, Eric Scott, to give his impressions of his old master. Of the result, I think, naturally, I am not a little proud; and if ever the son thinks fit boldly and with his eyes open, with his father's example before his eyes, to tread the thorny path of dramatic journalism, he will at least have this consolation, that he walked on the stage and studied it from practical experience before he ventured to write about it.

### AUGUSTIN DALY AS AUTOCRAT AND MANAGER.

BY A MINOR MEMBER OF HIS COMPANY.

"My first interview with 'the Governor,' as Mr. Daly was always called in the theatre, was an unexpected success.

"Looking my best through the generosity of my friends, who gave me the run of their wardrobe, and feeling my worst owing to natural diffidence, I knocked

at the door of a house that faced Hyde Park, at the somewhat unconventional calling hour of 9 A.M.

“ ‘ Was Mr. Daly in ? ’ ”

“ For one wild moment I hoped that this formal question would be taken seriously and answered in the negative. Then occurred one of those revulsions of feeling that turn the timid into heroes.

“ It did not do so much for me, but it carried me unconcernedly through the hall, up the stairs, and into the august presence, as though calling on great managers was rather a boring social function.

“ The battle of words began, at least so it seemed to me, directly I crossed the threshold. Like Don Quixote, I might have mistaken my foe, but his simplest question sounded like the defiant groaning of a windmill, and his most harmless assertion a reflection on the fair fame of a Donna Dulcinea.

“ Well primed as I was on all essential points, I had forgotten to arrange with my conscience the special line of parts I was best qualified to play. This oversight was due not so much to forgetfulness as to an experience in stage matters so slender that there were actually some lines I had not even attempted.

“ The question he hurled at me was his trump card, and I fancy I detected a smile of visibly curious anticipation on his face.

“ ‘ Well, sir,’ I answered, ‘ I think I am qualified to play the part of an irresponsible ass ! ’ ”

“ And he laughed.

“ If you cannot impress a man with a sense of your own importance, make him laugh. It breaks down the false barrier of solemnity. Having made a good point, I rose to take my leave, knowing the value of a good exit. He accepted me at my own valuation ; and during

the three years of my apprenticeship, with the exception of an occasional dive into the 'legit.' I wore an eye-glass, with plastered hair, and my own vacuous expression.

"Leaning on the taffrail of the good ship 'Paris,' the prospect of a good engagement and a visit to the country of my dreams, warred strangely with a desire to put back to Southampton and take the first train to the fog-enveloped metropolis that I had known from infancy.

"The autocrat of the green and gold theatre at Broadway and 28th Street made his influence felt very early, and the occasion of the distribution of parts was solemn enough to make the most facetious cease from frivolling.

"Around the gloomy stage sat the company talking in whispers, and ever and anon glancing apprehensively at a table piled high with red coloured manuscripts, and more apprehensively still at a nervous looking man with stooped shoulders and a strange hat, who sat uneasily on his throne, a morocco covered armchair with its shibboleth "A. D." in letters of gold.

"Chairs are hurriedly pushed into service to form exits, and the reading begins.

"Up jumps the governor and proceeds to direct positions and crosses. Often in the excitement of the moment, with his mind full of an effect to be made, he runs his people, irrespective of sex, up and down the stage, to right and to left, as though they were lay figures. The governor is no respecter of persons; all come in for their share of somewhat hasty corrections, from the leading man down to the super, who insists on rehearsing an angry citizen with a spring overcoat thrown lightly over the left arm.

"It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Daly made

each play a monologue, with himself as principal performer. A slight incident will show how thorough was his system of casting each hapless player into a mental mould and turning him out a portrayer of his own creation.

“ ‘Cyrano de Bergerac’ was up for rehearsal. Even the man who had mastered ‘Monsieur’ might stumble at Madame de Sevigny. For once the members of the company gloried in an unchallenged pronunciation of difficult French names. But the next day the educated rose in revolt at an imposing placard on the call board, whereon was inscribed a list of the French names, with their phonetic equivalents in English.

“ Mr. Daly had, of course, a large and competent force of scenic artists, carpenters, property men, scene shifters, &c. ; but even of these departments he had an accurate and technical knowledge, as two incidents will show.

“ I speak from sad experience in the first case.

“ Strict orders were given that no member of the musical company then playing at the Fifth Avenue should be permitted to see the dress rehearsal or the performance of the ‘Great Ruby,’ and in fact any time one could not show just cause for being in the theatre at a given time, it resolved itself into a precipitate retreat into the street. I had heard rumours of an extraordinary drop from a balloon, and had made up my mind to see it. We finished the ‘Runaway Girl’ comparatively early, and I sped round to the theatre, ran through the stage door, and ensconced myself in the flies ! Here the view was perfect, and I had just given a gasp of astonishment at the sensational drop, when the sound of approaching footsteps up the narrow winding stairs fell upon my affrighted ears. It was Mr. Daly come to pull at refrac-

tory ropes and help along a difficult change of scene. I scuttled through the paint room like a rabbit, and the governor was too busy at the moment to attend to me. But I heard of it afterwards.

"On the second occasion my thirst for dramatic art led me to secrete myself in the darkened first balcony during the dress rehearsal of 'The Merchant of Venice.' For some reason the entire force of stage hands had been called away, and rather than waste time, Mr. Daly, selecting a new property-boy, proceeded to set the entire interior of Portia's house. As he laid priceless rugs, hung costly draperies, and patted historical bric-à-brac into position, I heard him hum a tune!

"This was all the more extraordinary when it is stated that of the laws of harmony he was obviously, though not confessedly, ignorant. There chanced a high baritone to be cast for a tenor part. 'But, Mr. Daly,' quoth the unfortunate man, 'this song is in B flat, and I can't sing it.' 'Well—er—well,' said the governor, with the pump-handle action of the right fore-arm that started a crop of imitators, 'well, all I can say is that a man who can't sing in B flat must be a pretty bad singer.'

"It was a point of honour among the company to always imitate the governor's arm action and oblique glance at the right-hand top corner of the head when quoting his words. Newcomers imitated the imitators, and so ad infinitum, until of late years the imitators have most resembled a man with St. Vitus's dance!

"Mr. Daly was a strange man. Not one person out of the many hundreds who constantly discussed his theatre, his company, and his dramatic ideals in general, probably ever saw him in the flesh. He was never present at any representative gathering of his brothers



in art. Although a member of several clubs, he never put in an appearance at their festive boards. Occasionally he would be seen on Broadway or Sixth Avenue, but always in the vicinity of the theatre, his loosely jointed frame swinging along in nervous haste, and his thin, capable countenance drawn into lines of anxiety about some cherished scheme. Work was his pastime. First in the theatre, and last out; slaving from eight until two o'clock the next morning he could never realise that others were more human or more provident of their energy. A lazy man he detested, and was rather inclined to withhold admiration for any one who could not do the work of three. At all-day rehearsals adjournment for lunch was a ceremony that was frequently side-tracked in favour of the repetition of an act. It is on record that one well-known actor with strong notions on the subject of hygiene, appeared one morning carrying a workman's dinner pail! Tableau!

"Mr. Daly's life makes very interesting reading. Although the story of the young man who makes it his mission to reclaim swamp lands and plant new seeds is an old one, yet the very boldness of these sturdy colonisers, especially in the choked field of art, still compels our admiration. Augustin Daly has beaten a path that thousands must perforce follow, and if he showed the world a cold and stony front, a few there are to whom he showed his heart. My father, I think, nay, I know, was one, and there were many more from whom he commanded respect."

I may add than one of the peculiarities of Augustin Daly was that he never under any circumstances listened to a verbal complaint. All grievances, and they are inseparable from the dramatic profession, had to be set

forth with all particulars on paper and duly mailed to the manager. His love of old furniture, bric-à-brac, and curios was as remarkable and persistent as his passion for old books and prints connected with the stage. I am the happy possessor of first copies of all the valuable books he arranged for private circulation, and often and often we have turned over together with delight the treasures in Nosedá's shop in the Strand or at Harvey's in St. James's Street.

A more extravagant stage manager never existed. In this respect he distanced even Squire Bancroft. He would not hear of "makeshifts," and either he or some one he could trust was sent off to scour the curiosity shops of Paris, London or New York for a silver drinking mug or a cabinet or chairs of some special period. His collection of Empire furniture was unrivalled.

Ada Rehan is so emphatically the greatest actress whose brilliant art was encouraged and vivified by Augustin Daly that a brief description may here be given of her Katharine in "The Taming of the Shrew" and her Rosalind in "As You Like It."

I remember one night at the Grand Theatre, Islington, in October, 1897, when Miss Ada Rehan surpassed herself as Rosalind. Before her was a vast audience of true playgoers, Shakespearean scholars for the most part, assuredly many of them sons and grandsons of those who had sat at the feet of Samuel Phelps in the never-to-be-forgotten days of Sadler's Wells.

Islington, for the past fifty years at least, has prided itself on its competence to judge a good play and a good player; and Merry Islington rose in its pride and joy to greet Ada Rehan at the Grand Theatre. A true artist is keenly susceptible to artistic impulse, and the

curtain had not risen five minutes before the actress was playing on her audience as if they were the strings of the harp and she was the marvellous executant.

They would have us believe that Shakespeare is dull, old-fashioned. It may be so when feebly and unintelligently played; but Shakespeare at the Grand Theatre, Islington, as played by Ada Rehan and her companions, went with the glow and excitement, and beat and pulse of modern comedy. It was a real treat to see an audience under the delightful spell of artistic enchantment. It could scarcely fail to be so when an artist is leading the air; for, as I have had many occasions to state, there is no audience in the world so alert, so earnest, so quick and appreciative as one collected from the intelligent and cultivated middle classes of England. At a dull entertainment, nay, at one that is showy and pretentious, they will sit as solemn and as torpid as judges. But when the art interpreter comes along they will rise to her as to a sudden and unexpected revelation.

To begin with, Ada Rehan started the play with spirit, and gave to it a sense and meaning which most actresses ignore or neglect. The early scenes of "*As You Like It*" are considered by the amateur quite unnecessary and immaterial. Ada Rehan does not think so. Here she has to show her womanly nature, her pride, and her independence. Directly she opens her mouth we know how her heart overflows with tenderness. If it were not so how could she so love and adore the gentle Celia? But she has pride also, a pride that cannot be crushed by any love or sentiment. Then, best of all, Rosalind shows this to perfection after her scene with the Duke, when, the sentence of banishment having been pronounced, she proposes the girlish

escapade, not so much as a revenge, but as a relief for her baffled and crushed pride.

Her denunciation of the Duke is superb in its majesty and force—no stage ranting, but the overflow, the natural overflow, of a proud woman's heart. But the reaction to a burst of humour and fantastic devilry is equally admirable. Rosalind wants a relief to her pent-up pride and vexation, and she finds it in the madcap journey with Celia and Touchstone. The woman, remember, is all nerves. She has seen the only man she can love, she has been insulted by one who should have protected her, and she rushes into the comedy of the situation like the wildest and most impetuous woman in the world.

Nothing finer has been seen in the way of brilliant contrast than Rosalind's proud, fiery, and impetuous outburst when the Duke insults her, finding its relief not in tears exactly, but in the comforting love of her kinswoman. This really superb effect was crowned with overwhelming applause.

But the audience little knew, though the Shakespearean students did, that this was the keynote, as it were, to Ada Rehan's Rosalind. She is a woman in the first act, and she never ceases to be a woman in every scene of the play. She may masquerade, she may gasconade, she may chaff, she may be the spirit of humour and comedy; but, concealed by this doublet and hose and illustrated by this aggressive spear, there is still the woman Rosalind ever with us, never for one second losing her womanly charm.

But, of course, I might write volumes on the deeper significance of Ada Rehan's Rosalind. My purpose now is to state how the artist plays upon her audience with her rare art of comedy. She is not slow or lethargic, as

most English players are. She has magnetic influence ; she travels over the footlights ; she has the audience, or such parts of it as possess intelligence and sympathy, in the palm of her hand. And what is the result ? This exquisite old comedy goes with the spirit denied, alas ! to Shakespeare, but reserved for modern musical farce.

Much has been said by players of every class of the delight of acting to an Islington audience. Miss Ada Rehan will certainly join in that chorus. And what is the reason ? It is a brilliant artist appealing to the quick sympathies of her audience. An audience easily goes to sleep when no voice and no mind are carried across the footlights. But we defy an audience to be weary when an Ada Rehan plays Rosalind as she played it in the Shakespearean neighbourhood of Samuel Phelps.

Taken altogether it is a feast of pleasure for the student, scholar, and lover of good acting. Such as neglect to see Ada Rehan's Rosalind deserve no absolution ; but, having done so, they may improve their position by seeing her Katharine in "The Taming of the Shrew." This performance places old playgoers and young playgoers on the same footing. There is not a greybeard who dare talk to us of the grand style and laugh us out of court when we can fall back on such a performance as Ada Rehan's Katharine, who, like her Rosalind, is a woman of heart, spirit, and impulse, not a puppet or a doll. There is the acting of marionettes and of great artists. Ada Rehan is a Rosalind and a Katharine difficult to beat—for she is a great artist.

Would that some of those amiable pessimists who theorise and vaporise and know so little of what they are discussing, had been at the Grand Theatre, Islington,



again, when Ada Rehan played Katharine in Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew"! They tell us that the taste for playgoing is faded and worn out; that London is overstocked with theatres; that there is a "slump" in entertainments, whatever that may be; that intellect has suddenly deserted the upper, middle, and lower classes; that the masses do not want entertainment or amusement; and that a great reaction has come against rational pleasure.

Well, here are the solid facts. Shakespeare was announced on Islington Green, or as near to it as convenient. The play was by one William Shakespeare, no distorted Garrick version mutilated for the vanity of an actor, but Shakespeare to all intents and purposes as he wrote the play, with Christopher Sly, the Induction, and all,—a text of which the Elizabethan Society would not have been ashamed. At half-past seven o'clock the house was packed from floor to ceiling. It was a Boxing-night audience in October. It would have been difficult to squeeze in another person.

And what was the result of this earnestness, this devotion to real art, this hunger for something good? Why, that Miss Ada Rehan played Katharine as probably she has never played the part before, nerved as she was to the attack by this great wave of sympathy.

The late Charles Mathews has often told me how he, as an actor,—not, of course as a manager—regretted the old days when the pit was right up to the orchestra rails, and when he was not disturbed by the chatting, the whispered conversation, the flirtation, and the veiled comments of the fashionable stalls, whose occupants had come for digestion after dinner rather than pleasure. Something like that audience was assembled at the

Grand. They had come at the close of the day, after work, between tea time and supper, and though the pit did not come straight up to the orchestra ; still, the occupants of the reasonably priced seats in front were as earnest, as enthusiastic, as ardent lovers of Shakespeare and as good judges of acting as the old pittites of sixty or seventy years ago.

This pressure of sympathy put Miss Ada Rehan on her mettle. She felt the pulse of interest in the house, and she gave us such a performance of Shakespeare's Katharine as will live long in the memory of the youngest in that remarkable audience. Yes, it was Shakespeare ; but seldom has Shakespeare been so appreciated. This was no finicking acting. There were no half measures here. We had not to strain our ears to hear the language that was spoken. It was the grand style again. It was as it should be, a double Katharine. It was the Katharine of a whirlwind and the Katharine of a calm. The nervous tension of the actress at the outset was almost painful. She screamed under Petruchio's insults like a wounded animal caught in a trap. Her eyes flashed the fire of indignation. She was one magnificent tremble. Her nails were dug into her clasped hands till it seemed as if they must have bled. Her anger was not vulgar, mean, degrading ; but magnificent, superb, like a tempest rushing through a forest ; and then gradually, very gradually, exquisitely toned, came the calm, and the peace, and the advent of the real woman, whose nature was always there, but only became dignified under this terrible punishment and trial.

For, to tell the truth, the humiliation of such a Katharine is a little painful to the beholder. We admire her power so much that we regret the necessity

of her punishment. I should dearly love to discuss at greater length the Katharine of Ada Rehan. Suffice it to say it is one of the very finest Shakespearean performances in the female line I have ever seen ; and the young playgoer who neglects to see it when he gets a chance, if this remarkable actress ever plays the part again, will deeply regret it in the after-time. Such an experience is invaluable. To be able to say hereafter, "I have seen Ada Rehan as Katharine in the 'Taming of the Shrew'" will be a proud boast indeed. Nay, more, it will be a standpoint of Katharines. If any better come after her, lucky and happy will be the playgoers of another generation. I can say no more. Some prefer the study of plays to acting. But such as love good acting will add Ada Rehan's Katharine to the storehouse of their memories.

The Daly company frequently visited London, playing first of all at the Strand, anon at the Lyceum, and finally at Daly's Theatre, hard by Leicester Square. The following article, which I wrote in 1886, on the occasion of the second visit of the company to London, is an "appreciation" of which I am proud.

"Theatrical London has witnessed this summer an American invasion. American comedies, eccentric American artists, American variety shows, American ballets, tumblers, acrobats, and step-dancers occupy public attention and claim a cordial welcome.

"Three theatres in the Strand are occupied with American combination parties, who depend entirely on their own resources for the task of amusing the public.

"The best American dramatic art unquestionably is that shown at the Strand Theatre, where Mr. Augustin Daly's company from New York has started 'A Night Off,' an

amusing adaptation of a German farce, and proposes to go on with a round of their famous comedies.

“The artists connected with Mr. Daly’s Theatre may be considered old friends. They came over here one very hot summer two years ago, and delighted all who had sufficient strength and energy to go to the theatre at a time of tropical heat. Returning at a more favourable season, they have at once ‘caught on,’ as the Americans say, and are playing to crowded houses. Small wonder, indeed, that it is so; for it is a long time since London has seen so compact, so harmonious, or so friendly a company; the best that has been seen since the old Bancroft society was dissolved in the Tottenham Court Road, and is, if anything, stronger and instinct with more nervous power.

“It would be difficult in our ranks to find actor or actress to compare with Mr. James Lewis and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert in their line, so neat are they in their art and so quiet in their method. I hope that a good many *matinées* will be given in order that our comedians may watch and take notes, so as ultimately to be convinced that the best art is sometimes the result of the least effort. Mr. Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert do not tear at their parts or perspire over their work. They hold their audience by the simplest means. James Lewis reminds me more of Ravel and Lesseur in their best days than any actors I can call to my mind. Every look, every action, have been studied.

“Mrs. Gilbert has a fine stage face and a dignity in her manner that is very remarkable. Her rage is never that of a noisy virago, or an acidulated old maid; it is calm and incisive sarcasm. Her sneer is impressive, for there is a world of meaning in it. Nothing disturbs this calm and impressive repose. The most erratic husband

quails before Mrs. Gilbert's proud and penetrating eye.

"But the indescribable eccentricity of the company, and, in a way its genius, is Miss Ada Rehan, a comic actress with a marked nature and a strong individuality. With the exception of Mrs. John Wood, we have no such female low comedian on the stage. For Ada Rehan is before all things droll.

"Her calm unconscious way of saying funny things is delightful. That merry twinkle in her eye speaks volumes. The very drawl in her voice is a manner, but a very funny one. In this particular play Miss Rehan has not quite so good a part as usual, or one that shows off her power of fun to the best advantage, but her fortune-telling scene with John Drew is as delightful and well acted an episode as there is in the comedy.

"This same John Drew, son of a brilliant actress in America, and brother-in-law to the accomplished Mr. Maurice Barrymore, is a thoroughly interesting and charming young actor, with a good appearance and a very refined style. He plays every kind of business, from the gayest of the gay to the severest of the severe; but he, like all the rest of the company, knows his business, and never forces himself into prominence to the detriment of the general cast. The actor-manager has a wholesome antidote in Augustin Daly.

"The Daly company is, in fact, another proof of the value of a 'stock company' and the advantage of playing together. We saw it with the Comédie Française in old days, we saw it with the Dutch players; we saw it with the Court actors from Meiningen: we see it again in Mr. Daly's happy family. What a good thing it would be if we could get one theatre in London where



the cast was not constantly being changed, and where the 'star' system was abjured."

I have endeavoured elsewhere to describe the gradual evolution of the new form of light comic opera from the old-fashioned form of rhymed burlesque.

In this important movement playgoers have had the cordial and generous assistance of George Edwardes, one of the very best of our lay managers of to-day. He combines all the qualities which distinguish the best of his important class. He can judge a play; he can write a play; he can direct a play, for he is a very accomplished stage manager, and he has no interests whatsoever to serve except to give colour and life and credit to the enterprise in hand.

George Edwardes graduated in an excellent school, that of the Savoy Theatre; he followed at the Gaiety Theatre one of our most liberal, experienced and outspoken lay managers, my old friend John Hollingshead, who, in his steady and determined way, did as much for art at the unjustly despised Gaiety as the best of his brother managers did elsewhere, persuading such favourites as Alfred Wigan, Samuel Phelps, Charles Santley, Madge Robertson and many more to shine with their talent in the home of the "sacred lamp."

But John Hollingshead's chief claim to recognition by all who have preached and seen the value of the doctrine of "free trade" is that he tempted to art-despised London the whole of the famous company of the Comédie Française when in the full glory of its reputation, and eventually broke down the traditions of the "State aided" theatre of Paris, the most celebrated subsidised playhouse in the world, by persuading such artists as Sarah Bernhardt, and others, that there were fortunes

awaiting them to reward their conspicuous talent outside Paris, the proud Paris which now knows that she has not the sole prerogative of dramatic art, and that acting, and good acting too, can be found outside the historic walls of the Théâtre Français.

The promising "thoroughbred" in the well-equipped stables of the lay manager is certainly Charles Frohman of America, who is as "go ahead" and enterprising as Augustus Harris and the best of them in this country, and by his method is doing an immense service to the art in which he is interested. When he sees a good play, he snaps it up; when he finds a brilliant author, he encourages him and gives him commissions; when, with his keen eye, he detects talent on the stage he does not smother it in the interests of any individual or any star, but forces it to the front.

The Maude Adam's, the Annie Russell's, and the William Gillette's of to-day owe much to the generous enterprise of such a manager of the new school as Charles Frohman. And the public at large and the playgoers of the two greatest countries in the world reap the reward of his foresight, judgment, and acumen. In this case, as in so many I have cited, it is a mistake to suppose that Charles Frohman is a business man and no more. If he cannot act, he can detect good acting when he sees it; if he does not write plays, he knows how to select them in the interest of his patrons the public; and there are few better stage managers to-day in America than this singularly gifted gentleman.

I have ever held a brief in favour of young actors, young actresses, young authors. The best acting in any play, whether it came from the known or the unknown, was quite good enough for me; and I often think it is a pity, and a hindrance to talent, that so much critical

space is given to the play and so little to the acting of a play.

If, then, rising talent of any kind is to be brought to the front and encouraged, whether in play or player, if an impetus is to be given to the buds which will one day blossom, to the blossoms which may yield rare and luscious fruit, I am convinced that this result is on the whole better attained by the lay manager than by the actor-manager system.

## CHAPTER XIV

### “ L'ENVOI ”

“ WE, who love the drama, the dramatists, the players, the very atmosphere of the playhouse, have excellent reason to be proud of the Victorian Era of Dramatic Art ! ” I conclude this humble and inefficient story of the stage of my time with the same words with which I started it. I have nothing to recall.

Unquestionably the theatre in this country and all connected with it, be they actors, actresses, managers, or dramatists, were never in such a flourishing and healthy condition as they are to-day, within a few hours of the close of an eventful century. Actors and actresses have obtained a social status hitherto denied to them ; managers with care and shrewdness retire early in life with fortunes ; and dramatists become millionaires !

How then has it come about ?

By a change or freak of fashion ? I think not.

By the more earnest patronage of, or “ taking up,” or patting of actors and actresses on the head by what is called Society ? Not wholly so.

By the sudden access to the stage of men and women of higher intelligence, grander endeavour, and warmer devotion to their art than their predecessors ? It cannot be granted ; for genius is a fitful and erratic person,

likely to turn up in any country and at any time ; and harder worked, and more industrious, men and women than the actor and actress of old times never lived.

By the gift to the stage of students who have graduated in their art, who have burned the midnight oil over it, who have studied with devotion and despair with wet towels around their heads, who have been through the mill of deprivation and desperately hard work ? I think I have proved the contrary.

By modesty, earnestness, appreciation of the good work of others as well as their own ? By acquiescence in, or at any rate toleration of, the views of those who have had a lifelong experience of their art ? By toleration of criticism even when severe in the interests of art, criticism that has been demanded as a healthy incentive to the well-being of the dramatic art ? Well, those are points I am not disposed to discuss, for I am an interested witness. At any rate, I have no right to serve on that jury and claim my exemption in due form.

How, then, has this strong public patronage, which is the great essential, come about ? How is it that the public voice, and the public ear, and the public heart, respond to the theatre more than they ever did before ?

I think we shall find the answer in two good and healthy reforms on which I and others have insisted,—with some obstinacy, as some will think ; with some conviction, as others will possibly allow.

1. The first is the strong advocacy for, and the complete success after winning it, of the Free Trade in the Drama.

2. The second is, the Independence of Journalistic and other criticism.

What we have gained by Free Trade in the Drama during the best part of the last half of the century, these



pages, I think, sufficiently prove. But we have gained more than this incomplete record shows. In addition to elevating the artistic tone of the drama in this country, in addition to popularising it as it never was before, free trade with its countless advantages has purified the lighter amusements of the hour in every direction.

The theatre is not only our pride, but the once despised music hall is no longer a standing disgrace and reproach. Liberty and free trade have done all this.

If you want an example, you will find it in that excellent public servant, the veteran "father of the music halls," Charles Morton, who has recently with honour completed his eightieth year, and who throughout my lifetime has "fought the good fight" indeed.

The modern and instructive music hall, the music hall in which the sacred name of music is no longer insulted; the music hall of very light opera and wholesome dramatic sketches; the music hall which has become a blessing and not a bane to the people, were dreams of his in the earliest days of the Canterbury Hall, when Charles Morton invited Sims Reeves and Charles Santley and Madame Parepa to sing to the people, however lowly, however humble. He knew, none better, that the "common people," as they are stupidly called, had hearts like the rest of us under their fustian jackets.

But at the famous old Canterbury Hall and at the Oxford and elsewhere, with his opera sketches, admirably sung, excellently received, purged of grossness, Charles Morton was beaten back, and back again, by the obstinate protectionists. Summoned to police courts by "dog in the manger" managers for infringing their so-called rights and privileges secured to them by an Act of Parliament so old and fusty that it should be put behind the fire and the ashes of it stamped out by

the heel of public opinion, poor Charles Morton might well have given up his pet idea in despair.

But Truth lay at the bottom of the well. At any rate he relied on Truth as his champion, and Truth prevailed.

Luckily for him, he met with in later years a new set of theatrical managers, headed by Henry Irving, who were not "dogs in the manger," but sensible, liberal men, who had the interests of the public at heart, and who refused to call up for their protection a document that ought to be dead and buried.

What is the result? Charles Morton finds himself to-day at the head of an establishment dedicated to "variety," which I venture to say is as popular and well conducted a "Palace of Pleasure" as any theatre in the United Kingdom.

Whenever I hear a lurking growl of protection and Chauvinism amongst our players, and it must come sooner or later, human nature convinces us of that; whenever I come across the little sneer at those who act in French as "the d—d Mounseer" or the actor-manager's ridicule at the expense of the last "American invasion" I always say,

"Never mind what we may have gained by the introduction of free trade, that may be a matter of opinion; but, only think what we should have lost without it."

It is stated, with truth, that in this matter the French are not reciprocal. They are in the cause of art Chauvinistic to the backbone. But who cares for that? Things are improving. The players and dramatists of France are not in accord with the public on this question; for very recently on the Lyceum stage I heard M. Jules Claretie, the Director of the Comédie Française, in the course of a clever lecture comparing Molière to Shakespeare, invite Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Forbes

Robertson over to Paris to play Shakespeare, during the Exhibition next year, in the name of French Art. The tables were turned at last, and on that memorable day we welcomed free trade all along the line.

When we heard, in 1886, that Mr. Augustin Daly's Comedy Company from America, so enthusiastically received and welcomed in London on the occasion of its second visit, as well as in the leading provincial towns of England, in Hamburg, and in Berlin, had met with strangely discourteous treatment in Paris, it became necessary to turn back to old books, and recall the various conflicts that have taken place between rival cities, notably Paris and London, on the subject of French and English art.

It is true that Macready, Helen Faucit, and Charles Mathews were well received and generously treated when they acted in the French capital; but Phelps, John Ryder, Sothern, Henry Irving—who acted in Paris with Sothern in the character of Abel Murcott in Tom Taylor's "Our American Cousin"—Charles Warner, and many more had a far different tale to tell. The success of Charles Mathews can hardly be taken into consideration, for he played "L'Anglais Timide" ("Cool as a Cucumber") in French. It may, therefore, be broadly stated that since Macready played in Paris no English actor or actress of the first class has been ever recognised as an artist by the Parisian critics or the public who frequent the theatres.

On the plea that the language they spoke was unintelligible, the best actors and actresses of England who have been rash enough to appear on the Parisian stage have been cold-shouldered, and, notwithstanding the generous treatment extended by England to every

form of art for the last quarter of a century and more, the gross insult offered to France by England in the year 1848, to which I have alluded, has not readily been forgotten by our neighbours, whose memories for slights passed upon them, and injuries committed, are far more retentive than ours.

The younger generation of playgoers remembers well the fraternal feeling of goodwill, the almost affectionate expression of sympathy, that was extended towards the players of Paris by London and its inhabitants at the time when the gay city was held captive by the Commune and the doors of the Théâtre Français were closed during the disastrous siege.

They can recall, however dimly, that interesting time when Got and Favart, Delaunay and Bressant, Coquelin and Plessy, with all the talented *sociétaires* and pensionnaires, were to be seen at the Opéra Comique night after night, engaged in the various works of their distinguished repertoire, from the comedies of Molière to the poems of Alfred de Musset. They can conjure up the images of Delaunay and Favart in the "Nuit d'Octobre" and "On ne badine pas avec l'Amour," played with such special distinction on the last night of the engagement, after the complimentary breakfast given to the French artists at the Crystal Palace, under the genial presidency of Lord Dufferin, afterwards Viceroy of India.

Since that delightful time, the annual visit of the best French actors and actresses has been one of the features of the London summer season. Twice has the Comédie Française visited us in full force,—once at the Opéra Comique, once at the Gaiety, always by invitation of John Hollingshead. We have seen that famous society, combined or detached, throughout the

vitaly important period between the fading days of Favart and the declining days of Bernhardt.

But, the *Comédie Française* apart, without setting foot in Paris, it has been possible for English playgoers, in a course of years, to become familiar with such varied and special talent as that of Rachel and Sarah Bernhardt, Regnier and Lafont, Bressant and Delaunay, of *Lacressionière* and Geoffroy, of Ravel and Berton, of Dupuis and Baron and Leonce, of Got and Coquelin. Without even visiting the Boulevards, we have been able to discriminate between Aimée Desclée and Fargueil, and Schneider and Chaumont, and Blanche Pierson and Bartet, and Leonide Leblanc and Pasca, and Granier and Judic, and Jane Hading and Réjane, and who shall say how many more of the smaller fry of comic opera representatives who have their little day and disappear? But how few playgoers there are who, though perfectly familiar with the French play seasons at the old St. James's, at the old Princess's, at the defunct Holborn, at the *Opéra Comique*, at the *Gaiety*, at the *Royalty* and the *Adelphi*, illuminated by Sarah Bernhardt and Coquelin, are aware that in the year 1848 one of the most important companies in Paris, that of the *Théâtre Historique*, came to London to play "*Monte Cristo*" at Drury Lane, and was literally hissed and hooted off the stage by a body of roughs and enthusiasts, who came fully persuaded that English art would be ruined at once and irretrievably if French plays were ever to be permitted at any theatre save the St. James's, where they were to be graciously tolerated, but there and there alone.

Rachel had, it is true, played *Phèdre* and *Adrienne* at the St. James's; Herr Devrient had there been permitted to play *Hamlet* in German; but these perform-



ances were for the aristocracy, not for the people ; and when one fine day the "National" Drury Lane was to let, when not a soul could make the "white elephant" of London pay, when Shakespeare and Byron combined had spelled something worse than ruin and bankruptcy, when the doors of the national theatre were closed, and an innocent French manager and speculator proposed to open old Drury for a few nights, purely as a commercial speculation, to play "Monte Cristo" in French, there arose, as we have seen, such an uproar and hubbub in literary and dramatic London as had never been heard before.

Drury Lane might be let for a circus, a concert, or a conjuror, but for the purpose of producing French plays never. Literary London was up in arms, and it is amusing after so long a lapse of time to note the names of the prominent belligerents. The protectionists, or good old conservative defenders of the drama from this insidious foreign attack, were, amongst others, Charles Kean, Benjamin Webster, Charles Mathews, of all men in the wide world, J. B. Buckstone—the last three of whom earned the best part of their living by appropriating and playing in French plays without contributing one farthing for the privilege—W. Farren, Harley, Wright, Meadows, old Granby, Paul Bedford, Frank Matthews, Leigh Murray, Roxby, O. Smith, Creswick, and Henry Howe. Opposed to them as the chief defenders of dramatic liberty and fair play were Albert Smith, Dion Boucicault, Charles Lamb Kenney, and the concert-giver, Jullien.

Without the blessing of free trade think what we should have lost during all these important years in which art has blossomed and fructified under a genial sun !

One evening when in Paris alone, I strolled into the Gymnase, and there by accident saw one whom I shall always consider as the most poetic, entrancing, and soul-stirring actress I have ever seen. The pathetic and gifted Aimée Desclée, an artist "hors ligne," who had been turned out of Paris as hopeless for the stage, at the imperial will of Alexandre Dumas, and eventually restored by him, and who afterwards became her dearest and most devoted friend, was playing in a strange comedy called "La Gueule du Loup," written by Leon Laya.

It is interesting to record how Alexandre Dumas and Aimée Desclée fell out and made friends again. Authors make mistakes occasionally, as well as critics; and I can understand an author, however clever, failing at the outset to understand the strange moods, the deeply introspective temperament, and the sensitively fanciful nature of Aimée Desclée, as shown in that charming book, "Les Lettres à Fan Fan."

At any rate Dumas did not at the outset detect the talent that gave to the stage a Frou-Frou, incomparably the best I have ever seen,—and both Sarah Bernhardt and Winifred Emery were good enough; a Princesse Georges and "Femme de Claude," sans rivale, and a Claire in "La Maison Neuve" that must have delighted Sardou better even than Fargueil, one of the most accomplished and refined comedy actresses France has seen this last half century.

I had never in my life before seen such natural acting as that of Aimée Desclée in "La Gueule du Loup," an actress whose name I had never heard before I entered the theatre.

It was not a very good play, but it contained a very daring scene, of which the intelligent actress took full advantage. The curtain rises immediately after an

innocent girl is supposed to have been brutally ruined by the man in whom she had absolute confidence, and whom she sincerely loved. I never shall forget whilst I live the effect on me of that performance, with its brilliant contrasts of passion and emotion; the love and hate of the woman; her pride and her shame; her tenderness and her horror. First she passionately kissed her traitor lover, wildly adoring her conqueror as women do; and then, looking into the future, she thrust him from her with a shudder of execration, as women must. With all there was no sense of vulgarity or coarseness. It was the most refined and exquisite of acting, and the artist laid bare the very soul of an injured and a disappointed woman.

I was so excited by the performance at the Gymnase that I could not sleep a wink.

The next morning, anxious to know if I were right or wrong in my estimate of one who appeared to me to be the most remarkable actress I had ever seen, I rushed off to see a Parisian friend, very learned in the French stage, to know if I were sane or mad.

He soon assured me. It was the marvellous Aimée Desclée, of whom all Paris was then raving. Some one had told Dumas that a genius was acting his plays in Brussels. He went off and found the woman he had virtually turned out of Paris, and whose fame he had retarded for years. Poor Aimée Desclée! The flame of her sensitiveness and passionate faith in her ideals burned her out as if she were a candle. Her beautiful soul was too big for her frail body.

She had been acting, weak, ill and, nervously worn out, at the Princess's Theatre, where I saw her for the last time in a superb performance of "*La Maison Neuve*." Shall I ever forget her childish glee when she

hears that her husband can advance her materially in life, and they are to change from the squalid shop to the Salon ?

"Mon Salon ! C'est vrai ? J'ai un Salon maintenant comme les Lequeupy. Mon Salon ?" and then, oh so coquettishly, and in an undescribable tone more child than woman, "J'ai un Salon !"

A few weeks after, Aimée Desclée was no more. She died in the height of her fame—died of a broken heart !

I have never been quite able to decide between the supreme artistic merit of Aimée Desclée and Sarah Bernhardt. Often and often I have said to myself, Which is the greatest actress I have ever seen ? Is it the divine Sarah ? Is it Aimée Desclée ?

The one died young, the Keats of dramatic art. The other happily still lives, still working, still striving, still ambitious, never resting in endeavour, the Alfred Tennyson of the French stage—a beautiful, strong singer, who sings as well if not better to-day than yesterday, with as pure, as powerful, and as finished a note.

I saw Sarah Bernhardt first in Paris also. She was playing Doña Sol, in Victor Hugo's "Hernani." I fell in artistic love with her at first sight, and the charm with which she influenced me as a boy has increased with years. She may in this stupendous career have made a few mistakes, but I scarcely recognise them. Only the other day, she wrote Marguérite's letter to her lover, and played the scene with the father, in the well-worn "Dame aux Camélias," as well as she ever did in her life. Whenever I see her as Adrienne, or the Tosca, or Théodora, she seems to be better than before. We can say this of few actresses.

But then Sarah Bernhardt is one of those curiously

impulsive creatures who acts sometimes not always for an audience, but for one appreciative individual. She has told me so. When she knows that some one who appreciates her art is in front, she will sublimate her energies for him. Often when she is tired to death, and she is alone in an inartistic atmosphere, her strength fails her. She walks through the part, as it is called.

But tell her that in Act 1, or Act 2, or Act 3, that an art-loving, appreciative friend is in front, then the glory of her art comes out again. The clouds disappear, and the sun shines.

We do the same in writing. We do not write for the crowd, though the crowd reads us; but for the individual who loves us. We write, we who never get any applause, for the one sympathetic spirit who will write or whisper next day, "Well done! I was there and felt every word you said."

This, I think, is the true artistic spirit; and, given a Sarah Bernhardt, it is a real pleasure to persuade the public how splendid is her art, and to feel that one or two hearts respond to the beat of yours.

Very old playgoers are extremely fond of contrasting Sarah Bernhardt with Rachel, her greatest predecessor. I cannot join in the discussion, because I never saw Rachel. But excellent judges, on whose opinion I can confidently rely, tell me that as Phèdre, Bernhardt was Rachel's superior. It is certain that Sarah's range of characters is far wider than that of her co-religionist. What a splendid race of artists are the Jews! In the stern, classic drama, Rachel must have been superb. But Rachel could not have played Frou-Frou, Fédora, Théodora or Marguérite Gautier, could she? I don't know for certain.



I remember saying in 1896, "Encore ! Sarah Bernhardt ! Encore ! Encore !" as all her most faithful friends, headed by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, seemed to say, sending her the best of greetings, when the curtain fell, almost at midnight, on the last act of "*Adrienne Lecouvreur*."

I will not pause to ask for how many years this, the greatest artist and actress of our time, has delighted all who are devoted to dramatic art. The name and fame of Sarah Bernhardt will never die so long as the theatre is discussed, say between 1870 and 1899. Those who preceded us talked of Rachel. We only know Sarah Bernhardt as the greatest actress of our age. What need to ask again for how many years Mr. M. L. Mayer has inoculated our English system with French art, and made our English stage what it is at the present day. In one respect, that influence is flagging a bit. In the old days of Delaunay and Bressant, and Favart and Got, or the later days when Sarah Bernhardt electrified us all in "*Hernani*," the English stage was a little slovenly and untidy. These great comedians, encouraged by the pioneers of free trade, pulled us together.

They encouraged the formation of an English school, and that English school will live as long as it still goes to the French school and learns the truth of that consummate gift, "*l'art de dire*." Let the young English actors and actresses always go when they can and learn how a Sarah Bernhardt can relieve a speech from monotony by endless variety, expression, and modulation. Hear her recital of "*Les Deux Pigeons*" in the second act of "*Adrienne*." Hear her declamatory speech from "*Phèdre*," hurled at the head of her rival in the fourth act. But, best of all, watch every moment, every pause, every gesture in the last act, when *Adrienne* has

been intoxicated with the poisoned bouquet, and fights death to the last gasp in the arms of her adored lover. This is acting, this is art, this is not triviality and windy commonplace and ineffective nonsense.

Sarah Bernhardt has not won her fame by a temperament. All temperaments are hers, because she is a great artist. If she had not taken up the characters of Rachel and added to them inspirations of her own, she would not have lived as she lives now—not a mere memory, but a reality. It may not be to-day the Sarah Bernhardt that we once saw. It cannot be. The world will not stand still for any genius, however great. But the world that loves good acting, and has seen good acting, will not remove Sarah Bernhardt from the pedestal from which she has never been removed. Her success from the first, as now, was emphatic and universally acknowledged.

As the audience went home after seeing “Adrienne Lecouvreur,” they had the old cry, “*Je ne veux pas mourir!*” ever ringing in their ears, and were spell-bound with the art of the actress who has worked harder for her art and adorned it more than any woman of her time. Date back the theatrical memory for a quarter of a century, and Sarah Bernhardt will still be incomparably the best that any of us have ever seen.

Again, take Sarah in “*La Tosca*.” I well remember one of Sarah Bernhardt’s specially excellent nights, when she seemed anxious to atone for the shortcoming of her first appearance that season and the inevitable disappointment caused by Lena Despard. So she nerved herself to the attack and played splendidly. Never before—at least in this country—had she been so wilful, so mutinous, or so full of sweet coquetry in the cathedral scene; never so heartrending in her cries of agony, her

wild shrill screams of despair in the torture act ; never in my memory so nearly rising to the height of great tragedy, as in the murder of Baron Scarpia. The cries of the despairing Tosca, as her lover is being tortured, literally sent a shudder of horror round the house. She made her audience feel the double pain—his excruciating physical agony, her mental suffering even more acute. Once, maybe by accident, the two cries, the cry of the man, the cry of the woman, met in a wail of piteous unison, causing an indescribable effect. The murder of Scarpia she improved at all points. There was not a touch of lightness or frivolity in the whole scene. The actress took it far more grimly, far more in the tragic vein than before ; and she looked superb, pale as death, with distended eyes and the fierce glare of a Judith. The grandeur of her tragic acting is awakened by such a scene as this, that throughout caused a silence in the house which could almost be felt in its intensity. There was not a suggestion of a titter when the Tosca reverently placed the candles and the crucifix near the wretched victim ; and how could there be when the actress with a loathing shudder wiped the bloodstains from her dress and vanished like a shadowy ghost into the darkness beyond ? But over and above everything stood out sharp and clear the white worn face of the avenging woman, and her awful, pitiless cry, "Meurs ! meurs ! meurs !" The woman was transformed into a beast of prey, and seemed possessed with strength superhuman. Sarah Bernhardt should be painted knife in hand over the dying Scarpia, for it is the nearest thing to great tragedy that has ever been seen in modern times.

Thanks to the gift of Free Trade in Art we welcomed to London in 1885 yet another Frou-Frou—pauvre Frou-

Frou!—and certainly not the least interesting and sympathetic—I mean the Frou-Frou of Jane Hading. Since Aimée Desclée created this pretty, spoiled child, this butterfly of a Parisian world who flies away with her bright wings through the sun of sin to the shade of sorrow, how many Frou-Frous have there not been of varied skill, power and passion and pathos! Not to mention Sarah Bernhardt, who took to the character late in her career, I have seen Madame Beatrice, Modjeska, Winifred Emery, and—though many do not know it—our English Ellen Terry.

A character so well worn as this, and so frequently studied, brings old thoughts and impressions in its train. Jane Hading disturbed very few of them, and added to the old store a few more to hide and put away. Since Desclée, no actress, as it seemed to me, understood the opening scenes so well. The gaiety of Sarah Bernhardt had here a tinge of artificiality. It was a little forced at times, and the girl Gilberte was not in her hands very remarkable for innocence.

Jane Hading throughout the opening chapters of the romance was singularly refined, always a well-bred girl. When Gilberte chaffs her old father about his journey to Bohemia, there was not a tinge of vulgarity or “knowingness” about it; the lady of the house engaged with private theatricals and face to face with a risky burlesque, was anything but “fast.” She was just that pretty, merry, thoughtless creature that the text indicates. The great scene between the sisters has been played with more vixenish force, with more of the hunted cat about it, particularly by Bernhardt, but seldom with more intelligence. Jane Hading took a different view of the scene. She never forgot her dignity and breeding. Her passion vented itself more in sarcasm than



the fever heat of passion. The lips curl, they do not blanch. The hands are loose, and never clenched.

But there was one charming idea suggested by this artist. When the husband of Frou-Frou is announcing to the rival sister the offer of marriage that has been extended to her, Jane Hading flung herself upon the sofa, and crouched like a tigress. Her face was full to the audience, and they could see on it every movement, every agitation that the position conjures up. I have often remarked on the power of listening shown by this interesting artist. Here it was seen at its best. A light springs to her face when for an instant it seems as if Louise would consent; but it changes to a flash of anger, and from that again to a sullen despair.

But the best art of Jane Hading was, on the whole, shown in the two final acts—the sad repentance at Venice, and the pathetic death of Frou-Frou in her old home. The recollection of a scene at the theatre years ago that is conjured up to the mind of the sorrow-stricken woman, the far-away look, the plaintive, half-childish voice, were all delightful touches of sympathetic art, while the death scene was never strained and stagey.

Frou-Frou enters as a sick woman would enter, not only pale, but a little untidy, and disordered about the hair. In her accents and manner she has become the child again. She desires, as it were, to be petted just before she dies. The ruling passion of her life, frivolity, is strong in death; and so she bids her sister deck her out in a favourite white frock, scattered over with little roses. Her very name is a delight to her in her death agony. And, like some poor wounded bird, she flutters against the bars of her cage, and her last "Frou-Frou" suggests the last notes of a ruined and broken song.

When she came to us in 1885, the fame of Jane



Hading had preceded her. Paris had been pining for the coming actress just as long as England. Playgoers of the most theatre-loving nation had been wagging their heads and wondering from what quarter the unexpected was to come. It was doleful to listen to their despair on the Boulevards. Desclée, poor soul, was dead and gone, and we were never to see the like of her again. Sarah Bernhardt was still phenomenal, but overworked and autocratic. Blanche Pierson was *un peu passée*, and the Vaudeville could hope no more from her, promoted as she was to the Théâtre Français. Bartet had fulfilled almost her best promise. Where then was the coming genius?

She came and conquered, to the surprise of Paris itself, in the person of Jane Hading—a failure, comparatively, in silly comic operas, a brilliant success in emotional comedy drama. The new comer had every recommendation in her favour. Youth, intelligence, a most interesting face, a soft sweet voice, expression that required almost to be kept in restraint, and a sudden power of summoning emotion and letting it subside again. So much and possibly more had been heard of Jane Hading before she appeared (1885) in the “*Maître de Forges*,” the play that was acted for a whole year at the Gymnase Theatre in Paris.

But still English people were not convinced about Jane Hading. They are apt to take an actress on hearsay up to a certain point, but still they require detail. What was she like, to begin with? Fair or dark, short or tall, slim or otherwise? These questions were easily answered. Jane Hading was neither very fair nor very dark, of an excellent figure and height for the stage, and of a very striking personality. It is a face that gains on the attentive spectator; it attracts by the intel-

ligence of the eye and the mobility of the features ; it is a face that never allows the attention to wander away from it, for it speaks volumes, whilst others are carrying on a conversation on the stage.

The character of the artist was soon shown directly she was discovered on the stage. We saw none of that smirking and smiling, that attitudinising and grimacing, that coming out of the scene and the picture, in which the best artists sometimes indulge. Had she chosen, the actress might have been Jane Hading for the moment, and taken her reception in the orthodox and accustomed manner, kissing her finger-tips and prostrating herself before "her kind friends in front." But, as it was, Jane Hading, when the curtain drew up, preferred to be Claire de Beaulieu, a proud, anxious, broken-hearted woman, waiting and watching for the man she loves, and of whose fidelity she is beginning to doubt. From that instant, the actress never ceased to identify herself, heart and soul, with the character she was personating. Her attention never swerved for a second from the purpose of the play. You might watch her face, and in every scene read the uttermost thoughts of the woman before us, scan in every line of her countenance the pride, the wilfulness, the bitterness, the scorn, the humiliation, and the love that have sprung from an ill-starred and luckless life.

This power of listening, this skill in conveying what the mind is thinking about as well as what the lips utter, is one of the greatest gifts an actress can possess. It is an art understood only by one of the keenest artistic susceptibility. The new actress was found to possess this in a high degree, and her power of quickly touching the emotional chord in an audience is known to be extremely great. Jane Hading was seen at her best in the first

act of the play. She did not grow into the character ; she became the broken-hearted Claire at the outset. Her attitude when Athénais tells Claire of her engagement to the Duc de Bligny was extremely fine : the first shock of the announcement was sharp and sudden ; for half a second it made the poor girl shake as if from sudden fright ; but after that, though the body swayed and had to be supported at the table by sheer nervous force, it was only in the agonised face that could be seen the heavy throbs that were beating at the sad creature's heart. Then came the reaction of despair, when Claire was left alone with her family. The floodgates of her heart, locked by pride and determination, now gave way, and the cry of despair was so true that it wrung every heart in the audience. From first to last, this first act was, so far as Claire was concerned, a triumph of emotional acting, never for one moment in excess, and realistic without being painful.

In the second act, Claire had little to do but listen—still, what listening it was ! We could see without a word being spoken the glad surprise when the woman who has married a man out of idle wilfulness and pique, discovers that her commonplace and seemingly obedient lover is a strong, determined man, who has made up his mind to be her master or nothing. The one keynote to this act, the one solution to the enigma put before us, is wholly lost sight of in the English version. It is contained in the three words of the indignant and angered man, "*Je te briserai.*" Admirably enough, M. Damala showed that dominant side of the man's character. There was something of the Othello about him. He could be soft and tender and affectionate, but he was no love-stricken fool. When the ironmaster clutches the wilful woman and dares her

to hide her heart from him, the drama between the two really begins. It is at that exact moment that the wife begins to love the husband, at least, so we gather from the sudden light of love in Claire's eyes when she knows she has not to grapple with a submissive slave, but with a man and a master.

The charming Jane Hading was and is a very remarkable specimen of the best French art.

If in the interests of art universal,—art irrespective of country and creed, art free as air and no longer "cabined, cribbed, confined,"—some of us had reason to rejoice over the two successful visits of the *Comédie Française* to London, and the memorable Crystal Palace breakfast that sealed the bonds of friendship between the artists of France and England, I can recall another occasion as momentous as it was interesting.

Italy was in the ascendancy then, and not France. Tommaso Salvini was the hero of the hour, emphatically the finest actor I have ever seen in any country in the world.

We met, all of us who loved art for art's sake, the actors, the actresses, the painters, the musicians, the men of letters, the critics, at a morning performance given at Drury Lane Theatre in 1875, to see Salvini play *Othello*. Some of that distinguished crowd came, as was natural, cold, hesitating, and sceptical; but not one human being, I am convinced, left that theatre unenthusiastic, unmoved, or unconvinced.

We had heard of the style, the dignity, the voice, manner, the mingled passion and tenderness, the love and hate combined, the frenzied jealousy, and the exquisite grief of this mighty actor. I, as usual, destined to be the fogleman,—for I was apt to proclaim each new discovery on the housetops sometimes with too shrill a

voice,—had told of the splendid dignity of the speech to the Senate : the waves and breakers of passion stirred into motion by the sleek, insinuating Iago, the pathetic splendour of the farewell, with the voice ringing around the theatre like the swell of a mighty organ ; the conclusion of the famous third act, with the wild beast fury over the dog, Iago. We had discussed this scene and that, the propriety or otherwise of the suggested “kick” at the cur, changed into the courteous uplifting hand ; some liked the Eastern death scene, and some detested it. The question was, whether the dramatic profession would endorse the enthusiasm or confirm the hesitation.

In less than an hour they were all won over to the Salvini cause, and those who had spoken strongly had not spoken in vain. Until I see another Salvini, Othello on the stage can exist no more for me. I suppose it would have been the same with all who saw Edmund Kean. Who is to pull down our ideals ?

But Salvini was not only great in Othello. His performance in “The Gladiator” was superb. His Hamlet had beautiful ideas, particularly the embrace of Horatio at the death, suggesting Nelson’s historical “Kiss me, Hardy !” which won the warm approval of a critic very difficult to please—George Henry Lewes.

Here is an idea of Salvini as the Gladiator.

Presently enters the Gladiator, with a true professional air of indifference to the work that may be set him to do. He imagines that, once more, he will have to face the lions, and boasts of triumphs in the past, while anticipating future victory. There is no fear of death with him. He means to live and see his child again.

Soon, however, the burly slave is undeceived. He has only to slaughter the Nazarenes, and he is ready to do it, although he would prefer a bout with the beasts. Then,



while the Gladiator chooses his weapons, Neodamia is led in ; the executioner recognises his victim as one whom he had spared when commanded by Faustina to take her life on a previous occasion. He would spare her now, in obedience to some mysterious instinct ; and earnestly does he plead with the Romans on her behalf.

But his entreaties fall shattered against their adamantine hearts. Die she must, and tenderly the Gladiator bids the maiden pose herself that the blow may be swift and sure. Removing the veil from her neck, he observes a scar. It is just such a mark as is borne by his own daughter. A few rapid questions, put in an agony of excitement, and then, in a passion of joy, the father and child embrace.

This love is for a moment only. The horrors of the situation are now increased a hundredfold, and with pathetic eloquence the Gladiator begs the life of his daughter.

"A slave has no children !" exclaims the priest.

Thus the people see in the new turn of events only an increase of pleasant excitement.

There is no pity anywhere, but the Gladiator has a last chance—he can appeal to fear ; and, addressing the Empress, he reminds her of the bond between the life of his daughter and that of her son. The blow tells. Faustina, against her will, now desires to spare Neodamia, and, after a stormy scene, execution is deferred for a day. Then the curtain falls, as the Gladiator hurries his child from the arena and from the presence of instant death.

This is the wonderful scene that brought out all Signor Salvini's grandest qualities. I admired him earlier in the play, when giving expression to a sense of shameful wrong and foulest cruelty. But here the artist occupied

a place of absolute command over the deepest feelings of our nature. The springs of human emotion lie under his fingers, and he touched them with consummate skill. It was a magnificent opportunity, magnificently used. What true sense of contrast, for example, was shown by the actor's business-like demeanour as he appeared first in the arena! At that moment the Gladiator was simply a fighting animal, having left his humanity outside the amphitheatre. From this, the transition to pitiful interest was beautifully marked. I had before seen the Gladiator under the influence of gentle feeling, but here he recalled the exquisite tenderness which distinguished Salvini's Othello in the earlier acts of Shakespeare's drama. Above all, his utterance of the words, "Vieni, O fanciulla, vieni a morire," touched every heart with its accents of sorrow and resignation. When the discovery comes, and the Gladiator has found his child, we pass in one bound to a display of paternal love such as the stage has rarely witnessed. The fighting animal is now a man in the highest sense of the term. His form expands, his countenance wears a new expression, and as he faces the bloodthirsty crowd in his splendid strength it seems as though numbers could avail nothing against such devotion.

I have never in my life seen an actor fill the stage as Salvini did in this scene. He was a torrent, a tornado, a mountain. He was the dominant force that seemed in his righteousness capable of crushing the crowd. This was great acting. This was the moment for which the drama may be said to exist; and, as nothing before approached it in interest, so nothing after effaced the impression it made. Indeed, whenever Soumet's play is named in the hearing of those who witnessed the Salvini performances at Drury Lane, there will rise up

before the mind the figure of a father defending his child, and exclaiming in thunder tones :

“ To carry her off,  
Let your gladiators come !  
Your leopards, whose thirst  
You slake with blood, to devour her.  
Let them all come—over a father's heart ! ”

On one of the earliest April evenings of the year 1875, before the London season had fairly commenced, at a time when we were looking forward to spring, and not unreasonably expecting some summer, a special and very characteristic audience assembled at Drury Lane to see Salvini. Society had not spoken, how could it, when Society was scarcely awake ? The dramatic profession was as yet comparatively ignorant of the fact that a great actor was amongst us. But there is a certain freemasonry in art as in all other things. Some one passes round the word that a certain actor, or play, is worthy attention, and possibly encouragement. So it was with Salvini. This one had heard of him in Italy, another one had seen him in Rome, a third had been struck with the enthusiasm he created in America.

And so it came about that such as loved the stage and did not slumber, made a point of attending Drury Lane on the first night of Salvini's *Othello*. It was a performance—this *Othello*—which would have awakened the Seven Sleepers. After many weary years of waiting it was a revelation, and it was quite certain that the enthusiasm created by that first performance of *Othello* at Drury Lane had much to do with Salvini's subsequent and sudden success. The mere sight of the audience, exhausted rather than excited, spoke volumes in favour of the new actor. His influence was written on the faces of those who attempted to describe his power.

Instantaneously the fame of Salvini spread.

In varied language and with varying comments, such of the art world as are interested in the appearance of a genius on the stage were awakened to Salvini.

They heard of his voice, his musical expression, and his infinite variety. They were told of the exquisitely graceful address to the Senate; of the affectionate outburst following immediately after the degradation of Cassio, of the almost indescribable light and shade of the temptation; of the terrible outburst at the throttling of Iago; of the splendid sarcasm in the scene with Emilia, and in certain quarters they were warned of a ghastly and, as some chose to call it, a revolting conclusion to the tragedy.

There was just sufficient enthusiasm to excite, and just enough variety to interest. Salvini was evidently an actor out of the common order. He had made his mark in such a curious fashion, and the converts to the new faith were so suddenly inspired, that the Salvini question of necessity became interesting. I claim no more for those who first saw Salvini in those early April days than that their very presence was proof positive of their interest in dramatic art; and that their enthusiasm, which might have been ridiculed as affected, can now be claimed as sincere. They wanted the public to see Salvini and judge for themselves, and they gained their point. They desired that Society should be satisfied, and they succeeded. They were anxious that the drama should be considered as one of the fine arts, and criticised as such; and, behold, the slumbers of learned men were broken.

The success of Salvini is a matter of such very modern history that I hesitate to touch upon it. The greetings from artists to an artist, on that welcome morning at

Drury Lane, the chord of sympathy which once more united the higher drama and Society, are not matters to be easily forgotten. They are capable, indeed, of being turned to good account in the interest of the stage, if I mistake not. The art question of the drama again revived, the old playgoers brought back, the stage seriously criticised, prejudices finally broken down—I with many others, then, hoped for the sunshine which had been so long promised.

Be this as it may, the evening came at last when Salvini, obedient to fate, was to play Othello for the last time at Drury Lane. It was pleasant to see very many of the faces which had welcomed him, assembled to do honour to the farewell. It was not only pleasant, it was natural. You may be sure that no chance of seeing Salvini between early April and late July had been neglected. According to the gossip of the day, many present at Drury Lane were qualified for the post of critic, for they numbered in their score five or six Othellos, two or three Hamlets, and,—if they were lucky,—two Gladiators.

It was calculated that, after five visits to Salvini, any one might be justified in giving his "first impressions." It is certain that among the farewell audience the first and last impressions probably did not vary in any important particular.

Few will deny that it was natural that the pathos of Othello should be painted in more vivid colours on such an occasion. It was so. It seemed somehow to the audience, that, blended with the intense sorrow for the loss of Desdemona, there was a certain regret expressed by Salvini at leaving a proud but warm-hearted people. If it were not so, how did it come about that the pathetic scenes touched our hearts more closely,



and we more certainly felt the tears in the actor's voice ?

Othello's farewell was no longer spoken standing near the footlights, but prostrate and—it appeared to us—overwhelmed with depression, in a chair. The noble speech was uttered with more than the accustomed feeling. It was evident that the sense of parting was uppermost in the actor's mind. At the close of the third act Othello could not wrench himself from the recollections of Desdemona. The more Iago urged him to destruction, the more he turned affectionately to his wife's memory. Why was it that this scene came out with such unusual strength ? Could it have been that the actor was somehow thinking of the oncoming farewell to England and generous friends ? In the last act there was surely no mistaking the expression of double sentiment. The agony of remorse over Desdemona's corpse was never expressed with such thrilling truth ; the “madness of farewells” never told home so truly. At the close of the third act they flung Salvini laurel crowns, bound with Italian colours, and gold crowns decorated with ribbons. He was called three times after the third act, and three times more after the last, when bouquets took the place of wreaths and crowns. And it is not impossible that beyond all these flowers and wreaths and tokens Salvini valued most the lingering farewells of the faithful few who remained waving their adieux to the very last.

When the majority of the people had cloaked and hurried off, and when the theatre was thinning, there were still voices to cheer and hands to applaud.

Italy gave us also two other great artists, Rossi and Eleanora Duse. They were both enthusiastically received, but in neither case could I join in the general

enthusiasm. Their method was no doubt admirable; but I could not, hard as I tried to do so, detect the note of inspiration. They were trained to perfection, had studied to a fault; but never once did they touch my heart.

In lighter plays, such as "*La Locandiera*," Duse was admirable, but I thought her "*Camille*" commonplace and uninspired, and her "*Divorçons*" almost ridiculous in its fixed purpose of "undermining" pathetic scenes and situations. Next to Salvini, the greatest Italian artist I have seen was Ristori.

Ristori's *Medea*—by the way Janauschek, the German-American artist, played the part splendidly to empty benches at the Haymarket—her Elizabeth of England, and her Deborah ("*Leah*") were magnificent performances. Hers was the realistic and coldly classical school, and when she first came to England she woke up the slumbering artistic feeling which had been almost dead for years. A great deal had been done in beating down prejudice between the appearances of Ristori and Salvini.

In addition to all these, we have welcomed in my time a very remarkable Dutch company of actors from Rotterdam, headed by Roger Faassen, and a most intelligent actress, Biersmans, who excelled in *Marie Antoinette* and in a delightful Dutch play, "*Anne Mie*," which I rewrote without much success for the English stage, at the suggestion of my friend Geneviève Ward, who produced it under the management of Edgar Bruce at the old Prince of Wales Theatre, Tottenham Court Road.

My old friends, James Fernandez, and Charles Flockton, and Forbes Robertson, were admirable in the Dutch play, and so was pretty Cissy Grahame; but it was

a difficult subject to handle, unless the heroine is "doubled." In the first act she is supposed to be the heroine of a "ruined home," aged eighteen. For the rest of the play she is the grey-haired mother of a girl of eighteen! the result of the "ruined home." What actress can do justice to such a double character—a girl and an old woman?

We have seen also from time to time several German companies, including the Saxe-Meiningen troupe, with that fine actor Barnay taking the lead; and I doubt not that some speculator will soon bring over a company of Japanese players, with the celebrated Danjiro as a star actor, the Danjiro that I saw act for a whole day long at the chief theatre of Tokio in Japan in 1893.

How astonished they would be to see in an English theatre the Hanamiche, or Flowery Way, a narrow platform that extends from the front of the house straight over the pit and the stalls to the stage proper, a platform used for fantastic and tragic entrances and exits of interminable length and variety that are the glory of the Japanese drama!

The Japanese actor—particularly Danjiro—is very great at entrances, but greater still at exits, and loves when he is thus acting in dumb show to be right among his audience, in the very centre of stalls and pit, in order that all assembled may study every facial expression. I have seen a pathetic exit by Danjiro along the flowery path that took at least ten minutes to accomplish, and all the time he was tottering straight across the auditorium without a word spoken. You will ask me, no doubt, to give an instance from our own stage record where the Japanese Flowery Path could be used in a serious play. Well, I can recall a very celebrated entrance, as well as an exit, familiar to

American and English audiences alike, by Henry Irving, when he was playing Shylock, in "The Merchant of Venice"—a play, by the way, that has been modernised for the Japanese stage without any compliment or allusion whatever to William Shakespeare. The entrance is where Shylock comes over the Venetian bridge after the supper, to find his daughter and his ducats gone. The exit was the other celebrated one of the dignified and heartbroken Jew, at the conclusion of the trial scene. In Japan, the Shylock would come in and go out by the Flowery Way; and he might take as long about it as he liked, the longer the better for the audience, who love to see the leading actor in their midst and are able to touch him.

In the matter of expression, the Japanese are very keen, and there are plays where demons and hobgoblins, supposed to be unseen, gambol about the stage in order to throw a light under the actor's face. Strange to say, the limelight is unknown, and the general lighting of the stage is wretched in the extreme. The next novelty that I noted was one that might be of some practical use. The stage proper is provided with a circular turntable, such as we see on a railway siding, but beautifully worked and dovetailed into the floor. Thus a scene, actors and all, can be turned completely around without dropping the curtain, and one scene can be completely set at the back of the circle, while they are acting in the front.

Something like this plan has been tried both in Paris and New York (I allude to the ascending and descending stage): but the revolving turntable of Japan is the first I have ever seen. I think it might be utilised to advantage. Not, indeed, that the Japanese dispense with the drop curtain altogether. Quite the

contrary. Every actor of eminence has at least a dozen drop curtains of his own, the presents of devoted spectators. Some are most beautiful and costly, embroidered silks and gorgeous satins, decorated with devices and adorned with poems and dedications in the actor's honour.

In Japan, they do not throw flowers or wreaths to an actor. They give him a drop curtain, and it becomes his personal property. In Japan, they applaud freely, they weep copiously, but they never hiss. It is said that the Japanese are unemotional. But even in the old days of Robson and the "Porter's Knot" at the Olympic, I have never seen such floods of tears shed in a theatre as I did one afternoon at Nagasaki, the situation being the parting of an old mother and her favourite son. The women spectators were literally rocking with grief, and I thought their tears would put out the fires in all the little private boxes or pit wells.

Not being familiar with the language, it is impossible to criticise the acting, but I noticed that no actor uses his ordinary voice on the stage or talks in a natural manner. Danjiro chants his sentences, his voice ranging from a deep bass to the squeakiest of falsetto. The effect is that of a swinging signboard swayed by a gust of wind. What we call natural acting is unknown. Tradition and conventionality are paramount. The dramas usually played are based on some historical or legendary romance; and they are divided into two parts, one conversational, the other choral. The actors carry on the conversation, but the chorus is sung to the accompaniment of a samisen by a person or persons in the tsubo, a screened seat on the right of and above the main stage.

The chorus explains the emotions and characters of



the personages, and while the really dreadful and appalling music goes on the actors make the gestures only. In this respect, the Japanese drama resembles the theatre of the Greeks ; but I trust that such discordant chants never offended the sensitive Grecian ear. The music in a café in Cairo when the girls are rolling and gyrating around the stage ; or the strains of an Indian nautch are bad enough in all conscience ; but never have I heard such terrible sounds as come from the samisen when the Geysha girls dance at a Japanese dinner, or when there is an interlude of posturing between the acts of Japanese plays.

Danjiro is the greatest actor on the Japanese stage ; but conceive an artist of his eminence dressed up as a woman with kimono and obi, and going through the most tedious posturings for over an hour, bending and swaying his body and playing tricks with a paper fan. At Tokio, Danjiro must have been on the stage posturing and gyrating for at least an hour. It bored me to death ; I candidly own it.

But this is called amusement in Japan ; and the people like nothing so well as one of these interminable dances, accompanied by music that is calculated to drive the ordinary European melancholy mad.

By a curious coincidence, I was visiting the large shrine on the hill-top at Kamakura on the day before I saw the legend of this particular shrine enacted by Danjiro at Tokio. On the left of the steps of this particular temple stands a splendid icho tree, said to be more than a thousand years old. Behind this very tree it is said that Kugyo stood in 1219, waiting for the approach of his uncle, Sanetino, the third Shogun of the Minamoto family, who was going to visit the shrine to avenge his father.

As Sanetino descended the steps Kugyo rushed out, cut him down, and carried off his head. This was the sensation scene of the play, and it caused me to burst into a fit of irreverent laughter. The procession came slowly and solemnly up the Flowery Way ; but when the uncle came down the temple steps, out popped Kugyo and polished off the old gentleman in true pantomime style. He fell with his body close to some drapery, so that a bleeding head was easily passed to the actor, and then the fun began.

With his uncle's head in one hand and a sword in the other, the actor went through a Bowery or transpontine combat that would have delighted N. T. Hicks or T. P. Cooke in the good old Surrey days.

The intrepid murderer was attacked in front and behind by an avenging army, but he slew them all single-handed. Having settled those in front, he made a leap into the air and attacked his enemies in the rear, and then, with the stage literally littered with dead bodies, he bounded off down the Flowery Way, the sword and bleeding head still in his victorious hands, to the rapturous applause of a delighted audience, who cheered him to the echo and almost mobbed him at his exit.

They love executions in Japan, and wallow in gore.

One of the most favourite scenes with the general public is where Danjiro, with intensely realistic detail, enacts the death of a criminal by his own hand, known as the " happy despatch " ! The judges, the executioner, and the victim are all on the stage, and you can hear a pin drop as the actor plunges the sword into his own body, as the blood gushes out on the stage, and the awful death contortions are imitated with singular vividness and apparent reality. The more horrible the death

or murder scenes, the more the people like them. In fact, the "happy despatch" in the Japanese theatre is as popular as the old drama of "Maria Martin, or the Red Barn," which used to be the "pièce de résistance" with the travelling shows on a village green.

No one can possibly say that you do not get enough for your money in a Japanese theatre. If we cannot quite understand it all in its serious sense, most of it that is not intolerably dull affords the most intense amusement to the spectator.

I have now summed up, as briefly and concisely as I could, the advantages that the stage has acquired by encouraging free trade in art, and described by illustration the result of it.

I come now to a subject in which I am naturally interested. I mean the advantage that the stage, and the dramatic art generally, of our time, has gained by independence of criticism, fair, frank, and outspoken words, addressed to the public at large by those who are responsible for them; words written in the direct interest of the art and its professors; but words that ought not, in any circumstances, to be reviewed, called in question, or influenced by the dramatic profession that brings them into existence.

View it as an art, or a means to artistic effort, or view it merely as a commercial enterprise, publicity is the lifeblood of the stage.

Its professors own that it is so. On the occasion of a new production, those in authority invite criticism. They send out complimentary tickets, and with open hearts invite the free and fair criticism of writers who either write anonymously or under their own signature. By such a course deliberately taken, the rough should be counteracted by the smooth, the seeming harshness

of yesterday ought to be atoned for by the kindlier and more gentle comments of to-day.

So far this system has on the whole worked admirably. The position is one of extreme tension. The life of the independent critic, as I can prove by my own case, is one of incessant friction ; but those who undertake these tasks must be prepared to fight and fight on, and abide the issue of the contest, so long as it advances the glory of the English stage, a glory I think more deeply considered by the earnest, conscientious writer than by the often petted, spoiled, and intemperate actor. I have often wished, as others have continually wished, that newspaper proprietors could have seen their way never to accept a complimentary ticket from manager or actor, and so preserved a spirit of independence. This reform has often been suggested, but when started and put into action has never been long continued.

Still, up to a very recent date, when the Actors' Association, the accepted trades union of the dramatic profession, came into existence, criticism, which has had so much to do with the welfare of the stage ; which has improved by the power of publicity the social status of the player ; which has advanced the value of the dramatist ; which has, in judicious hands, brought conspicuous and rising talent to the front ; has been accepted with modesty, sincerity, and with good faith.

The actor has known that such a thing as spite, unfairness, or double dealing, would not be permitted by the directors of any newspaper or periodical of repute ; he has recognised the fact that the most independent critic is himself edited and corrected by unprejudiced men of the world ; and that if there are, as there must be, errors, they should be attributed to human nature, which is not infallible.

Having elsewhere, as briefly and concisely as I could, run over the long and important list of actor-managers I have known, and given them credit, I trust, for ambition and ceaseless endeavour in the interests of their art, I shall be doubtless asked, what fault I can possibly have to find with a system that has almost been proved by my own words and statements to be inevitable?

To this my reply must be, in the first place, that I have attempted to write the history of the drama of to-day as well as of yesterday. If I had found the same things to-day as I found yesterday, I should have no word to say. But candidly I do not! I have, in fact, a double defence to make, or rather a double excuse for touching on this subject: first, my love of the art, particularly the art of acting, to the study of which not only in England, but in most countries in the world, I have devoted a lifetime, for I have seen plays not only in London, Paris, New York, San Francisco, Italy, and Germany, but in Bombay, Calcutta, Canton, Hong Kong, Shanghai, and Tokio; secondly, my excuse is my respect and love for my own profession of journalism, whose stronghold of independence has, I think, been threatened of late in a very ominous fashion. Remember again that I am contrasting the present with the past.

The critic engaged on an important and influential journal, who deliberately attempts to write independently, fearlessly, and from absolutely conscientious convictions on the stage, its plays, its players, can never expect to repose on a bed of roses. It is out of the question. It is human nature to resent criticism; and there is not, and never has been, a man or woman in existence who would prefer to be blamed rather than praised.



But the worst side of the actor's art is this, that gallons and hogsheads of refreshing praise are immediately tainted and soured by one tiny drop of blame.

Many most able journalists in my time have, doubtless in consideration of their own personal comfort, shirked the responsibilities of independence. Life at that price, according to them, would not be worth the having. So I have often felt myself.

No two writers on the drama of their time were more able, more competent to discuss the stage, or more experienced in the art of criticising the actor and actress, than John Oxenford and E. L. Blanchard. They have gone to their graves honoured and respected, with the pleasant and consoling words, "kindliness and good nature" engraven on their tombstones. Henry Irving wrote in 1889 of E. L. Blanchard, "The pen he wielded was much weightier than any sword when that weapon was handled by Phelps. And it was the kindest pen which ever wrote." S. B. Bancroft followed suit with these words to Mrs. Blanchard, "It is something in this fierce world to know and say that your husband had not even the shadow of a foe."

Very pretty and complimentary, no doubt. But the "kindest pen that ever wrote" might have retarded the advance of Henry Irving; and the "shadowless foe" would have probably dogged the determined footsteps of Squire Bancroft.

Whether the stage of their time might or might not have been better than it was, more advancing, more progressive, a truer and a nobler art, had they, both old friends of mine, been more outspoken, I am not prepared to discuss; but this I will say, that the stage of to-day, its dignity, its social position, and the strong pulsating interest taken in it by the public at large,

have been advanced and not retarded by independent criticism.

The men who, to the best of their ability, turned the common theatrical report into the personal impression, who sat down to write fired with what they had seen and observed, instead of delaying their remarks until they were "stale, flat and unprofitable"; the men who tried to paint for the morrow's breakfast-table and the theatre-loving household the picture that had fascinated them the night before; the men who did not dismiss the actor or the actress with a conventional line, but devoted to their work analysis, appreciation, and contrast, were, at any rate, pioneers in a good cause, and have been welcomed, if not by the actor or actress, who forget with such ease and remember with such scorn, at least by the public, to whom most of them without an appreciative note would have been comparatively unknown.

Some of these writers for the stage have been martyrs, but it is perhaps well to be martyrs in such a grand cause. If the stage has not suffered, if the art has advanced, if the interest in the theatre is keener and more pulsating than ever, if salaries have increased ten and twenty fold, if the commerce of the theatre has wonderfully improved, then such men as these can lay down their arms and hang up the battered sword at any rate with a clear conscience.

As for myself, I have been more or less in the wars for over forty years, but I do not think I have ever flinched from the conflict. In early days I was turned off paper after paper, for advocating free trade in art, and for daring to tell the public that there were other actors in the world besides those in England. I was accused of taking the bread out of the mouths of English artists. I was told that by pointing with

praise to French art, to Italian art, to German art, to Dutch art, to American art, I was disloyal to the art of my own country. I am certain I was nothing of the kind. I was putting the bread into the mouths of the English actors and actresses, not taking it out at all; I was helping the half-starved and semi-destitute.

I have been reported to editors and newspaper proprietors, for doing what I conceived to be my duty to the public that I served, by scores of actors and actresses. Sometimes they have been shown the door. Sometimes their counsels have prevailed, to my own personal detriment and that of my family. My employers have been threatened with the loss of theatrical advertisements, because I dared to tell the truth.

In the vast majority of cases, these very independent and often insignificant artists have been told, "Take away your advertisements, but remember that when you begin to feel the loss of publicity you shall not put them back again in my paper." I have been threatened again and again with expulsion from theatres; but no manager, however much he may talk, has yet dared to have the pluck to carry his impotent threat into execution. Fairy stories have gone about, relating how I was to be touched upon the shoulder and escorted from my seat as if I were a convict or a pickpocket, and technically assaulted if I refused to budge. But fairy stories are popular in "the profession," which, as a rule, loves to talk as much as it loves to act. I have been hissed and hooted, misrepresented and grossly libelled. I have in my possession dozens and dozens of letters, thanking me with a grateful heart for my fairness, and as many more from the same artists execrating me on other occasions for my conspicuous injustice. These are heirlooms very precious to me; but spring and summer

succeed frost and snow, and east wind, and still I live on to tell the tale.

In the year 1869, I must have deeply offended Mr. F. B. Chatterton, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, for this is a sample of what I find among my treasures. All I know is, that the editor of the *Weekly Dispatch*, George Emmerson, a delightful fellow, was a man of sturdy independence; and when Mr. Guiver, treasurer, and Mr. Chatterton, manager of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, crossed the threshold of the newspaper I had the honour to serve, they recrossed it with fleas in both ears. The liberal *Weekly Dispatch* was not apt to cave in on any subject when the famous writer "Publicola" was aboard. Here is Mr. Guiver's intemperate letter:—

"THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

"F.B.C.

"September 4, 1869.

"SIR,—Some time ago Mr. Chatterton received a letter from you, making a charge against a trusted servant of this establishment. Having investigated the matter, Mr. Chatterton instructed me to write a letter to inform you that your name was removed from the free list, and to request you to abstain in future from visiting his theatre. This letter, it appears from yours of the 2nd, did not reach you. I have, therefore, to repeat the request on this occasion. I have also, by Mr. Chatterton's directions, requested the editor of the *Weekly Dispatch* to accredit some other representative of the paper whenever he deems it desirable to notice the performances at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

"Yours obediently,

"JAMES GUIVER (treasurer).

"CLEMENT SCOTT, Esq., Union Club, S.W."

The same kind of letter was addressed to me late in the summer of 1899—thirty years after—by one of our most popular managers. “I hear you have resumed criticism. Keep away from me and mine, for God’s sake.” That was the purport of it.

So you see that it occurs to the actor or manager in 1869 and 1899 to dictate to a newspaper proprietor as to what servant he should employ. What clever children they are after all ; what spoiled, petted children, so fond of sugar plums, so angry at the suggestion of senna !

I must have been getting myself disliked also at the Queen’s Theatre in Long Acre, early in January, 1873, at what time Colonel Alfred Bates Richards, a sturdy radical, an enthusiastic Volunteer, and the editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, had produced his play of “Cromwell.” It was actually brought out on the 21st of September, 1872, with very fair success : but there was something amiss on the first night, and second notices were soon eagerly sought by the clever author. George Rignold played Cromwell, John Ryder was Ireton, George F. Neville, Arthur Walton ; Belford was in the cast ; and a distinguished success was made by Miss Wallis, then quite a girl, as Elizabeth, Cromwell’s daughter.

I was present on the first night, and selected Miss Wallis for special praise. She knew how to speak blank verse with melody and expression. I must have thought it a great compliment when so distinguished a writer and dramatist as Colonel Bates Richards, a man so much older than myself, asked me to go again to see “Cromwell,” and try to soothe over the difficulties attending my independent position ; for at the Queen’s Theatre they had never forgotten or forgiven my



notice on "The Last Days of Pompeii." Here is his letter:—

"127 FLEET STREET,

"January 10th, 1873.

"DEAR MR. SCOTT,—Thinking it better that you should have a regular order, and not have to show a card to Mr. Clifton or any one else, I sent you a couple of stalls for to-morrow. Mr. Buckstone sent that veteran actor of the Haymarket, Mr. Howe, to see the play, together with other pieces now being performed, and report upon them. If I were to tell you his judgment, it would indeed appear like vanity. Suffice it to say, that he considers it essentially dramatic, thus confirming Creswick's opinion when he saw it, and that of several actors from other theatres. Phelps must have thought so, or he would not have offered to play with the warmth which he evinced. The play is now thoroughly well received. There seems to be an old feud between you and 'The Queen's,' which has embittered this affair. Of course, they persist in accrediting you with the authorship of the *Observer* notice the day after the production. Judging by one or two expressions in your last letter, I am more and more inclined to absolve you from that which I considered so cruel an act of injustice, and to appeal to fact, not as a criticism, but a record of what took place.

"I am, faithfully yours,

"ALFRED B. RICHARDS.

"CLEMENT SCOTT, Esq."

A similar invitation must have been extended to John Oxenford, of *The Times*, at the urgent request of George Rignold, whose Cromwell was a most striking performance, on which the actor naturally desired the

opinion of so experienced and brilliant a writer as "Old John," who had been seriously ill. The following comical situation occurred.

John Oxenford, the best-hearted man in the world, hearing of George Rignold's anxiety, and having received the author's intercession, got up from a sick bed, suffering from acute bronchial catarrh, accompanied by one of the most distressing and hacking coughs I have ever heard within the walls of a theatre. When the cough started, it was barely possible to distinguish one word spoken on the stage. I myself had suffered from the malady of the doyen of the critics a short time previously, when on December 4th, 1872, my friend Harry Montague produced my pathetic little play, "Tears, Idle Tears," founded on a French play by Decourcelle, called "Marcel."

It was a most delicate work and wanted absolute silence to be appreciated; but the poor critic's cough fairly killed the playlet. In it were Harry Montague, Rose Massey, Mrs. Gaston Murray, and dear old Flockton, still alive and well on the other side of the herring pond, where I met him several years ago "on the road," as they say over there, with young Sothern's company. The last time I saw good old "Flocky" was at an all-night restaurant at Chicago, where we enjoyed an old English supper, and sat up half the night to listen to the zither playing of our excellent host, who is a first-class musician as well as an able actor. I thought at one time he would have been in the very front rank.

So John Oxenford repaired to the Queen's Theatre, distressing cough and all, to do a good turn to the author and actor. George Rignold was, of course, in a highly nervous state of mind, for he had been told that Oxenford was in front. Alas! presently the irritating

bark began. It grew louder and louder. Rignold became visibly impatient and disconcerted. He was acting splendidly, but unhappily his scenes were all being ruined by that incessant coughing. At last he could stand it no longer ; so he came forward and said :

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I am sorry to interrupt the performance, but I really cannot go on acting unless the old gentleman in the private box can suppress his distressing, but evidently depressing cough."

At once poor John Oxenford rose from his seat and left the theatre with his friend Mr. Herbert, who invariably accompanied him. When the curtain fell, some one rushed up to Rignold and exclaimed, "Do you know what you have done, George?" "No! Done! What?"

"You have sent away John Oxenford, of *The Times*, who came out of a sick bed to help you at your own special request!"

George Rignold collapsed.

I now come in the direct interests of the public and the playgoer ; of those not behind but in front of the curtain ; to the new-fangled Actors' Association, a very excellent and doubtless necessary trades union, founded for a well-meaning purpose ; but a trades union that has of late, I think, exceeded its legitimate functions, and gone beyond its declared province. A trades union of actors and actresses combining together to support the honour and dignity of their profession, to ensure its wellbeing, to advocate its progress, to secure for themselves and their successors wholesome, sanitary theatres, clean and decent dressing-rooms, straightforward conduct and honourable treatment, is, to my mind, a most excellent trades union. A trades union that hunts down and destroys the "bogus manager" and removes

many of the barnacles that have clung to the keel of a good dramatic ship is an excellent trades union and deserves every encouragement.

But a trades union that dictates to this man or that woman, whether he or she should go on the stage and earn their bread on it; a trades union that assumes the position of an "opera bouffe university," and would grant certificates of merit and proficiency and diplomas, is surely a trades union that dangerously threatens the liberty of the subject. It is an unfortunate fact that the patronage of Society that may have flattered the individual has not conspicuously elevated the art. Indeed, I think Society with the best intentions has depressed art by encouraging the most worthless and questionable plays, and sending from its amateur ranks the most indifferent and incapable of players. Society as a patron of dramatic art has so far been a conspicuous failure. But the playgoers of London and the provinces will not get better actors or actresses, or a nobler art, by Actors' Associations, medals, or badges, or registration, or any such chimerical scheme; but by study, by practice, by application, by less play and more work, by toil and drudgery and determination,—qualifications which the old actor recognised, and the young actor often contemptuously ignores.

Nor will the Actors', or any other kindred Association benefit its cause, or the stage that it so rightly loves, by assuming inquisitorial powers over those independent writers whose views on art or policy may be distasteful to them.

An Actors' Association that either by combined force or social influence, or the dictatorial policy of its figure heads, or knocking at influential doors, finds its way to the editorial sanctum and attempts

to stifle independent criticism, is, I think, a very dangerous trades union, and one which a generous and art-loving public would never tolerate.

A trades union that attempts to deprive a fellow-creature of his rights and liberties; a trades union that combines to stifle an independent voice in its power, and an independent individual of his means of existence; a trades union that says, from henceforth, with or without apology, no word written by a "*persona ingrata*" shall be spoken on the stage, no play written by this same "*persona ingrata*" shall be acted on the stage, that his power shall be diminished, his influence shall be undermined, his wings shall be cut, that he shall be, as far as the Actors' Association is concerned—oblivious of the past and mindful of the present—"Anathema maranatha"—that trades union, I venture to think, is not only a dangerous, but an illegal trades union, and can only be counteracted in the interests of the playgoers of this country, the lovers of dramatic art, and the public at large, if not by the conductors of our journals, who unfortunately yield to the intolerable pressure of Society from within, at least can be crushed and stultified by a trades union of equal power, dignity, and influence,—the Institute of Journalists.

My task is done. My last words have been spoken. I have endeavoured to utter them, the first words and the last, with dignity, with courtesy, and with respect to the art to which I have been passionately attached since childhood; and to the professors of it, most of whom I once counted as my friends.

There is much more that I might have said,—much,



very much, that my heart prompted me to speak,—not so much in my own defence as a critic and in a measure a controversialist, as in acknowledgment of the conspicuous loyalty, the fine honour, and the characteristic manliness of the few devoted friends, who, knowing the fallible enthusiast, never deserted the man who fought almost alone from the “morning until the evening of his days.”

If this humble and unworthy contribution to dramatic literature, if this story of the stage during the most vital moment of its career, has, by recollection, old memories, the recalling of old times, dear friends, never forgotten faces, given pleasure to those who love the stage as I do, I am content.

That love, that devotion, that chivalry on behalf of all that is beautiful and inspiring, that determination to make it apparent, that the heart and the soul may be as well cleansed and purified in a theatre as elsewhere, were instincts of childhood. They will abide with me, please God, until I reach those shores of silence, “where beyond these voices there is peace!”

## APPENDIX

### LIST OF IMPORTANT PLAYS PRODUCED IN LONDON BETWEEN 1830 (THE CLOSE OF GENEST'S HISTORY) AND THE END OF THE CENTURY.

It occurred to me that an approximate list of the more important plays produced between 1830 and 1899 would be very valuable to the dramatic student. I do not profess to have given a complete list, for it would have taken up too much space in my story of the stage, and to obtain the material would have been impossible without enormous labour and would have delayed my book. But I will say this, that even a still incomplete catalogue could not have been accomplished without the unfailing courtesy, the ready sympathy, and the generous consideration of the Hon. Sir Spencer Cecil Brabazon Ponsonby Fane, G.C.B., the Comptroller of Accounts at the Lord Chamberlain's Department.

There is no need for me to say what a true and loyal friend Sir Spencer has ever been to the dramatic profession during a long and valuable official career. He has loved the play and the atmosphere of the theatre as well as he ever loved the game of cricket, and with playgoers as well as cricketers he is universally popular.

Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane has, in the exercise of his office, permitted me access to the invaluable play register at the Lord Chamberlain's Office; and by his authority I have been able to extract some very interesting material and possibly the basis of a play history that will eventually, I hope, do honour to the Victorian Era. Genest and Dr. Brewer were very Titans of industry. To have paved the way for another Genest and Brewer, with a Percy Fitzgerald or a William Archer superadded, is all the credit I can claim in this section of my work.

(1) The first Examiner of Stage Plays was a Mr. Larpent, who was permitted by the authorities of his time to sell all the MSS. of stage plays as his personal and private property.

(2) Next comes George Colman the younger, who died in 1836.

He had peculiar views as to profanity and irreverence as expressed in dramatic dialogue.

He considered the application of the phrase "My angel" to a beautiful woman or an adored wife to be "profane," and cut out the unholy words accordingly. When he was asked why he cut out "angel" as applied to a woman, he replied, "Because it is a woman I grant, but it is a celestial woman. It is an allusion to the scriptural angels, which are celestial bodies."

The words "Oh, Lud!" or "Oh, La!" he deemed irreverent and out they went, in defiance of the old dramatists. When asked why he cut out "Damme!" which he had used so often in his own plays, he replied, "At that time I was a careless immoral, author. I am now the Examiner of Plays. I did my business as an author at that time, and I do my business as an Examiner now!"

But, for all that, George Colman the younger was keen about his fees, and on one occasion was very anxious to license an oratorio, but it was decided by the authorities that the Bible did not require the Lord Chamberlain's license.

(3) Charles Kemble was next appointed, and resigned the post of Examiner of Plays in 1840.

(4) John Mitchell Kemble, a distinguished Anglo-Saxon scholar, son of Charles Kemble, succeeded his father. He died in 1857.

(5) William Bodham Donne came next; a learned antiquary and scholar, to whom clung some of the traditions of the prudish George Colman school.

One day, so it is said, they found his children in his study prone on the floor, all studying plays for license.

"Father! father!" shouts one, "here is 'God' again."

"Cut out 'God,' my dear, and substitute 'Heaven!'"

(6) Edward Smyth Pigott. Under the liberal sway of this amiable gentleman and scholar, all friction that could have existed between the managers of theatres, authors, and the Lord Chamberlain's Department virtually disappeared. His courtesy to all with whom he came in contact was never failing and he was held in universal respect.

(7) George Alexander Redford, the present holder of this important office.

Very few licenses were granted up to 1841. The farces, burlettas, and pantomimes of the early days when the patent theatres enjoyed a monopoly, have nearly all been forgotten. A reaction was felt on the passing of Graham's Licensing Act in 1843 up to 1850; but from 1850 to 1860 there was a comparative stagnation, save for operas and crude translations or adaptations from the French.

A crucifix was prohibited on the stage in a play called "The Actress of Padua," licensed for production at the Haymarket in 1855; but at the same theatre in "A Man's Shadow," produced by Beerbohm Tree in 1889, a crucifix was permitted in a French law court over the judge's head as realistically represented.

"Camille," one of the early versions of "La Dame aux Camélias," by

the younger Dumas, was refused a license for Drury Lane on 23rd March, 1855.

In a play called "The Amazon's Oath," 25th October, 1858, the words, "And am no more worthy to be called your son" were ordered to be omitted, as contained in the Biblical version of "The Prodigal Son."

When John Oxenford wrote "Daddy Hardacre" for Robson, at the Olympic in 1857, he was instructed to alter "O God" to "O Heaven," and to omit "O Lord" everywhere.

"Phèdre" has been played in this country both by Rachel and Sarah Bernhardt without offence as a great classic; but, during the censorship of Charles Kemble's son, a license was refused for a play called "Myrrha," in which Madame Ristori had to express the Greek mythological love of the heroine for her father—in fact, Phèdre and The Cenci reversed.

C. S.

Here is a list of some of the successes of popular novelists adapted for the stage without leave from the author.

*Aurora Floyd*. Miss Braddon. Four in London, February to April, 1863.  
*Battle of Life*. Charles Dickens. Seven between December 24th, 1846, and January, 1847.

*Betting Boy's Career (The)*. Four between August and September, 1852.

*Chimes*. Charles Dickens. Five from December, 1844, to January, 1845.

*Christmas Carol*. Charles Dickens. Three from January to February, 1844.

*Clarissa Harlowe*. Three from 1846 to 1847.

*Corsican Brothers (Les Frères Corses)*. Five in March, 1852.

*Cricket on the Hearth*. Charles Dickens. Eight in January, 1846.

*Cricket on our own Hearth*. Burlesque. Strand, 1846.

*Dred*. Mrs. Beecher Stowe. Six in September, 1856.

*Faust*. Goethe. Six in 1854—1855. There are at least eighteen English stage versions of Goethe's dramatic poem.

*Haunted Man*. Charles Dickens. Four (with various sub-titles), 1848.

*Jack Sheppard* (previously refused). Three in London, June to August, 1855.

*Lady Audley's Secret*. Miss Braddon. Three in February, 1863.

*Margaret Catchpole*. Three in March and April, 1845.

*Martin Chuzzlewit*. Charles Dickens. Three in July, 1844.

*Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures*. Jerrold. Five in July, 1845.

*Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Mrs. Beecher Stowe. Eleven from May to December, 1852.

LIST OF IMPORTANT PLAYS PRODUCED IN LONDON BETWEEN 1830 (THE END OF GENEST'S HISTORY) TO THE CLOSE OF THE CENTURY.

- Abbé Vandrevuil, or The Court of Louis XV.* Colonel Addison. Lyceum, March 21st, 1860.
- Abel Drake.* John Saunders. Princess's, May 20th, 1876.
- About Hassan, or The Sleeper Awakened.* Talfourd. St. James's, December 28th, 1854.
- About Town.* Bertie Vyse. Court, May 12th, 1873.
- Absent Man (The).* George Roberts. Holborn, June 18th, 1870.
- Acrobat (The).* Wilson Barrett, from "Le Paillasse" by D'Ennery and Marc Fournier. The "Belphegor" story. Olympic, April 21st, 1891.
- Actress of Padua (The).* (Taken from Victor Hugo's "Angelo.") Haymarket, May 4th, 1855.
- Adam Bede.* J. E. Carpenter. Surrey, Februray 28th, 1862.
- Admiral Guinea.* William Ernest Henley, and Robert Louis Stevenson Avenue. (New Century Theatre Performances.) November 29th, 1897.
- Adventure of Lady Ursula (The).* Anthony Hope. Duke of York's, October 11th, 1898.
- Adventures of a Love Letter.* ("Les Pattes de Mouche.") (Sardou). Charles Mathews. St. James's. January 11th, 1864.
- Advice Gratis.* Licensed. Olympic, 1837.
- After Dark.* Boucicault. ("Les Oiseaux de Proie.") Princess's, August 12th, 1868.
- Agatha.* Isaac Henderson. Criterion, May 24th, 1892.
- Agatha Tylden, Merchant and Shipowner.* Edward Rose. Haymarket, October 17th, 1892.
- Aladdin.* R. Reece. Gaiety, December 24th, 1881.
- Aladdin, or The Wonderful Lamp.* Frank W. Green. Charing Cross, December 23rd, 1875.
- Aladdin the Second.* Alfred Thompson. Gaiety, December 24th, 1870.
- Alarcos.* Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, M.P. Astley's, August 1st, 1868.
- Alcestis.* Henry Spicer. St. James's, January 15th, 1855.
- Aldgate Pump.* Licensed. New Strand, June 7th, 1840.
- Alfred the Great.* (Burlesque.) H. Holt. Olympic, February 2nd, 1860.
- Alfred the Great.* J. Sheridan Knowles. Drury Lane, 1831.
- Ali Baba à la Mode.* Robert Reece. Gaiety, September 14th, 1872.
- Ali Baba, or The Thirty-Nine Thieves.* Byron. Strand, April 6th, 1863.
- Alice May.* Fitzball. Surrey, June 23rd, 1852.
- All about the Battle of Dorking, or My Grandmother.* F. C. Burnand and Arthur Sketchley. Alhambra, August 7th, 1871.



- All for Her.* Palgrave Simpson and Herman C. Merivale. Mirror, October 18th, 1875.
- All for Love.* Licensed. Adelphi, June 13th, 1838.
- All for Money.* Mdle. Guillon le Thière. Haymarket, July 12th, 1869.
- All for Them.* Henry P. Lyste. Folly, April 17th, 1876.
- All in a Fog.* T. J. Williams. Surrey, October 16th, 1869.
- Allow me to Explain.* (Adapted.) W. S. Gilbert. Prince of Wales's, November 4th, 1867.
- All's Well that Ends Well.* Licensed. Covent Garden, October 1st, 1832.
- All that Glitters is not Gold.* Morton. Olympic, January 13th, 1851.
- Alma Mater, or A Cure for Coquettes.* Boucicault. Haymarket, September 19th, 1842.
- Alone.* J. Palgrave Simpson and C. Merivale. Court, October 25th, 1873.
- Alone in London.* Robert Buchanan and Harriet Jay. Princess's, December 21st, 1891. (First produced at Olympic, November 2nd, 1885.)
- Alone in the Pirate's Lair.* C. H. Hazlewood. Britannia, September 23rd, 1867.
- Always Intended.* Horace Wigan. Olympic, April 3rd, 1865.
- Amazons (The).* A. W. Pinero. Court. March 7th, 1893.
- Ambassador (The).* John Oliver Hobbes. St. James's, June 2nd, 1898.
- Ambassadors.* (Licensed.) Grecian, June 29th, 1847.
- Amber Heart (The).* Alfred Calmour. Lyceum, June 7th, 1887.
- Ambition.* Leslie Fomm. Globe, April 27th, 1899.
- American Citizen (An).* Madeline Lucette Ryley. Duke of York's, June 19th, 1899.
- American Lady (The).* Henry J. Byron. Criterion, March 21st, 1874.
- Among the Breakers.* John Brougham. Strand, July 26th, 1869.
- Among the Mormons.* Artemus Ward's first night at Egyptian Hall, November 13th, 1866.
- Amos Clark.* Watts Phillips. Queen's, October 19th, 1872.
- Amy Robsart.* Andrew Halliday. Drury Lane, September 24th, 1870.
- Andrea.* M. Sardou. Opera Comique, May 20th, 1875.
- Andy Blake.* Dion Boucicault. (First produced Boston Theatre, November 20th, 1854.) [The original Andy Blake was Miss Agnes Robertson (Mrs. Dion Boucicault).]
- Angel or Devil.* ("Une Femme qui deteste son Mari.") Coyne. Lyceum, March 2nd, 1857.
- Angel of Midnight (The).* (Adapted from the French.) John Brougham. Princess's. February 15th, 1862.
- Angel of the Attic.* Thomas Morton. Princess's, May 27th, 1843. (Walton, Walter Lacy, Emma Stanley. Original of Act 1, Sardou's "Sans Gêne.")

- Anna Boleyné.* Tom Taylor. Haymarket, March, 1875.
- Anne Blake.* Westland Marston. Princess's, October 28th, 1852.
- Anne Boleyné.* Conway Edwardes. Royalty, September 7th, 1872.
- Anne Boleyné.* Tom Taylor. Haymarket, February 5th, 1876.
- Anne-Mie.* Rosier Faassen. (Adapted by Clement Scott.) Prince of Wales, November 1st, 1880.
- Antipodes (The).* Tom Taylor. New Holborn, June 8th, 1867.
- Antoinette Rigoud.* (Translated from Raymond Deslandes' French play of the same name by Ernest Warren.) St. James's, February 13th, 1886.
- Apple Blossoms.* James Albery. Vaudeville, September 9th, 1871.
- April Fool (An).* Brough and Halliday. Drury Lane, 12th April, 1864.
- Arabian Nights.* (Adapted by Sydney Grundy). Comedy, November 5th, 1892. (Originally produced at Comedy, November, 1887.)
- Arcadia, or The Shepherd and Shepherdess.* E. L. Blanchard. Grecian Saloon, April 18th, 1841.
- Archie Lovell.* F. C. Burnand. Royalty, May, 16th, 1874.
- Area Belle.* (Toole's farce.) Adelphi, March 11th, 1864.
- Arion, or The Story of a Lyre.* F. C. Burnand. Strand, December 20th, 1871.
- Arkwright's Wife.* Tom Taylor and J. Saunders. Globe, October 6th, 1873.
- Armada (The).* Henry Hamilton and Augustus Harris. Drury Lane, September 22nd, 1888.
- Arms and the Man.* Bernard Shaw. Avenue, April 21st, 1894.
- Army of the North (The).* Planché. Covent Garden, October 29th, 1831.
- Arrah-na-Pogue.* Dion Boucicault. Princess's, March 22nd, 1865.
- Art and Love.* A. W. Dubourg. Opera Comique, February 17th, 1877.
- Artful Cards.* F. C. Burnand. Gaiety, February 24th, 1877.
- Artful Dodge (The).* Blanchard. Drury Lane, March 16th, 1855.
- Artist's Wife (An).* Gilbert A'Beckett. St. James's, October 20th, 1854.
- Ascent of Mont Blanc.* Albert Smith. Egyptian Hall, March 15th, 1852.
- As Good as Gold.* Charles Coghlan. Lyceum, December 18th, 1869.
- As in a Looking Glass.* (Adapted by F. C. Grove, from F. C. Phillips's novel of same name.) Opera Comique, May 16th, 1887.
- Ashore and Afloat.* Surrey, February 15th, 1864.
- Asmodeus, or the Little Devil.* Thomas Archer. (From Scribe. "Le Part du Diable.") Surrey, June 12th, 1843.
- Asmodeus, the Devil on Two Sticks, or The Force of Friendship.* Adelphi, April 27th, 1859.
- Atalanta, or The Three Golden Apples.* Francis Talfourd. Haymarket, April 14th, 1857.
- Atchi.* Maddison Morton. Prince of Wales, September 21st, 1868.
- Athenian Captive (The).* Thomas Noon Talfourd. Covent Garden, 1838.

- Atonement, or The God-daughter.* John Poole. Haymarket, May 24th 1836.
- Atrocious Criminal (An).* Palgrave Simpson. Olympic, February 18th, 1867.
- Auntie's Young Man.* (Licensed.) February 9th, 1897. (Altered to "What ! More Trouble ?" and caution given about absurd clergyman.)
- Aurora Floyd.* (George Belmore as Softy.) Princess's, March 11th, 1863.
- Autumn Manœuvres (Our).* Charles Lamb Kenney. Adelphi, October 21st, 1871.
- Awaking.* Campbell Clarke. Gaiety, December 14th, 1872.
- Awful Rise in Spirits.* Tom Taylor. Olympic, September 7th, 1863.
- Azazel, the Prodigal.* Scribe and Auber. (Translated.) Drury Lane, February 19th, 1851.
- Babes in the Wood, and the Good Little Fairy Birds.* Byron. Adelphi, July 20th, 1859.
- Babes in the Wood (Our), or The Orphans Released.* F. C. Burnand. Gaiety, April 2nd, 1877.
- Babil and Bijou.* Dion Boucicault, and J. R. Planché. Covent Garden, August 29th, 1872.
- Bachelor of Arts.* ("On Demande un Gouverneur.") Pelham Hardwicke. Lyceum, 1853.
- Bachelor's Romance (A).* Martha Morton. Gaiety, September 11th, 1896.
- Bachelor's Romance (A).* Martha Morton. Globe, January 8th, 1898. (Originally produced Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, September 10th, 1897.)
- Bag of Gold (The).* Hillyard. Olympic, June 27th, 1852.
- Balance of Comfort.* Bayle Bernard. Haymarket, November 23rd, 1854.
- Ballad Monger (The).* (Adapted by Walter Besant and Walter Pollock from Théodore de Banville's "Gringoire.") Haymarket, September 15th, 1887.
- Ballinasloe Boy (The).* C. H. Hazlewood. Britannia, June 24th, 1867.
- Barber of Seville.* (Licensed.) Adelphi, December 5th, 1836.
- Bardell v. Pickwick.* John Hollingshead. Gaiety, January 24th, 1871.
- Barefaced Impostors.* John Doe, Richard Roe, John Noakes. Theatre Royal, Canterbury, August 15th, 1854. New A.D.C., Cambridge, March 6th, 1860. Richmond Theatre, May 21st, 1860.
- Barnaby Rudge.* (Musical Entertainment. Licensed.) East Opera House, June 30th, 1841.
- Barnaby Rudge.* (New version.) Marylebone, November 4th, 1876.
- Barnaby Rudge.* Burletta. (Licensed.) New Strand, August 6th, 1841.
- Barnaby Rudge* (C. Dickens.) Charles Selby and Charles Melville. English Opera House, June 28th, 1841.
- Barricade (The).* Clarence Holt. Duke's, September 7th, 1878.

- Barwise's Book.* H. T. Craven. Haymarket, April 25th, 1870.
- Base Impostor (A).* ("La Contre Basse.")
- Bastille (The).* (Licensed.) Albert Saloon, January 25th, 1845.
- Battle of Life.* (Dickens.) Albert Smith. Lyceum, December 1846.
- Battle of Life.* (Dickens.) Edward Stirling. Surrey, January, 1847.
- Battle of Life (The).* Charles Dickens. Gaiety, December 26th, 1873.
- Beau Shop (The).* H. A. Jones. Criterion, January 26th, 1893.
- B. B. (The Benicia Boy).* ("Le Joueur de Lions.") F. C. Burnand and Montagu Williams. Olympic, March 22nd, 1860.
- Beast and the Beauty (The), or No Rose without a Thorn.* F. C. Burnand. Royalty, October 4th, 1869.
- Beau Austin.* W. E. Henley and Robert Louis Stevenson. Haymarket, November 3rd, 1890.
- Beau Brummel, or The King of Calais.* Blanchard Jerrold. Lyceum, April 13th, 1859.
- Beau Nash* Douglas Jerrold. Haymarket, July 16th, 1834.
- Beautiful Haidée.* Byron. Princess's, April 10th, 1863.
- Beauty and the Beast, or Harlequin and Old Mother Bunch.* E. L. Blanchard. Drury Lane, December 27th, 1869.
- Beauty and the Beast.* (Licensed.) Covent Garden, April 10th, 1841.
- Beauty and the Beast.* Planché, April 12th, 1841.
- Beauty or the Beast.* Oxenford. (Taken from "Ma Nièce et Mon Ours.") Drury Lane, November 2nd, 1863.
- Becket.* Lord Tennyson. (Arranged for the stage by Henry Irving.) Lyceum, February 6th, 1893.
- Bed of Roses (A).* Henry A. Jones. Globe, January 26th, 1882.
- Bee (The), and the Orange Tree, or the Four Wishes.* Planché. Haymarket, December 26th, 1845.
- Beggar of Bethnal Green (The).* J. S. Knowles. Victoria Theatre, 1834.
- Beggars on Horseback.* (Licensed.) Haymarket, March 22nd, 1846.
- Beginning of the End (The).* Mrs. Lovell. Haymarket, October 27th, 1855.
- Behind a Mask.* Bernard H. Dixon. Royalty, March 8th, 1871.
- Behind the Curtain.* George Roberts. Holborn, April 18th, 1870.
- Behind the Scenes.* ("Les Coulisses.") Charles Selby.
- Bel Demonio, a Love Story.* John Brougham. Lyceum, October 31st, 1863.
- Belle Hélène (La).* F. C. Burnand. Alhambra, August 16th, 1873.
- Belle Hélène (La).* (English version by Charles Lamb Kenney.) Gaiety, October 23rd, 1871.
- Belle of New York (The).* Hugh Morton. Music by Gustave Kerker. Shaftesbury, April, 1898. (Originally produced in America.)
- Bellows Mender (The), and the Beauty of Lyons.* W. T. Moncrieff. Sadler's Wells, February 7th, 1842. (Supposed to be French original of "The Lady of Lyons").

- Bells of Haslemere (The)*. Henry Pettitt and Sydney Grundy. Adelphi, July 28th, 1887.
- Bells (The)*. ("Le Juif Polonais.") Leopold Lewis. Lyceum, November 25th, 1871.
- Belphegor the Mountebank*. (Paillasse.) Charles Webb. (Charles Dillon as Belphegor.) Lyceum, 1856.
- Belphegor*. Leicester Buckingham. October 1st, 1856.
- Bengal Tiger*. ("Le Tigre de Bengal." Brisbarre.) Adelphi, March 17th, 1859.
- Ben-my-Chree (The)*. Hall Caine and Wilson Barrett. (Founded on Hall Caine's novel "The Deemster.") Princess's, May 17th, 1888.
- Ben the Boatswain*. T. E. Wilks. Surrey, August, 1839.
- Betrothed (The)*. (Licensed.) Olympic, January 10th, 1826.
- Betsy Baker*. ("Un Mari Infidèle.") Maddison Morton. Princess's, November, 1850. (Keeley, Mouser; Mrs. Keeley, Betsy Baker; Vining, Crummy.)
- Betsy*. F. C. Burnand. Criterion, August 6th, 1879.
- Betsy, My Precious*. Maddison Morton. Adelphi, February, 1850.
- Better Late than Never*. F. C. Burnand. Royalty, June 27th, 1874.
- Betty Martin*. ("Le Chapeau d'un Horloger.") Charles Selby. Adelphi, 1855.
- Bibb and Tucker*. ("Tricoche et Cacolet." Meilhac and Halévy.) Gaiety, August 14th, 1873.
- Billing and Cooing*. Oxenford. New Royalty, January 16th, 1865.
- Billy Doo*. C. M. Rae. Globe, April 20th, 1874.
- Biorn*. Frank Marshall. (Music by Signor Lauro Rossi.) Queen's, January 17th, 1877.
- Bird of Paradise*. Alfred Thompson. Gaiety, June 26th, 1869.
- Birds in their Little Nests Agree*. Charles Marsham Rae. Haymarket, November 13th, 1876.
- Birds (The) of Aristophanes*. Planché. Haymarket, April 13th, 1846.
- Birthplace of Podgers*. John Hollingshead. Lyceum, March 6th, 1858.
- Bit of Old Chelsea (A)*. Mrs. Oscar Beringer. Court, February 8th, 1897.
- Black and White*. Wilkie Collins and Fechter. Adelphi, March 29th, 1869.
- Black Book*. Drury Lane, February 2nd, 1857.
- Black Cat (The)*. John Todhunter. Opera Comique, December 8th, 1894.
- Black Crook (The)*. J. and H. Paulton. Alhambra, December 23rd, 1872.
- Black Doctor*. Lyceum, October, 1856.
- Black Domino*. (Licensed.) Olympic, April 16th, 1837.
- Black Domino (The)*. G. R. Sims and Robert Buchanan. Adelphi, April 1st, 1893.
- Black-Eyed Susan*. Douglas Jerrold. Surrey, June 6th, 1829.



- Black Prince (The)*. H. B. Farnie. (Music by Lecocq.) St. James's, October 24th, 1874.
- Black Sheep*. Palgrave Simpson. Olympic, April 25th, 1868.
- Black Sheep*. Stirling Coyne. Haymarket, April 22nd, 1861.
- Blighted Being (A)*. ("Une Existence Decolorie.") Tom Taylor. Olympic, October 17th, 1854.
- Blind Sister*. ("Les Deux Orphelines." D'Ennery.) Paul Meritt and George Conquest. Grecian, October 26th, 1874.
- Blot on the 'Scutcheon*. Robert Browning. Drury Lane, February 11th, 1843. Revived at the Olympic, March 15th, 1888.
- Blow for Blow*. Henry J. Byron. Holborn, September 5th, 1868.
- Blue Beard*. Planché. Olympic, January 1st, 1839.
- Blue-Legged Lady (The)*. W. J. Hill. Court, March 4th, 1874.
- Boccaccio*. Herr Von Suppé. (English libretto by R. Reece and H. B. Farnie.) Comedy, April 22nd, 1882.
- Bogey*. H. V. Esmond. St. James's, September 10th, 1895.
- Bohemia and Belgravia*. Arthur O'Neill. Royalty, June 8th, 1872.
- Bohemian Girl*. Balfe and Bunn. Drury Lane, November 27th, 1843.
- Bohemians (The)*. Opera Comique. (Offenbach.) (Adapted by H. B. Farnie) February 24th, 1873.
- Bold Recruit (The)*. B. C. Stephenson. (Music by Frederick Clay.) Gallery of Illustration, July 19th, 1870.
- Bold Stroke for a Wife*. Haymarket, November 26th, 1859.
- Bombastes Furioso*. Barnes Rhodes. 1843. (Original cast, Mathews, Liston, Mrs. Liston. Later, Oxberry, Wright, and P. Bedford.)
- Bonnie Dundee, or The Gathering of the Clans*. Falconer. Drury Lane, February 23rd, 1863.
- Bonnie Fishwife (The)*. Prince of Wales, May 17th, 1866.
- Bonnie Prince Charlie*. J. B. Johnstone. East London, July 18th, 1868.
- Book the Third, Chapter the First*. Court, June 12th, 1875.
- Bootles' Baby*. Hugh Moss. (Adapted from John Strange Winter's story of the same name.) Globe, May 8th, 1888. (Originally produced at Theatre Royal, Stratford, February 16th, 1888.)
- Boot on the Right Leg (The)*. Olympic, October 9th, 1871.
- Boots at the Swan*. Charles Selby. New Strand Theatre, June 6th, 1842. (Keeley the original Jacob Earwig.)
- Border Marriage*. ("Mariage à L'Arquebuse.") Langford and Sorel Adelphi, November 4th, 1856.
- Born to Good Luck*. Adelphi, July 22nd, 1856.
- Born to Good Luck*. Princess's, May 17th, 1864.
- Borough Politics*. Westland Marston. Haymarket, June 27th, 1859. (Revived by Edwin Booth, Princess's, December 27th, 1880, and at Adelphi, July 24th, 1882.)
- Bottle (The)*. After Cruikshank. (Licensed.) City of London, October 1st, 1847.

- Bottle of Smoke (A)*. ("Pas de Fumie sans Feu.") Adelphi, May, 1856.
- Boulogne*. F. C. Burnand. Gaiety, April 30th, 1879.
- Bounce*. Alfred Maltby. Opera Comique, October 30th, 1876.
- Box and Cox*. Maddison Morton. ("Frisette" and "La Chambre à deux Lits.") Produced Lyceum, November 1st, 1847. Buckstone (Box), Harley (Cox), Mrs. Macnamara (Mrs. Bouncer).
- Boy Detective (The)*. W. Travers. Effingham, June 10th, 1867.
- Boys Together*. Haddon Chambers and Comyns Carr. Adelphi, August 26th, 1896.
- Brace of Partridges (A)*. Robert Ganthony. Strand, February 10th, 1898. (Originally produced Royal County Theatre, Kingston, November 15th, 1897.)
- Branded*. Richard Lee. Princess's, April 2nd, 1881.
- Brantingham Hall*. W. S. Gilbert. St. James's, November 29th 1888.
- Brass*. George Fawcett Rowe. Haymarket, August 13th, 1877.
- Breach of Promise (A)*. T. W. Robertson. Globe, April 10th, 1869.
- Break, but not Bend*. C. H. Hazlewood. Britannia, October 2nd, 1867.
- Breaking a Butterfly*. (Founded on Ibsen's play "Norah," ("The Doll's House"), by H. A. Jones and Henry Herman.) Prince's, March 3rd, 1884.
- Breaking the Spell*. (English version of Offenbach's "Le Conscrit," adapted by H. B. Farnie.) Lyceum, May 2nd, 1870.
- Bride of Abydos*. (Licensed.) Astley's, March 10th, 1847.
- Bride of Love (The)*. Robert Buchanan. (Founded on the Greek legend of Eros and Psyche.) Adelphi, May 21st, 1890.
- Bride of the Wave (The)*. W. Travers. New East London, October 12th, 1867.
- Bridge of Notre Dame*. Neeves Hudson. Surrey, April, 1847.
- Bridge of Sighs (The)*. H. S. Leigh. (Music by Offenbach.) St. James's, November 18th, 1872.
- Brigand and his Banker*. Tom Taylor. Lyceum, October 3rd, 1860.
- Brighter Days in Store*. E. Towers. City of London, November 23rd, 1867.
- Brighton*. Localised by Frank Marshall from Bronson Howard's *Saratoga* which was produced in New York in December, 1870. Court, May 25th, 1874.
- British Born*. P. Meritt and H. Pettitt. Grecian, October 17th, 1872.
- Broken Branch (The)*. H. F. du Terreaux. Opera Comique, August 22nd, 1874.
- Broken-Hearted Club (The)*. Stirling Coyne. Haymarket, January 16th, 1868.
- Broken Hearts*. W. S. Gilbert. Court, December 9th, 1875.
- Broken Melody (The)*. Herbert Keen and James Leader. Prince of Wales, July 28th, 1892.
- Broken Pearls*. W. J. Archer. City of London, June 10th, 1867.

- Broken Spells.* Dr. Westland Marston and W. G. Wills. Court, March 27th, 1872.
- Broken Ties.* ("La Fiammina.") Palgrave Simpson. Olympic, June 8th, 1872.
- Brother Officers.* Leo Trevor. Garrick, October 20th, 1898.
- Brother Sam.* Oxenford. Haymarket, May 24th, 1865.
- Brothers.* Charles Coghlan. Court, November 4th, 1876.
- Brought to Book.* Frederick Hay. Charing Cross, August 28th, 1875.
- Brown and the Brahmins, or, Captain Pop and the Princess Pretty Eyes.* R. Reece. Globe, January 23rd, 1869.
- Bronne the Martyr.* Templeton Lucas. Court, January 20th, 1872.
- Brutus, or The Fall of Tarquin.* Howard Payne. Drury Lane, January 30th, 1854.
- Bubble and Squeak.* Frederick Hay. Vaudeville, May 12th, 1871.
- Buckingham.* W. G. Wills. Olympic, November 29th, 1875.
- Buckstone's (Mr.) Ascent of Mount Parnassus.* Planché. Haymarket, March 28th, 1853.
- Buckstone's (Mr.) Voyage Round the Globe in Leicester Square.* Planché. Haymarket, April 17th, 1854.
- Bull by the Horns (The).* H. J. Byron. Gaiety, August 28th, 1876.
- Bunch of Berries (The).* E. L. Blanchard. Adelphi, May 8th, 1875.
- Bunch of Violets (A).* Founded on Octave Feuillet's "Montjoye," by Sydney Grundy. Haymarket, April 25th, 1894.
- Butler (The).* Mr. and Mrs. Herman Merivale. Toole's, December 6th, 1886. (Originally produced at Theatre Royal, Manchester, November 24th, 1886.)
- Bygones.* A. W. Pinero. Lyceum, September 18th, 1880.
- By the Sea.* Strand, April 1st, 1872.
- Cabinet Minister (The).* A. W. Pinero. Court, April 23rd, 1890.
- Cabinet Question.* Planché. Haymarket, September 23rd, 1845.
- Cagot (The), or Heart for Heart.* E. Falconer. Lyceum, December 6th, 1856.
- Called Back.* (Adapted by Hugh Conway and Comyns Carr from the so-named story of the former.) Prince's, May 20th, 1884.
- Calumny.* Malcolm Watson. (From the Spanish "El Gran Galeoto," by José Echegaray.) Shaftesbury, April 4th, 1889.
- Camaralzaman and the Fair Badoura, or The Bad D(j)inn and the Good Spirit.* H. J. Byron. Vaudeville, November 22nd, 1871.
- Camberwell Brothers.* Charles Selby. Olympic, April 20th, 1852.
- Camilla's Husband.* Watts Phillips. Olympic, November 14th, 1862.
- Camp at the Olympic (The).* Planché. Olympic, October 17th, 1853.
- Canard à Trois Becs (Le).* (Libretto by M. Jules Moineaux. Music by M. Emile Jonas.) Globe, July 13th, 1872.
- Candidate (The).* (Adapted by Justin Huntly M'Carthy from Alexandre Bisson's "Le Député de Bombignac.") Criterion, November 2nd, 1884.

- Cape Mail (The)*. (Adapted by Clement Scott from an incident in "Jeanne qui pleure et Jeanne qui rit," and originally acted at the Prince of Wales', Liverpool, September 23rd, 1881.) St. James's, October 27th, 1881.
- Captain Gerald*. J. B. Howe. Britannia, November 27th, 1867.
- Captain Gerald, or The Highwayman's Revenge*. W. Archer. Pavilion, November 23rd, 1867.
- Captain of the Watch*. Planché. Covent Garden, February 25th, 1841.
- Captain Swift*. Haddon Chambers. Haymarket, June 20th, 1888.
- Captain Swift*. (Revival.) Haddon Chambers. Her Majesty's, May 13th, 1899.
- Captain's not a Miss*. Egerton Wilks. English Opera House, April 18th, 1836.
- Caractacus*. Planché. Drury Lane, November 6th, 1837.
- Carlyon Sahib*. Gilbert Murray. Princess of Wales, Kennington, June 19th, 1899.
- Carnac Sahib*. H. A. Jones. Her Majesty's, April 12th, 1899.
- Carte de Visite*. F. C. Burnand and Montagu Williams. St. James's, January 2nd, 1863.
- Cartouche, the French Robber*. ("Cartouche," by D'Ennery and Dugue.) Waldrow.
- Carynthia*. Edward Towers. Effingham, March 12th, 1867.
- Case of Conscience*. (As in the "Le Mandarin.")
- Case of Pickles (A)*. G. C. Baddeley. Royalty, May 6th, 1871.
- Case of Rebellious Susan (The)*. H. A. Jones. Criterion, October 3rd, 1894.
- Caste*. T. W. Robertson. Prince of Wales's, April 6th, 1867.
- Catching a Mermaid*. Stirling Coyne. Olympic, October 20th, 1855.
- Catching an Heiress*. Charles Selby. Queen's, July 15th, 1835.
- Cattarina*. R. Reece. (Music by Frederick Clay.) Charing Cross, May 15th, 1875.
- Candle (Mrs.), on Curtain Lectures*. C. Z. Barnett. Princess's, June 28th, 1845.
- Candle's (Mrs.) Curtain Lecture*. Edward Stirling. Lyceum, July, 1845.
- Caught at Last, or A Change in the Wind*. St. James's, December 20th, 1873.
- Caught by the Ears*. Strand, June 1st, 1859.
- Caught in the Toils*. (Taken from Miss Braddon's novel, "Only a Clod.") Brougham. St. James's, October 14th, 1865.
- Caught Napping*. (Licensed.) Covent Garden, October 8th, 1841.
- Cenci (The)*. Percy Bysshe Shelley. (Private performance under the auspices of the Shelley Society.) Grand, Islington, May 7th, 1886.
- Chain of Events*. ("Les Dames de la Halle.") Slingsby Lawrence (G. H. Lewes). Lyceum, Easter, 1852.
- Challenge (The)*. Planché. Covent Garden. April 1st, 1834.
- Chamber of Horrors (The)*. A. Wood. Holborn, April 18th, 1870.



- Champagne, a Question of Phiz.* H. B. Farnie and R. Reece. Strand, September 29th, 1877.
- Change Alley.* Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson. Garrick, April 25th, 1899.
- Change of Name.* Arthur Moore. Sadler's Wells, September 14th, 1867.
- Charity.* W. S. Gilbert. Haymarket, January 3rd, 1874.
- Charlatan (The).* Robert Buchanan. Haymarket, January 18th, 1894.
- Charles I.* W. G. Wills. Lyceum, September 28th, 1872.
- Charles II., or Something Like History.* Gilbert A'Beckett. Court, November 5th, 1872.
- Charley's Aunt.* Brandon Thomas. Royalty Theatre, December 21st, 1892. Globe. (Transferred from Royalty). January 30th, 1893 (Originally produced Bury St. Edmunds, February 20th, 1892.)
- Charlotte Corday.* Adelphi, January 21st, 1898. (Original English production at Grand Theatre, Islington, December 13th, 1897.)
- Charming Woman (A).* (Adapted from Rosier's "À Trente Ans.") Horace Wigan. Olympic, June 20th, 1861.
- Charms.* Sir Charles L. Young. Queen's, July 26th, 1871.
- Chatterton.* H. A. Jones and Henry Herman. Princess's, May 22nd, 1883.
- Checkmate.* Andrew Halliday. Royalty, July 15th, 1869.
- Cheer, Boys, Cheer.* Augustus Harris, Cecil Raleigh, and Henry Hamilton. Drury Lane, September 19th, 1895.
- Child of the Wreck (The).* Planché. Drury Lane, October 7th, 1837.
- Chili Widow (The).* (Adapted by Arthur Bouchier and Alfred Sutro, from "M. Le Directeur," by Alexandre Bisson and Fabrice Carré.) Royalty, September 7th, 1895.
- Chilperic.* M. Hervé (Adapted by R. Reece, F. A. Marshall, and R. Mansell) Lyceum, January 22nd, 1870.
- Chimney Corner.* H. T. Craven. Olympic, February 21st, 1861.
- Chiselling.* James Albery and Joseph Dille. Vaudeville, August 27th, 1870.
- Chivalry.* Richard Lee. Globe, September 13th, 1873.
- Chops of the Channel (The).* Frederick Hay. Strand, July 8th, 1869.
- Christabel, or The Bard Bewitched.* Gilbert A'Beckett. Court, May 15th, 1872.
- Christmas Carol.* (Dickens.) C. Z. Barnett. Surrey, February, 1844.
- Christmas Dinner.* ("Je dine chez ma mère.") Horace Wigan. St. James's, 186 .
- Christmas Eve.* Charles Smith Cheltnam. St. James's, November 21st, 1870.
- Christmas Eve, or The Devil in the Snow.* Fitzball. Drury Lane, March 14th, 1860.
- Christmas Pantomime (A).* Taylor Bilkins. Court, December 26th, 1871.



- Churchwarden (The)*. (Translated from the German of Herr Rudolf Kneise, by Messrs Ogden and Cassel, and adapted for the stage by Edward Terry.) Olympic, December 16th, 1886. (First produced at Theatre Royal, Newcastle, September 17th, 1886.)
- Cinderella the Younger*. Alfred Thompson. Gaiety, September 23rd, 1871.
- Circus Girl (The)*. James T. Tanner and W. Palings. (Music by Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton.) Gaiety, December 5th, 1897.
- City Madam*. (Licensed.) Sadler's Wells, October 19th, 1844.
- Civil War*. (Adapted by Herman Merivale from M. Albert Delpit's "Mdlle de Bressier.") Gaiety, June 27th, 1887.
- Clam*. C. H. Ross. Surrey, April 16th, 1870.
- Clarissa*. (Adapted by Robert Buchanan from Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe," February 6th, 1890.
- Clarissa Harlowe*. (Licensed.) Olympic, January 1st, 1831.
- Claude Duval, or The Highwayman for the Ladies*. F. C. Burnand. Royalty, January 23rd, 1869.
- Claudian*. (Constructed by Henry Herman. Dialogue by W. G. Wills.) Princess's, December 6th, 1883.
- Calypso, or The Art of Love*. Alfred Thompson. Court, May 6th, 1874.
- Cleft Stick (A)*. Oxenford. (Adapted from the French.) Olympic, November 8th, 1865.
- Clerical Error (A)*. H. A. Jones. Court, October 13th, 1879.
- Clever Sir Jacob*. Paul Grave. Gaiety, December 15th, 1873.
- Clito*. Sydney Grundy and Wilson Barrett, Princess's, May 1st, 1886.
- Oloches de Corneville (Les)*. Planquette. (Adapted by H. B. Farnie and R. Reece.) Folly, February 23rd, 1878.
- Clockmaker's Hat*. ("Chapeau d'un Horloger.") Gymnase, Paris, December 16th, 1854. Adelphi, March 7th, 1855.
- Clouds and Sunshine in a Life*. Adolphe Faucquez. Sadler's Wells, September 27th, 1862.
- Clytie*. Joseph Hatton. Olympic, January 10th, 1876.
- Coal and Coke*. Andrew Halliday. Royalty, February 1st, 1868.
- Coal-mine (The)*. J. B. Johnstone. Pavilion, March 11th, 1867.
- Coals of Fire*. H. T. Craven. Court, November 20th, 1871.
- Colleen Bawn, or The Bride of Garryowen*. Boucicault. September 12th, 1860.
- Colombe's Birthday*. Browning. Haymarket, April 25th, 1853.
- Colonel (The)*. (Founded on "Le Mari à la Campagne" by F. C. Burnand.) Prince of Wales's, February 2nd, 1881.
- Columbus, or The Original Pitch in a Merry Key*. Alfred Thompson. Gaiety, May 17th, 1869.
- Comedy and Tragedy*. W. S. Gilbert. Lyceum, January 26th, 1884.
- Come Here, or The Débutante's Test*. Augustin Daly. Haymarket, May 4th, 1876.

- Coming Events.* R. Reece. (Music by Signor Bucalossi.) Royalty, April 22nd, 1876.
- Coming Home.* George Ralph Walker. Globe, July 5th, 1873.
- Coming of Age.* Dr. J. E. Carpenter. (Music by E. L. Hime.) Charing Cross, June 19th, 1869.
- Committed for Trial.* F. Latour Tomline. Globe, January 24th, 1874.
- Compact (The).* Planché. Drury Lane, April 5th, 1832.
- Compositeur Toque (Le).* Lyceum, April 4th, 1870.
- Comrades.* Brandon Thomas and B. C. Stephenson. Court, December 1882.
- Confidence.* Boucicault. Haymarket, May 2nd, 1848.
- Confusion.* Francis W. Moore. Royalty, February 23rd, 1876.
- Confusion.* Joseph Derrick. Vaudeville, May 17th, 1883.
- Congress of Paris (A).* Edward Rose. Olympic, July 15th, 1878.
- Coningsby.* (Licensed.) Lyceum, March 30th, 1845.
- Conquerors (The).* Paul M. Potter. St. James's, April 14th, 1898. (Originally produced in America.)
- Conrad and Medora.* Lyceum, January 27th, 1857.
- Conscience Money.* Byron. Haymarket, September 16th, 1878.
- Contempt of Court.* Arthur Matthison and Edward Solomon. Folly, May 5th, 1877.
- Contested Election (The).* Tom Taylor. Haymarket, June 29th, 1859.
- Contrabandista (The).* F. C. Burnand. (Music by Arthur Sullivan.) St. George's Opera House, Langham Place, December 18th, 1867.
- Cool as a Cucumber.* (Licensed.) Lyceum, April 29th, 1850.
- Co-operative Movement (A).* Harry Lemon. Haymarket, April 6th, 1868.
- Coquette (The).* The book founded by H. J. W. Dam, on Garrido-Lafrique's "O Molière d'Alcala." Lyrics by Clifton Bingham. (Music by Justin Clarice.) Prince of Wales, February 11th, 1899.
- Coquette (The).* (Adapted from the French.) T. Mead. Haymarket, July 8th, 1867.
- Cora.* W. G. Wills and Frank Marshall. Globe, February 28th, 1877.
- Coralie.* (Adapted from the French of M. Delpit, by G. W. Godfrey.) St. James's, May 28th, 1881.
- Corinne.* Robert Buchanan. Lyceum, June 26th, 1876.
- Corrupt Practices.* Frank Marshall. Lyceum, January 22nd, 1870.
- Courier of Lyons (The).* ("Le Courier de Lyons." Gaieté. March 16th, 1850.) Standard, March 10th, 1851. Princess's, June 26th, 1854. Gaiety, July 5th, 1870. "The Lyons Mail." Lyceum, May 19th, 1877.
- Court Scandal (A).* (Adapted by Aubrey Boucicault and Osmond Shillingford from the French of MM. Bayard and Dumanoir.) Court, January 24th, 1899.
- Corsicans (The).* Surrey, April 12th, 1852.
- Corsican Brothers (The), or The Troublesome Twins.* Henry J. Byron. Globe, May 17th, 1869.

- Corsican Brothers.* Lyceum, September 18th, 1880. (Founded on Alexandre Dumas' novel "Les Frères Corses." Théâtre Historique, August 10th, 1850. Altered for the English stage by Dion Boucicault. Originally produced at Princess's, February 1852.)
- Cotton King (The).* Sutton Vane. Adelphi, March 10th, 1894.
- Countess (The), or A Sister's Love.* Miss E. Schiff. Alfred Theatre, Marylebone, February 21st, 1870.
- Court and Camp.* H. Roberts. Princess's, June 8th, 1863.
- Court Beauties (The).* Planché. Olympic, March 14th, 1835.
- Court Favour.* Planché. Olympic, September 29th, 1836.
- Court Masque (The).* Planché. Adelphi, September 9th, 1833.
- Courtship, or The Three Caskets.* H. J. Byron. Court, October 16th, 1879.
- Cousin Dick.* Val Prinsep, A.R.A. Court, March 1st, 1879.
- Cowboy and the Lady (The).* Clyde Fitch. Duke of York's, June 5th, 1899.
- Cramond Brig.* W. H. Murray. (Popular in Scotland to-day.) Lyceum, 1834.
- Creatures of Impulse.* W. S. Gilbert. Court, April 15th, 1871.
- Cremorne.* T. A. Palmer. Strand, November 27th, 1876.
- Creole (The).* R. Reece and H. B. Farnie. (Music by Offenbach.) Folly, September 15th, 1877.
- Cricket on the Hearth.* (Licensed.) Lyceum, December 17th, 1845.
- Cricket on the Hearth.* (Dickens.) W. T. Townsend. City of London, January 7th, 1846.
- Crimeless Criminal (A).* Martin Beecher. Strand, April 20th, 1874.
- Criminal Couple (A).* F. Herbert. Princess's, June 29th, 1871.
- Crimson Cross (The).* Saville Rowe and E. Manuel. Adelphi, February 27th, 1879.
- Crimson Scarf (The).* (Libretto by H. B. Farnie. Music by J. E. Legouix.) Alhambra Palace of Varieties, April 24th, 1871. Haymarket, November 24th, 1873.
- Crisis (The).* James Albery. Haymarket, December 2nd, 1878.
- Cromwell.* Colonel Alfred Bate Richards. Queen's, December 21st, 1872.
- Cross Purposes.* (Comedietta from the French.) M. Parselle. Strand, March 27th, 1865.
- Crown for Love (A).* Miss J. Evelyn. Gaiety, October 16th, 1875.
- Crusaders (The).* H. A. Jones. Avenue. November 2nd, 1891.
- Crushed Tragedian (The).* H. J. Byron. Haymarket, May 11th, 1878.
- Crutch and Toothpick.* Geo. R. Sims. Royalty, April 14th, 1879.
- Cuckoo (The).* (Adaptation by Charles H. Brookfield of Meilhac's "Decoré.") Avenue, March 2nd, 1899.
- Cup (The).* Alfred Tennyson. Lyceum. January 3rd, 1881.
- Cupboard Love.* Frederick Hay. Vaudeville, April 18th, 1870.
- Cup of Tea (A).* Princess's, February 15th, 1869.

- Cupid in Waiting.* Blanchard Jerrold. Royalty, July 22nd, 1871.
- Cupid's Ladder.* Leicester Buckingham. St. James's, October 29th, 1859.
- Cups and Saucers.* George Grossmith. Opera Comique, August 5th, 1878.
- Cure for the Fidgets (A).* T. J. Williams. Surrey, September 14th, 1867.
- Cure for Love.* (Licensed.) Haymarket, November 12th, 1842.
- Cut off with a Shilling.* Theyre Smith. Prince of Wales, April 10th, 1871.
- Cymon and Iphigenia.* Planché. Lyceum, April 1st, 1850.
- Cynic (The).* Herman Merivale. Globe, January 14th, 1882.  
(Originally produced at the Theatre Royal Manchester, November 19th, 1881, under the title of "The Modern Faust.")
- Cyril's Success.* Henry J. Byron. Globe, November 28th, 1868.
- Daddy Hardacre.* ("La Fille de L'Avare.") Palgrave Simpson. Olympic, March 26th, 1857.
- Dagobert.* Richard Sellman. (Songs by Frank Green, Music by Hervé.) Charing Cross, August 28th, 1875.
- Daisy Farm.* H. J. Byron. Olympic, May 1st, 1871.
- Daisy's Escape.* A. W. Pinero. September 20th, 1879.
- Dame (La) de St. Tropez.* James Barber. Olympic, March, 1845.
- Damp Beds.* Tom Parry, comedian. Strand, May, 1832.
- Dancing Girl (The).* H. A. Jones. Haymarket, January 15th, 1891.
- Dandelion's Dodges.* T. J. Williams. New Holborn, October 5th, 1867.
- Dandy Dick.* A. W. Pinero. Court, January 27th, 1887.
- Dangerous Friend (A).* Oxenford. Haymarket, October 31st, 1866.
- Danger Signal (The).* E. Bryant. Pavilion, October 5th, 1867.
- Dan'l Druce, Blacksmith.* W. S. Gilbert. Haymarket, September 11th, 1876.
- Danischeffs (The).* Lord Newry, adapted from the drama by M. Pierre Newsky. St. James's, January 6th, 1877.
- Dark Cloud (The).* Arthur Sketchley. St. James's, January 2nd, 1863.
- Dark Days.* (Founded by Comyns Carr and Hugh Conway on Conway's story.) Haymarket, September 26th, 1885.
- Dark Days in a Cupboard.* Stirling Coyne. Adelphi, December 29th, 1864.
- Dark Night's Work (A).* ("Giralda" by Scribe.) Dion Boucicault. Princess's, March 7th, 1870.
- Dark Side of the Great Metropolis (The).* W. Travers. Britannia, May 11th, 1868.
- Darnley.* Bulwer Lytton and his son Lord Lytton. Court, October 6th, 1877.
- Daughter (The).* James Sheridan Knowles. Drury Lane, 1836.

- Daughters of Babylon (The)*. Wilson Barrett. Lyric, February 6th, 1897.
- David*. Louis N. Parker and Thornton Clark. Garrick, November 7th, 1892.
- David Copperfield the Younger, of Blunderstone Rookery*. Surrey, November 7th, 1850.
- David Garrick*. T. W. Robertson. Haymarket, April 30th, 1864.
- Day of Reckoning*. Planché. Lyceum, December 4th, 1850.
- Day in Paris*. Charles Selby, who played "Charles Wyndham, an Englishman amusing himself in Paris." Strand, July 18th, 1832.
- Day's Fishing (A)*. J. Maddison Morton. Adelphi, March 8th, 1869.
- Days of the Duke (In the)*. Haddon Chambers and Comyns Carr. Adelphi, September 9th, 1897.
- Deacon (The)*. H. A. Jones. Shaftesbury, August 27th, 1890.
- Deacon Brodie, or The Double Life*. Robert Louis Stevenson, and William Ernest Henley. Prince's, July 2nd, 1884. (Originally produced at Pullan's Theatre of Varieties, Bradford, December 28th, 1882.)
- Dead Calm (A), or The Fisher's Story*. John Douglas, jun : Standard, August 1st, 1868.
- Dead Heart (The)*. Watts Phillips. Adelphi, November 10th, 1859.
- Deadly Reports*. Palgrave Simpson. Olympic, October 26th, 1857.
- Deadman's Pointer, or The Lighthouse on the Carn Ruth*. F. C. Burnand. Adelphi, February 4th, 1871.
- Dead or Alive*. Tom Taylor. Queen's, July 22nd, 1872.
- Dead to the World*. George Conquest and Henry Pettitt. Grecian, July 12th, 1875.
- Deal Boatman (The)*. F. C. Burnand. Drury Lane, September 21st, 1863.
- Dean's Daughter (The)*. Sydney Grundy and F. C. Phillips, from the novel by F. C. Phillips. St. James's, October 13th, 1888.
- Dearer than Life*. Henry J. Byron. Queen's, January 8th, 1868.
- Dear Old Home (Our)*. W. Archer. City of London, June 20th, 1868.
- Debt*. E. A. de Pass. Gaiety, November 23rd, 1872.
- Deep Deep Sea (The), or Perseus and Andromeda*. Planché. Olympic, December 26th, 1833.
- Degenerates (The)*. Sydney Grundy. Haymarket, August 31st, 1899.
- Delia Harding*. (Adapted by Comyns Carr from the French of Victorien Sardou.) Comedy, April 17th, 1895.
- Delicate Ground*. ("Brutus lâche Cæsar.") Charles Dance. Lyceum, November, 1849.
- Demand Under Difficulties*. W. Brough. Adelphi, November 7th, 1859. (Toole, Paul Bedford, Kate Kelly.)
- Demon Doctor (The)*. Edward Towers. Effingham, January 21st, 1867.
- Demon Lover (The)*. John Brougham. New Royalty, October 10th, 1864.
- Demon's Bride (The)*. H. J. Byron. Alhambra, September 7th, 1874.



- Derby Day (The)*. Nelson Lee. Pavilion, February 9th, 1867.
- Derby Winner (The)*. Augustus Harris, Cecil Raleigh, and Henry Hamilton. Drury Lane, September 15th, 1894.
- Der Freischütz, or The Bell, the Bill, and the Ball*. Byron. Prince of Wales, October 10th, 1866.
- Der Freischütz, or A Good Cast for a Piece*. F. C. Burnand. Strand, October 9th, 1866.
- Detective (The)*. Clement Scott and E. Manuel. Mirror, May 29th, 1875.
- Devotion*. (Adapted by Dion Boucicault the younger from "Un Duel sous Richelieu," by MM. Lockroy and Badon.) Court, May 1st, 1884.
- Diamonds and Hearts*. Gilbert A' Beckett. Haymarket, March 4th, 1867.
- Dick Sheridan*. Robert Buchanan. Comedy, February 3rd, 1894.
- Dick Venables*. Arthur Law. Shaftesbury, April 5th, 1890.
- Dinorah under Difficulties* ("La chèvre de Plommel.") Adelphi, 1860.
- Diplomacy*. Clement Scott and B. C. Stephenson. ("Dora" by Sardou.) Prince of Wales, January 12th, 1878.
- Discarded Son*. "Le Fils de Famille." (M. Bayard.) Leigh Murray Adelphi, October 10th, 1853.
- Discreet Princess (The), or The Three Glass Distaffs*. Planché. Olympic, December 26th, 1855.
- Divided Way (The)*. H. V. Esmond. St. James's, November 23rd, 1895. (Originally produced at Theatre Royal, Manchester, October 31st, 1895.)
- Dot*. Boucicault. Adelphi, April 14th, 1862.
- Dr. Ambrosias—his Secret*. H. B. Music by D'Oyly Carte. St. George's Hall, Langham Place, August 8th, 1868.
- Dr. Bill*. (Adapted by Hamilton Aidé from Albert Carré's "Le Docteur Jo-Jo.") Avenue, February 1st, 1890.
- Dr. Davy*. ("Le Docteur Robin.") James Albery. Lyceum, 1866.
- Dodge for a Dinner (A)*. T. A. Palmer. Strand, December 28th, 1872.
- Does He Love Me?* Falconer. Haymarket, June 23rd, 1860.
- Doge of Venice (The)*. Bayle Bernard. Drury Lane, November 2nd, 1867.
- Dogs of St. Bernard (The)*. Clement Scott. Mirror, August 21st, 1875.
- Doing Banting*. Brough and Halliday. Adelphi, October 24th, 1864.
- Doing the Shah*. Nugent Robinson. Globe, July 5th, 1873.
- Doll's House (A)*. (Translated by William Archer from Ibsen's "Et Dukkehjem.") Novelty, June 7th, 1889.
- Dolly*. Adolphe Adam. Gaiety, August 22nd, 1870.
- Domestic Hercules (A)*. Martin Beecher. Drury Lane, September 24th, 1870.
- Dominique the Deserter*. C. Z. Barnett. Coburg, 1837.
- Don (The)*. (Adapted from the German by Mr. and Mrs. Herman Merivale.) Toole's, March 7th, 1888.

- Don Carlos, or The Infante in Arms.* Conway Edwardes. Vaudeville, April 16th, 1870.
- Dona Constanza.* Adolph Gollmick. Criterion, November 20th, 1875.
- Don Cesar de Bazan.* From the French play of the same name by Dumanois and Dennery, with Lemaitre as Don Cæsar. First English translation by Gilbert A. A'Beckett and Mark Lemon. Princess's, October 8th, 1844, with James W. Wallack as Don Cæsar. Another version, by Boucicault, at the same time, was produced at the Adelphi, and a third, by Charles Mathews, entitled *A Match for a King*, at the Haymarket. Fechter played it at the Lyceum in May, 1865. It was a favourite part of Edwin Booth's.
- Done on Both Sides.* Maddison Morton. Lyceum, February 24th, 1847.
- Don Giovanni in Venice.* R. Reece. Gaiety, February 17th, 1873.
- Don Juan.* H. J. Byron. Alhambra, December 22nd, 1873.
- Donna Diana.* Westland Marston. Princess's, December, 1863.
- Don Quixote.* (Founded on an incident in the romance by Cervantes, by W. G. Wills.) Lyceum, May 4th, 1895.
- Don Quixote.* H. Paulton and Maltby. (Music by Frederic Clay.) Alhambra, September 25th, 1876.
- Dora.* Charles Reade. (From Tennyson's poem.) Adelphi, June 1st, 1867.
- Dora and Diplunacy, or, A Woman of Uncommon Scents.* F. C. Burnand. Strand, February 14th, 1878.
- Dora's Device.* Robert Reece. Royalty, January 11th, 1871.
- Dora's Dream.* Arthur Cecil. Opera Comique, November 17th, 1877.
- Dorothy.* B. C. Stephenson. (Music by Alfred Cellier.) Trafalgar (Duke of York's), November 26th, 1892. (Originally produced at the Gaiety, September 25th, 1886.)
- Dorothy's Stratagem.* James Mortimer. Criterion, December 23rd, 1876.
- Dot and the Phantom.* Boucicault. Adelphi, April 30th, 1862.
- Dotheboy's Hall.* J. Daly Besemeres. Court, December 26th, 1871.
- Double-Bedded Room.* Maddison Morton. Haymarket, June 3rd, 1843.
- Double Dummy.* Yates and Harrington. Lyceum, March 3rd, 1858.
- Double Marriage (The).* (Adapted.) Charles Reade. New Queen's, October 24th, 1867.
- Double Marriage (The).* (American drama.) Adelphi, March 8th, 1873.
- Doubtful Victory.* Oxenford. Olympic, April 19th, 1858.
- Dowager (The).* ("La Château de Ma Mere.") Charles Mathews. Haymarket, 1843.
- Down Among the Coals.* Taylor Bilkins. Court, November 15th, 1873.
- Down in a Balloon.* John Oxenford. Adelphi, April 10th, 1871.
- Dragons de Villars (Les).* M. Maillart. Gaiety, June 24th, 1875.
- Dragon's Gift.* Planché. Drury Lane, April 12th, 1830.
- Drama at Home (The), or An Evening with Puff.* Planché. Haymarket, April 8th, 1844.

- Dramas Levee (The), or A Peep at the Past.* Planché. Olympic, April 16th, 1838.
- Drames of the Wine Shop.* ("Les Drames du Cabaret.") R. Webster, jun. Adelphi, 186 .
- Dream of Love (A).* John Oxenford. Opera Comique, October 21st, 1872.
- Dreams.* T. W. Robertson. Gaiety, March 27th, 1869.
- Drink.* Charles Reade, from Busnach and Gastineau's adaptation of Zola's novel, *L'Assommoir*. Princess's, June 2nd, 1879.
- Dublin Bay.* T. W. Robertson. December 18th, 1875.
- Dublin Boy.* Boucicault. Adelphi, February 10th, 1862.
- Duchesse de la Vallière (The).* (Bulwer Lytton's maiden play.) Covent Garden, January 4th, 1837.
- Duke in Difficulties (A).* Tom Taylor. Haymarket, March 6th, 1861.
- Duke's Motto.* (*Le Bossu*, by Paul Féval.) Adapted by John Brougham. Lyceum. January 10th, 1863.
- Dulcamara.* W. S. Gilbert. St. James's, December 29th, 1866.
- Duological Farce.* Olympic, July 3rd, 1856.
- Duty.* ("Les Bourgeois de Pont Arcy," by Sardou.) Adapted by James Alberly. Prince of Wales, September 27th, 1879.
- Easy Shaving.* Burnand and Williams. Haymarket, June 11th, 1863.
- Ebony Casket (The), or Mabel's Two Birthdays.* T. W. Speight. Gaiety, November 9th, 1872.
- Ecarté.* Lord Newry. Globe, December 3rd, 1870.
- Edendale.* C. S. Cheltnam. Charing Cross, June 19th, 1869.
- Effie Deans, the Lily of St. Leonards.* (Shepherd's version of "Heart of Midlothian.") Surrey, February 7th, 1863.
- Eight Pounds Reward.* Oxenford. Olympic, December 5th, 1855.
- Eileen Oge, or Dark's the Hour before the Dawn.* Edmund Falconer. Princess's, June 29th, 1871.
- Elder Miss Blossom (The).* Ernest Hendrie and Metcalfe Wood. St. James's, September 22nd, 1898. (Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's season.) (Originally produced at Grand Theatre, Blackpool, September 10th, 1897.)
- Eldorado.* H. B. Farnie. Strand, February 19th, 1874.
- Eleanor's Victory.* Oxenford. St. James's, May 29th, 1865.
- Electra.* Talfourd. Haymarket, April 28th, 1859.
- Elfie, or The Cherry Tree Inn.* Dion Boucicault. Gaiety, December 4th, 1871.
- Elfinella, or Home from Fairyland.* Ross Neil. (Miss Harward.) Princess's, June 6th. 1878.
- Eligible Villa (An).* (Music by M. Gastinel.) Gaiety, April 19th, 1869.
- Elixir of Youth (The).* Geo. R. Sims and Leonard Merrick. Vaudeville, Sept. 9th, 1899.

- E-liz-abeth, or The Don, the Duck, the Drake, and the Invisible Armada*,  
F. C. Burnand. Vaudeville, November 17th, 1870.
- Elizabeth Queen of England*. Lyceum, December 18th, 1869.
- Elopements in High Life*. R. Sullivan. Haymarket, April 7th, 1853.
- Embassy (The)*. Planché. Covent Garden, March 22nd, 1841.
- Enchanted Wood (The), or The Three Transformed Princes*. H. J. Byron.  
Adelphi, May 4th, 1870.
- Enemies*. (Adapted from "La Grande Marnière" of Georges Ohnet, by  
Charles F. Coghlan.) Prince of Wales, January 28th, 1886.
- Enemy of the People (The)*. Henrik Ibsen. Haymarket, June 14th,  
1893.
- Engaged*. W. S. Gilbert. Haymarket, October 3rd, 1877.
- England in the Days of Charles the Second*. W. G. Wills. Drury Lane,  
September 22nd, 1877.
- English Gentleman (An), or The Squire's Last Shilling*. H. J. Byron.  
Haymarket, May 13th, 1871.
- English Rose (The)*. G. R. Sims and Robert Buchanan. Adelphi, August  
2nd, 1889.
- Enoch Arden*. Arthur Matthison. Crystal Palace, December 14th,  
1876.
- Ernani, or Horns of a Dilemma*. W. Brough. Alexandra Theatre,  
Highbury Barn, May 16th, 1865.
- Escaped from Portland*. ("Le Mangeur de Fer.") Princess's, October  
9th, 1869.
- Esmeralda*. (See *Notre Dame*.)
- Esmeralda, or The "Sensation" Goat*. (Founded on *Notre Dame*.) Byron.  
Strand, September 28th, 1861.
- Esther Sandraz*. (Adapted by Sydney Grundy from Adolphe Belot's  
novel, "La Femme de Glace.") Prince of Wales, June 11th, 1889.
- Eton Boy (The)*. Edward Morton. Drury Lane, 1842. (Keeley as Mr.  
Dabster.)
- Eugene Aram*. W. G. Wills. Lyceum, April 19th, 1873.
- Eugenie*. Boucicault. Drury Lane, January 1st, 1855.
- Eve*. Benjamin Webster jun. Adelphi, May 31st, 1869.
- Everybody's Friend*. ("Le Mari à la Campagne.") Stirling Coyne.  
Haymarket, April 2nd, 1859.
- Evil Genius*. Bayle Bernard. Haymarket, March 8th, 1856.
- Excellency (His)*. W. S. Gilbert. (Music by Osmond Carr.) Lyric,  
October 27th, 1894.
- Excellency the Governor (His)*. R. Marshall. Court, June 11th, 1898.
- Extremes Meet*. Miss Kate Field. St. James's, March 12th, 1877.
- Extremes, or Men of the Day*. Edmund Falconer. Lyceum, 1856.
- Faces in the Fire*. Leicester Buckingham. St. James's, February 25th,  
1865.
- Faded Flowers*. Arthur A'Beckett. Haymarket, April 6th, 1872.

- Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady.* Planché. Olympic, February 28th, 1839.
- Fair France.* West Digges. Queen's, April 18th, 1874.
- Fair One with the Golden Locks (The).* Planché. Haymarket, December 26th, 1843.
- Fair Pretender (The).* Palgrave Simpson. Prince of Wales, May 10th, 1865.
- Falcon (The).* Alfred Tennyson. St. James's, December 18th, 1879.
- Falka.* (Music by F. Chassaigne. Libretto adapted by H. B. Farnie from the French of Leterrier and Vanloo.) Comedy, October 29th, 1883.
- Falsacappa.* ("Les Brigands.") Offenbach. (Adapted by H. S. Leigh.) Globe, April 22nd, 1871.
- False Alarm (A).* ("Les Trois Chapeaux de Femme.") Alfred Young. Holborn, October 5th, 1872.
- False Hands and Faithful Hearts.* E. Towers. City of London. April 22nd, 1867.
- False Shame.* Frank Marshall. Globe, November 4th, 1872.
- Fame.* C. M. Rae. Haymarket, April 7th, 1877.
- Family Honour.* Frank Marshall. Aquarium, May 18th, 1878.
- Family Secret (The).* Falconer. Haymarket, May 9th, 1860.
- Family Ties.* F. C. Burnand. Strand, September 29th, 1877.
- Fanchette, or The Will o' the Wisp.* Adapted from a German version of George Sands' novel, "La Petite Fadette." Lyceum, September 11th, 1871. Irving as Landry Barbeau.
- Far from the Madding Crowd.* (Adapted by Thomas Hardy and Comyns Carr from Thomas Hardy's novel of the same name.) Globe, April 29th, 1882. (Originally produced at Prince of Wales, Liverpool, February 27th, 1882.)
- Fascinating Fellows.* T. A. Palmer. Olympic, March 18th, 1876.
- Fascinating Individual.* Olympic, June 11th, 1856.
- Fast Family (The).* (From "La Famille Benoiton," by Ben Webster.) Adelphi, May 7th, 1866.
- Fatal Card (The).* Haddon Chambers and B. C. Stephenson. Adelphi, September 6th, 1894.
- Fatherland.* (Sardou's "Patrie.") Henry Labouchere. Queen's, January 3rd, 1878.
- Fatinitza.* H. S. Leigh. Music by Von Suppé. Alhambra, June 20th, 1878.
- Faust.* (Adaptation of the first part of Goethe's tragedy. Arranged by W. G. Wills.) Lyceum, December 19th, 1885.
- Faust, or Marguerite's Mangle.* C. H. Hazlewood. Britannia, March 25th, 1867.
- Favourite of Fortune.* ("Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre.") Westland Marston. Haymarket, April 2nd, 1866.



- Fazio*. Haymarket, January 23rd, 1854.
- Fearful Fog (A)*. Frederick Hay. Vaudeville, April 22nd, 1871.
- Fearful Tragedy in Seven Dials*. ("Les Massacre des Innocents.") Charles Selby. Adelphi, May 4th, 1857. (Wright, Paul Bedford, Eliza Arden.)
- Featherbrain*. (Adapted by James Albery from "Tête de Linotte," by MM. Barrière and Godinet.) Criterion, June 23rd, 1884.
- Fédora*. (Adapted by Herman Merivale from Sardou's play.) Haymarket, May 5th, 1882.
- Fellow Clerk (My)*. John Oxenford. English Opera House, Lyceum Theatre, April 20th, 1835.
- Fernande*. (Adapted by Sutherland Edwards.) St. James's, October 15th, 1870.
- Fettered*. Watts Phillips. Holborn, February 17th, 1869.
- Field of the Cloth of Gold (The)*. William Brough. Strand, April 11th, 1868.
- Fiesco, or The Revolt of Genoa*. Planché. Drury Lane, February 4th, 1850.
- Figure of Fun*. Edward Stirling. Strand, September 20th, 1851.
- Fille de Madame Angot (La)*. (English version by H. B. Byron.) Philharmonic, October 4th, 1873.
- Fille de Madame Angot (La)*. (Another version.) H. B. Farnie, Gaiety, November 10th, 1873.
- Filleule du Roi (La)*. A. Vogel. Criterion, June 7th, 1875.
- Fillippo*. ("Le Luthier de Crémone.") Alfred Berlyn, Herkomer's Theatre, Bushy, April 8th, 1890.
- Fine Feathers*. H. J. Byron. Globe, April 26th, 1873.
- Finesse, or Spy and Counter-spy*. Countess of Gifford (Lady Dufferin). Haymarket, May 6th, 1863.
- Firefly*. Miss Edith Sandford (with her Circus Horse). Surrey, May 17th, 1869.
- First Night*. ("Le Père de la Débutante.") Olympic, November 13th, 1854.
- First Night (The) or My Own Ghost*. Tom Parry. Adelphi, November 27th, 1834.
- Fitzmythe of Fitzmythe Hall*. Maddison Morton. Haymarket. May 26th, 1860.
- Flamingo, or The Rook and the Cause*. F. Hay and F. W. Green, Strand, September 18th, 1875.
- Fledermaus (Die)*. (Adapted by Hamilton Aidé. Music by John Strauss.) Alhambra, December 18th, 1876.
- Fleur de Lys*. (Adapted by H. B. Farnie.) Philharmonic, April 5th, 1873.
- Fleur du Thé*. C. Lecocq. (Adapted by J. H. Jarvis.) Criterion, October 9th, 1875.
- Fleurette*. Augustus L. Tamplin. Gaiety, March 1st, 1873.

- Flowers of the Forest.* Buckstone. Adelphi, January 25th, 1845.
- Fly and the Web.* Troughton. Strand, February 5th, 1866.
- Flying Dutchman.* E. Fitzball. Adelphi, June 4th, 1856.
- Flying Dutchman (The).* Wagner. (Translated by John P. Jackson.) Lyceum, October 3rd, 1876
- Flying Dutchman (The), or The Demon Seaman and the Lass that Loved a Sailor.* W. Brough. Royalty, December, 1869.
- Flying Scud (The).* Boucicault. New Holborn, October 6th, 1866.
- F. M. Julius Onaesar, or The Irregular Rum'un.* F. C. Burnand. Royalty, September 7th, 1870.
- Foggerty's Fairy.* W. S. Gilbert. Criterion, December 15th, 1881.
- Follies of a Night.* Planché. Drury Lane, October 5th, 1842.
- Follow the Leader.* C. M. Rae. Charing Cross, April 12th. 1873.
- Fool and His Money (A).* H. J. Byron. Globe, January 17th, 1878
- Fool's Paradise (A).* Sydney Grundy. Gaiety, February 12th, 1889.  
(First produced at the Prince of Wales, Greenwich, for copyright purposes, under the title of "The Mousetrap," October 7th, 1887.)
- Fool's Revenge (The).* (Suggested by Victor Hugo's "Le Roi S'Amuse.") The same subject is treated in the opera of *Rigoletto*. Tom Taylor. Sadler's Wells. October 19th, 1859. Phelps was the first English Bertuccio; Edwin Booth first acted the part, in New York, in April, 1864.
- Footmarks in the Snow.* E. Towers. City of London. October 14th, 1867.
- Forbidden Fruit.* F. M. Abbotts. Lyceum, November 6th, 1869.
- Forbidden Fruit.* Dion Boucicault. Adelphi, July 3rd, 1880. Vaudeville, May 6th, 1893. (First played at Wallack's Theatre, New York.)
- Foresters (The).* Lord Tennyson. (Music by Sir Arthur Sullivan.) Daly's, October 3rd, 1893. (Produced for copyright purposes at Lyceum, March 17th, 1892.)
- Forgery.* Buckstone. Adelphi, March 5th, 1832.
- Forget and Forgive.* John Daly Besemeress. Charing Cross, January 5th, 1874.
- Forget-me-not.* Herman Merivale and F. C. Grove. Lyceum, August 21st, 1879.
- Forgiven.* James Albery. Globe, March 9th, 1872.
- For Love.* T. W. Robertson. New Holborn, October 5th, 1867.
- For Love or Money.* Andrew Halliday. Vaudeville, April 16th, 1870.
- Formosa, or The Railroad to Ruin.* Dion Boucicault. Drury Lane, August 5th, 1869.
- For Sale.* John Thomas Douglas. Standard, February 3rd, 1869.
- For the Crown.* (Adapted from François Coppée's "Pour la Couronne," by John Davidson.) Lyceum, February 27th, 1896.
- Fortunate Isles.* Planché. (Masque in honour of Her Majesty's marriage.) Covent Garden, February 12th, 1840.
- Fortunio.* Planché. Sadler's Wells, April 22nd, 1851.

- Fortunio and his Seven Gifted Servants.* Planché. Drury Lane, (Macready,) April 17th, 1843.
- Forty Winks.* H. B. Farnie. Haymarket, November 2nd, 1872.
- Foul Play.* ("La Porte Feuille Rouge.") Dion Boucicault and Charles Reade. Holborn, May 28th, 1868.
- Found Brumby.* Alfred Maltby. Princess's, September 21st, 1874.
- Found Drowned, or Our Mutual Friend.* G. F. Rowe. Opera Comique, December 26th, 1870.
- Foundling of Fortune, or Next of Kin (The).* F. G. Cheatham. Victoria, April 22nd, 1867.
- Fourteen Days.* (Adapted by H. J. Byron from the French of MM. Godinet and Bisson.) Criterion, March 4th, 1882.
- Fowl Play, or a Story of Chicken Hazard.* F. C. Burnand. Queen's, June 20th, 1868.
- Fox Chase (The).* Boucicault. St. James's, May 11th, 1864.
- Fox versus Goose.* William Brough and J. D. Stockton. Strand, May 8th, 1869.
- Fra Angelo.* W. C. Russell. Haymarket, August 30th, 1865.
- Francesca, A Dream of Venice.* Falconer. Lyceum, March 31st, 1859.
- Francillon.* (Arranged from the French of Alexandre Dumas, Fils.) Duke of York's, September 18th, 1897.
- Frankenstein Milner.* Coburg, July 3rd, 1826.
- Fraud and Its Victims.* ("Pauvres de Paris.") Sterling Coyne. Surrey, March 2nd, 1857. Other versions: "Streets of London," Princess's. "Pride and Poverty," Strand. "Poor of New York," in America.
- Freedom.* G. F. Rowe and Augustus Harris. Drury Lane, August 4th, 1883.
- Free Labour, or Put Yourself in His Place.* Charles Reade. Adelphi, May 28th, 1870.
- French Exhibition (The).* Frederick Hay. Strand, April 1st, 1867.
- French Lady's Maid.* Maddison Morton. Adelphi, May 22nd, 1858.
- French Maid (The).* Basil Hood. (Music by Walter Slaughter.) Vaudeville. (Transferred from Terry's, February 12th, 1898.)
- Fretful Porcupine (A).* Leicester Buckingham. Adelphi, April 20th, 1867.
- Friend at Court (A).* Planché. Haymarket, June 28th, 1831.
- Friend or Foes.* Horace Wigan. St. James's, March 8th, 1862. (Adapted from "Nos Intimes," by Sardou.)
- Friend the Prince (My).* Justin Huntly McCarthy. (Suggested by the American farce, "My Friend from India.") Garrick, February 13th, 1897.
- Friendship, Love, and Truth.* Henry Leslie. Surrey, March 14th, 1868.
- Frightful Hair (The).* F. C. Burnand. Haymarket, December 26th, 1868.
- Frisled Petticoats.* Lewis C. Lyne. Gaiety, October 28th, 1871.

- Fringe of Society (The)*. (Adapted from Alexandre Dumas, Fils, "Le Demi-Monde.") Criterion, April 30th, 1892.
- Fritz, our Cousin-German*. (American drama.) Adelphi, November 30th, 1872.
- From Grave to Gay*. (Adapted.) Benjamin Webster, jun. Olympic, December 4th, 1867.
- Frou-Frou*. (American version.) Augustin Daly. St. James's, May 25th, 1870.
- Frou-Frou*. (Adapted from the French by Comyns Carr.) Princess's, June 4th, 1881.
- Frou-Frou, or Fashion and Passion*. Benjamin Webster, jun. St. James's, April 14th, 1870.
- Frou-Frou*. (French.) MM. Meilhac and Halévy. Princess's, May 2nd, 1870.
- Frou-Frou*. Sutherland Edwards. Olympic, April 16th, 1870.
- Frozen Deep (The)*. Wilkie Collins. Olympic, October 27th, 1866. (First played on Twelfth Night, 1857, at Tavistock House, Dickens's London residence. Charles Dickens himself playing Richard Wardour, Wilkie Collins being the Frank Aldersley, Mark Lemon the Lieutenant Crayford.)
- Fun in a Fog*. Drury Lane. October 5th, 1872.
- Gaiety Girl (A)*. (Words by Owen Hall. Lyrics by Harry Greenbank. Music by Sidney Jones.) Prince of Wales, October 14th, 1893.
- Galway go Bragh, or Love, Fun, and Fighting*. Falconer. Drury Lane. November 25th, 1865.
- Game of Romps*. ("Les Jeux Innocents.") Princess's, March, 1855.
- Game of Speculation (A)*. (Mercadet by Balzac and D'Ennery.) Slingsby Lawrence (G. H. Lewes). Lyceum, October, 1851.
- Gamester (The)*. Edward Moore. (Originally produced in 1753.) Drury Lane, February 23rd, 1861.
- Ganem, or The Slave of Love*. Talfourd. Olympic, June 1, 1852.
- Ganymede and Galatea*. (Libretto by W. S. Gilbert. Music by Franz von Suppe.) Gaiety, January, 1872.
- Garden Party (The)*. J. Maddison Morton. Haymarket, August 3rd, 1877.
- Garibaldi Excursionists*. Byron. Princess's, November 8th, 1860.
- Garibaldi in Sicily*. W. Sawyer. Adelphi, 1867.
- Garret Angel (The)*. Charles Webb. Marylebone, August 11th, 1867.
- Garrick Fever (The)*. Planché. Olympic, April 1st, 1839.
- Gascon (The), or Love and Loyalty*. W. Muskerrey. Olympic, February 21st, 1876.
- Gay City (The), or A Scene at the Siege*. Royalty, June 12th, 1871.
- Gay City (The)*. Geo. R. Sims, 1882.
- Gay Lord Quex (The)*. A. W. Pinero. Globe, April 8th, 1899.

- Geisha (The)*. Owen Hall. (Lyrics by Harry Greenbank. Music by Sidney Jones.) Daly's, April 25th, 1896.
- Geneva Cross (The)*. G. F. Rowe. Adelphi, October 17th, 1874.
- Geneviève de Brabant*. (Adapted from Offenbach's opera by H. B. Farnie.) Philharmonic, Islington, November 11th, 1871.
- Geneviève, or The Reign of Terror*. Boucicault. Adelphi, June, 1853.
- Gentleman in Black (The)*. W. S. Gilbert. (Music by Frederick Clay.) Charing Cross, May 26th, 1870.
- Gentleman Opposite*. ("La Tasse Cassie.") Lyceum, July, 1854.
- Geraldine, or The Master Passion*. Mrs. Bateman. Adelphi, June 12th, 1865.
- Germans and French, or Incidents in the War of 1870-71*. John Douglass, jun. Standard, March 8th, 1871.
- Gertrude's Money Box*. Harry Lemon. Sadler's Wells, January 9th, 1869.
- Ghetto (The)*. (Adapted from Herman Heyerman's play by Chester B. Fernald.) Comedy, September 9th, 1899.
- Ghosts*. (Translated by William Archer from Ibsen's play.) Royalty, March 13th, 1891.
- Gipsy Earl (The)*. G. R. Sims. Adelphi, August 31st, 1898.
- Girl I Left Behind Me (The)*. Franklin Fyles and David Belasco. Adelphi, April 13th, 1895. (Originally produced in the United States.)
- Girls (The)*. H. J. Byron. Vaudeville, April 19th, 1879.
- Girls of the Period (The)*. F. C. Burnand. Drury Lane, February 25th, 1869.
- Giroflé-Girofla*. M. Lecocq. Opera Comique, June 6th, 1874.
- Giroflé-Girofla*. (English version by Clement O'Neil and Campbell Clarke.) Philharmonic, October 3rd, 1874.
- Giselle, or The Sirens of the Lotus Lake*. H. J. Byron. Olympic, July 26th, 1871.
- Gisippus*. Gerald Griffin. Drury Lane. February 23rd, 1842.
- Give a Dog a Bad Name*. Leopold Lewis. Adelphi, November 18th, 1876.
- Gladiator (The)*. Drury Lane, May 7th, 1875.
- Glass of Fashion (The)*. Sydney Grundy. Globe, September 8th, 1883. (Originally produced at the Grand Theatre, Glasgow, March 26th, 1883.)
- Glitter*. Gilbert A'Beckett. St. James's, December 26th, 1868.
- Glory*. H. P. Grattan. Charing Cross, June 16th, 1873.
- Go to Putney*. Harry Lemon. Adelphi, April 6th, 1868.
- Going to the Bad*. Tom Taylor. Olympic, June 5th, 1858.
- Gold*. Charles Reade. Drury Lane, January 11th, 1853.
- Gold Craze (The)*. Brandon Thomas. Princess's, November 30th, 1889.
- Golden Branch (The)*. Planché. Lyceum, December 27th, 1847.



- Golden Fleece (The)*, or *Jason in Colchis and Medea in Corinth*. Planché, Haymarket, March 24th, 1845.
- Golden Ladder (The)*. G. R. Sims and Wilson Barrett. Globe, December 22nd, 1887.
- Golden Plough (The)*. Paul Meritt. Adelphi, August 11th, 1877.
- Gondoliers (The)*, or *The King of Barataria*. W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. Savoy, December 7th, 1889.
- Good Husbands make Good Wives*. Buckstone. Haymarket, June, 1835.
- Good News*. H. J. Byron. Gaiety, August 31st, 1872.
- Good for Nothing*. ("La Gamine.") Haymarket, February 4th, 1851. (Buckstone, Howe, Mrs. Fitzwilliam.)
- Good Old Times (The)*. Hall Caine and Wilson Barrett. Princess's, February 12th, 1889.
- Good Time (A)*, or *Skipped by the Light of the Moon*. Geo. R. Sims, Opera Comique, April 27th, 1899.
- Good Woman in the Wood (The)*. Planché. Lyceum, December 27th, 1852.
- Goose with Golden Eggs*. Augustus Mayhew. Strand, September 1st, 1859.
- Gossip*. Augustus Harris, sen., and Thomas J. Williams. Princess's, November 23rd, 1859.
- Graciosa and Percinet*. Planché. Haymarket, December 26th, 1844.
- Grand Duke (The)*, or *The Statutory Duel*. W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. Savoy, March 7th, 1896.
- Grasshopper (The)*. (Adapted.) Benjamin Webster, jun. Olympic, August 14th, 1867.
- Grasshopper (The)*. (Adapted by John Hollingshead.) Gaiety, December 9th, 1878.
- Gray Lady of Fernlea (The)*. C. H. Hazlewood. Britannia, September 9th, 1867.
- Gray Ladye of Fernlea (The)*. E. Towers. City of London, August 31st, 1867.
- Great Aunt (My)*. Planché. Olympic, March 5th, 1831.
- Great Caesar*. Geo. Grossmith, jun., and Paul A. Rubens. Comedy, April 29th, 1899.
- Great City (The)*. Andrew Halliday. Drury Lane, April 22nd, 1867.
- Great Divorce Case (The)*. Clement Scott and Arthur Matthison. Criterion, April 5th, 1876.
- Great Expectations*. W. S. Gilbert. Court, May 29th, 1871.
- Great Metropolis (The)*. F. C. Burnand. Gaiety, April 6th, 1874.
- Great Pink Pearl (The)*. R. C. Carton and Cecil Raleigh. Olympic, May 7th, 1885.
- Great Ruby (The)*. Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton. Drury Lane, September 15th, 1898.
- Greatest of These (The)*. Sydney Grundy. (Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's season.) Garrick, June 10th, 1896. (Originally produced at Grand Theatre, Hull, September 13th, 1895.)

- Greek Slave (A)*. Owen Hall. (Lyrics by Harry Greenbank and Adrian Ross. Music by Sidney Jones.) Daly's, June 8th, 1898.
- Green Bushes (The)*. Buckstone. Adelphi, January 27th, 1845.
- Green Bushes*. (Revival.) J. B. Buckstone. Adelphi, April 19th, 1889.
- Green Old Age*. R. Reece. Vaudeville, October 31st, 1874.
- Greenwich Pensioner (The)*. C. S. Cheltnam. Adelphi, July 21st, 1869.
- Gretchen*. W. S. Gilbert. Olympic, May 24th, 1879.
- Grierson's Way*. H. V. Esmond. Haymarket, February 7th, 1899.
- Gringoire*. (Adapted from the French original of Théodore de Banville by W. G. Wills.) Prince's, June 22nd, 1885.
- Griselda, or The Patient Wife*. Miss M. E. Braddon. Princess's, November 13th, 1873.
- Grist to the Mill*. Planché. Haymarket, February 22nd, 1844.
- Gudgeons*. Thornton Clark and Louis Parker. Terry's, November 10th, 1893.
- Guinea Gold, or Lights and Shadows of London Life*. H. J. Byron. Princess's, September 10th, 1877.
- Guinea Pigs (The)*. Florence Warden. Princess of Wales, Kennington, July 24th, 1899.
- Gustavus the Third, or The Masked Ball*. H. M. Milner. Victoria, November 11th, 1833.
- Gustavus the Third, or The Masked Ball*. Planché. Covent Garden, November 13th, 1833.
- Gu'nor (The)*. E. G. Lankester. Vaudeville, June 23rd, 1880.
- Guy Domville*. Henry James. St. James's, January 5th, 1895.
- Guy Fawkes*. H. J. Byron. Gaiety, January 14th, 1874.
- Guilty Governess (The) and the Downey Doctor*. G. M. Layton. Folly, May 8th, 1876.
- Haddon Hall*. Sydney Grundy. (Music by Arthur Sullivan.) Savoy, September 24th, 1892.
- Hagar, the Outcast Jewess*. (Another version of "Leah.") Britannia, July 5th, 1869.
- Half Caste (The), or The Fatal Pearl*. W. Suter. Surrey, September 11th, 1856.
- Half-Crown Diamonds (The)*. R. Reece. Mirror, September 27th, 1875.
- Half Way House*. George R. Sims. Vaudeville, October 1st, 1881.
- Halves*. A. Conan Doyle. Garrick, June 10th, 1899. (Originally produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, Aberdeen, April 10th, 1899.)
- Hamilton and Bothwellharugh*. Selous. Sadler's Wells. November 21st, 1855.
- Hamlet*. (Opera.) Ambroise Thomas. Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, June 19th, 1869.
- Hand and Glove, or Page 13 of the Black Book*. ("La Femme de Paillassé.") Paul Meritt and George Conquest. Gaiety, May 25th, 1874.

- Handfast.* (Revival.) Henry Hamilton and Mark Quinton. Shaftesbury, May 16th, 1891. (First produced at Prince of Wales, December 13th, 1887.)
- Hands Across the Sea.* Henry Pettitt. Princess's, November 10th, 1888. (Originally produced at Theatre Royal, Manchester, July 30th, 1888.)
- Handsome Is that Handsome Does: A Story of the Lake Country.* Tom Taylor. Olympic, September 3rd, 1870.
- Handy Andy.* Stirling Coyne. Lyceum, November 29th, 1860.
- Hans the Boatman.* Strand, December 21st, 1891. (Produced at Theatre Royal, Sheffield, March 7th, 1887. First time in London at Grand, July 4th, 1887.)
- Happy Cruise.* Ernest Cuthbert. Vaudeville, November 17th, 1873.
- Happy Land (The).* F. Tomline and Gilbert A' Beckett. Court, March 3rd, 1873.
- Happy Medium (A).* J. E. Pemberton. Haymarket, November 8th, 1875.
- Happy Pair (A).* S. Theyre Smith. St. James's, March 2nd, 1868.
- Harbour Lights.* G. R. Sims and Henry Pettitt. Adelphi, December 23rd, 1885.
- Hard Hit.* H. A. Jones. Haymarket, January 17th, 1887.
- Hard Struggle (A).* Westland Marston. Lyceum, February 1st, 1858.
- Harmony.* H. A. Jones. September 25th, 1895. Royalty. (Originally produced Grand Theatre, Leeds, August 13th, 1879.)
- Harvest.* H. Hamilton. Princess's, September 18th, 1886.
- Haska.* Henry Spicer. Drury Lane, March 10th, 1877.
- Haste to the Wedding.* (Musical version of "Un Chapeau de Paille d'Italie.") W. S. Gilbert. (Music by George Grossmith.) Criterion, July 27th, 1892. (Originally produced under the title of "The Wedding March" at the Court, November, 1873.)
- Haunted Houses, or Labyrinths of Life: A Story of London and the Bush.* H. J. Byron. Princess's, April 1st, 1872.
- Haymarket (The New) Spring Meeting.* Planché. Haymarket, April 9th, 1855.
- He's a Lunatic.* Felix Dale. (Herman Merivale.) New Queen's, October 24th, 1867.
- Headless Man (The).* Adelphi, November 16th, 1857.
- Headless Man (The).* F. C. Burnand. Criterion, July 27th, 1889.
- Heads or Tails.* Palgrave Simpson. Olympic, June 29th, 1854.
- Heart of Gold (The).* Douglas Jerrold. Princess's, October 9th, 1854.
- Heart of Maryland (The).* David Belasco. Adelphi, April 9th, 1898. (Originally produced in America.)
- Heart of the World (The).* Westland Marston. Haymarket, October 4th, 1847.
- Heart's Delight.* Andrew Halliday. Globe, December 17th, 1873.
- Heart's Idol (My).* Planché. Lyceum, October 16th, 1850.

- Hearts are Trumps.* Cecil Raleigh. Drury Lane, September 16th, 1899.
- Heartsease.* James Mortimer. Princess's, June 5th, 1875.
- Heather Field (The).* Edward Martyn. Terry's, June 6th, 1899.
- Hedda Gabler.* Henrik Ibsen. Vaudeville, April 20th, 1891.
- Helen, or Taken from the Greek.* Burnand. Adelphi, June 30th, 1866.
- Held by the Enemy.* William Gillette. Princess's, April 2nd, 1887.  
(Originally produced in England for copyright purposes at Ladbroke Hall, February 20th, 1886. First acted in America.)
- Helping a Friend.* W. H. Denny. Strand, May 19th, 1899.
- Helping Hands.* Tom Taylor. Adelphi, June 20th, 1855.
- Hen and Chickens.* Adelphi, August 24th, 1863.
- Henrietta (The).* Bonson Howard. Avenue, March 28th, 1891. (Originally produced in New York.)
- Henry Dunbar, or The Outcast.* Tom Taylor. Olympic, December 9th, 1865.
- Henry the Fifth.* Princess's. (C. Kean's benefit.) March 28th, 1859.
- Henwitchers (The).* Percy Fitzgerald. Haymarket, December 2nd, 1878.
- Her Advocate.* Walter Frith. Duke of York's, September 26th, 1895.
- H.M.S. Pinafore, or The Lass that loved a Sailor.* W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. Opera Comique, May 25th, 1878.
- Here's Another Guy Mannering.* F. C. Burnand. Vaudeville, May 23rd, 1874.
- Hero and Leander.* Kyrle Bellew. (Suggested by Grillparzer's version of the mythological legend. Shaftesbury, June 2nd, 1892. (Originally produced in England at Prince's Theatre, Manchester, May 9th, 1892. First acted in Australia.)
- Hero of Romance (A).* Westland Marston. Haymarket, March 14th, 1868.
- Heroes.* Conway Edwardes. Aquarium. January 10th, 1877.
- Hester's Mystery.* A. W. Pinero. Folly. June 5th, 1880.
- Hidden Hand (The).* ("L'Aieule." D'Ennery.) Tom Taylor. Olympic. November 2nd, 1864.
- Hidden Treasure (The).* Tom Parry and John Oxenford. Adelphi, November 25th, 1871.
- High, Low, Jack, and the Game.* Planché. Olympic, September 30th, 1833.
- Highly Improbable.* W. S. Gilbert. New Royalty, December 5th, 1867.
- Hilda, the Miser's Daughter.* Andrew Halliday. Adelphi, April 1st, 1872.
- Hinko, or The Headsman's Bond.* W. G. Wills. Queen's, September 9th, 1871.
- His First Champagne.* Planché. Covent Garden, October 1st, 1832.
- His Last Victory.* Watts Phillips. St. James's, June 21st, 1862.
- His Majesty, or The Court of Vignolia.* F. C. Burnand and R. C. Lehmann. (Music by Sir A. Mackenzie.) Savoy, February 20th, 1897.

- His Own Enemy.* A. Meadow. Haymarket. March 8th, 1873.
- Hit and Miss, or All My Eye and Betty Martin.* F. C. Burnand. Olympic, April 13th, 1868.
- Hobby Horse (The).* A. W. Pinero. St. James's, October 25th, 1886.
- Hofer, or the Tell of The Tyrol.* Planché. Drury Lane, May 1st, 1830.
- Hold your Tongue.* Planché. Lyceum, March 22nd, 1849.
- Home.* T. W. Robertson. ("L'Aventurière," Emile Augier.) Haymarket, January 14th, 1869.
- Home and Foreign Lyrics.* Miss Amelia B. Edwards. Sadler's Wells, March 29th, 1858.
- Home for the Holidays.* ("Le Feu au Couvent," Barrière.) Walter Gordon. Olympic.
- Home Secretary (The).* R. C. Carton. Criterion, May 17th, 1895.
- Home, Sweet Home.* B. L. Farjeon. Olympic, June 19th, 1876.
- Home Truths.* ("Gabrielle.") Reynoldson. Princess's, December 3rd, 1859.
- Home Wreck (The).* Stirling Coyne. Surrey, February 8th, 1869.
- Honeydove's Troubles.* R. Reece. Drury Lane, December 26th, 1867.
- Honour.* MM. Leon Battu and Maurice Desvigne's "L'Honneur de la Maison." (Adapted by Maurice Barrymore.) Court Theatre, September 24th, 1881.
- Honour before Titles.* St. James's. October 30th, 1854.
- Honourable Herbert (The).* Haddon Chambers. Vaudeville, December 22nd, 1891.
- Hoodman Blind.* H. A. Jones. Princess's, August 18th, 1885. Revival, same theatre, November 26th, 1892.
- Hope and Fear.* ("Le Jou Fait Peur.") Adelphi, 1864.
- Hope of the Family.* Stirling Coyne. December 3rd, 1853.
- Hornet's Nest (A).* G. L. Gordon. Opera Comique, January 13th, 1878.
- Hornet's Nest (The).* H. J. Byron. Haymarket, June 17th, 1878.
- Hot Water.* H. B. Farnie. Criterion, November 13th, 1876.
- Hotel Charges.* Charles Selby. Adelphi, October 12th, 1853.
- House of Darnley (The).* Lord Lytton. Court, October 6th, 1877.
- House on the Bridge of Notre-Dame.* Lyceum, February, 1861.
- House (The), and The Home.* ("Peril en la Demeure." Octave Feuillet.) Tom Taylor. Adelphi, May 18th, 1859.
- Housekeeper, or The White Rose.* Douglas Jerrold. Haymarket, July 17th, 1833.
- How I found Crusoe, or The Flight of Imagination.* Alfred Thompson. Olympic, December 28th, 1872.
- How London Lives.* (Adapted by Martyn Field and Arthur Shirley from "Le Camelot" of Paul Andry, Max Maurey, and Georges Jubin.) Princess's, December 27th, 1897.
- How She Loves Him.* Dion Boucicault. Prince of Wales, December 21st, 1867.
- Hue and Dye.* Frederic Hay. Strand, January 11th, 1869.



- Huguenot Captain (The)*. Watts Phillips. Princess's, July 2nd, 1866.
- Human Nature*. (Adapted.) A. Harris and T. J. Williams. Olympic, July 22nd, 1867.
- Human Nature*. Henry Pettitt and Augustus Harris. Drury Lane, September 12th, 1885.
- Humbug*. ("Les Faux Bonshommes.") F. C. Burnand. New Royalty, December 19th, 1867.
- Hunchback (The)*. Sheridan Knowles. Covent Garden, April 5th, 1832.
- Hundred Thousand Pounds (A)*. Byron. Prince of Wales, May 5th, 1866.
- Hunted Down, or The Two Lives of Mary Leigh*. Boucicault. St. James's, November 5th, 1866.
- Hunted to Death*. Harwood Cooper. Victoria, October 26th, 1867.
- Hunting a Turtle*. Charles Selby. Queen's, September 14th, 1835.
- Husband in Clover (A)*. ("Mari dans de Coton.") Herman Merivale. Lyceum, December 26th, 1873.
- Husbands, Beware!* Edmund Falconer. Lyceum, March 31st, 1859.
- Hush Money*. ("L'Assassin.") George Dance. Olympic, November 28th, 1833.
- Hut of the Red Mountain*. ("Trente ans ou La Vie d'un Joueur.") H. M. Milner. Coburg Theatre, 1827 and 1831.
- Hypatia*. Stuart Oglivie. Haymarket, January 2nd, 1893. (Founded on Charles Kingsley's novel.)
- Hypermnestra, The Girl of the Period*. Frank Sikes. Lyceum, March 27th, 1869.
- I am "All There."* H. J. Byron. Strand, July 16th, 1863.
- Ibsen's Ghost, or Toole up to Date*. J. M. Barrie. Toole's, May 30th, 1891.
- Ici on parle Français*. T. J. Williams. Adelphi, May 9th, 1859.
- Idalia*. George Roberts. St. James's, April 22nd, 1867.
- Ideal Husband (An)*. Oscar Wilde. Haymarket, January 3rd, 1895.
- Idle Prentice (The): a Tyburnian Idyll of High, Low, Jack and his Little Game*. H. B. Farnie. Strand, September 10th, 1870.
- Idler (The)*. Haddon Chambers. St. James's, February 26th, 1891. (Produced originally in New York, November 11th, 1890.)
- Idol (The)*. Charles Wyndham. Folly, September 21st, 1878.
- If I had a Thousand a Year*. (Adapted.) J. M. Morton. Olympic, October 21st, 1867.
- Illusions*. Joseph J. Dille. Charing Cross, May 21st, 1870.
- I'm Not Myself At All*. C. Maltby. Drury Lane, December 27th, 1869.
- Impulse*. Adapted, by B. C. Stephenson, from "La Maison du Mari." St. James's, December 9th, 1882.
- In a Balcony*. Robert Browning. Acted without scenery, at Prince's Hall, November 28th, 1884.

- In Chancery.* A. W. Pinero. Gaiety, December 24th, 1884. Originally produced at Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, September 19th, 1884.
- In Days of Old.* Edward Rose. St. James's, April 26th, 1899.
- In His Power.* Mark Quinton. Olympic, January 21st, 1885. Originally produced Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, September 20th, 1884.
- In Honour Bound.* (A one-act condensation of Scribe's five-act play, "Une Chaîne.") Sydney Grundy. Prince of Wales, September 25th, 1880.
- In Possession.* Martin F. Becher. Drury Lane, December 26th, 1871.
- In the Ranks.* G. R. Sims and Henry Pettitt. Adelphi, October 6th, 1883.
- In the Wrong Box.* W. H. Swanborough. Strand, October 16th, 1866.
- Innisfallen, or The Men in the Gap.* Edmund Falconer. Lyceum, September 17th, 1870.
- Ino.* B. J. Spedding. Strand, October 30th, 1869.
- Intimidad, or The Lost Regalia.* H. B. Farnie. Strand, April 8th, 1875.
- Intruder (The).* English version of "L'Intruse", by Maurice Maeterlinck. Haymarket, January 27th, 1892.
- Invisible Prince (The), or The Island of Tranquil Delights.* Planché. Haymarket, December 26th, 1846.
- Iolanthe.* W. G. Wills. Lyceum, May 20th, 1880.
- Iolanthe, or The Peer and the Peri.* W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. Savoy, November 25th, 1882.
- Ion.* Thomas Noon Talfourd. Covent Garden, May 26th, 1836. Macready as Ion.
- Irish Heiress (The).* Dion Boucicault. Covent Garden, February, 1842. (W. Farren, C. Mathews; Mrs. Nesbitt and Madame Vestris.)
- Irish Post.* Planché. Haymarket, February 28th, 1846.
- Ironmaster (The).* Adapted by A. W. Pinero from "Le Maître de Forges" of Georges Ohnet. St. James's, April 17th, 1884.
- Isaac of York, or Saxons and Normans at Home.* T. F. Plowman. Court, November 29th, 1871.
- Is it the King?* Greenwood. Strand, November 13th, 1861.
- Island of Bachelors (The).* R. Reece. Gaiety, September 14th, 1874.
- Island of Jewels.* Planché. Lyceum, December 26th, 1849.
- Islington, or Life in the Streets.* (Another version of "The Streets of London.") W. R. Osman. Sadler's Wells, May 11th, 1867.
- It's Never Too Late to Mend.* Charles Reade. Princess's, October 4th, 1865. Same as "Gold." Charles Reade. Drury Lane, January, 1853.
- Ivanhoe, in Accordance with the Spirit of the Times* (burlesque.) H. J. Byron. Strand, December 26th, 1862.
- Ivy Hall.* ("Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre.") John Oxenford. Princess's, September 24th, 1859.

- Ixion, or The Man at the Wheel.* Burnand. New Royalty, September 28th, 1863.
- Ixion Re-Wheel'd.* F. C. Burnand. Opera Comique, November 21st, 1874.
- 117, *Arundel Street, Strand.* Colonel Addison. Lyceum, March 24th, 1860.
- 15th of October (*The*). Georges Jacobi. Alhambra, March 22nd, 1875.
- £200 a Year. A. W. Pinero. Globe, October, 1877.
- Jack in the Box.* George R. Sims and Clement Scott. Strand, February 7th, 1887.
- Jack O'Lantern.* C. H. Hazlewood. Britannia, July 8th, 1867.
- Jack of All Trades.* (Adapted from the French.) H. Neville and Florence Haydon. Olympic, October 3rd, 1861.
- Jack Sheppard.* G. White. Queen's, October 21st, 1839.
- Jack Sheppard.* ("Les Chevaliers du Brouillard.") Queen's (Miss Rogers), Adelphi (Mrs. Keeley), Victoria (Mr. Harding), Surrey (Mr. E. F. Saville).
- Jacob Faithful.* J. T. Haines. Surrey, December 14th, 1834.
- Jacobite (The).* Planché. Haymarket, June 12th, 1847.
- James VI.* Rev. J. White. Wells, March 6th, 1852.
- Jane Eyre.* Surrey, November 16th, 1867.
- Jane Eyre.* Adapted by W. G. Wills from Charlotte Brontë's celebrated novel. Globe, December 23rd, 1882.
- Jane Shore.* W. G. Wills. Princess's, September 30th, 1876.
- Janet Pride.* ("Marie Jeanne.") Dion Boucicault. Adelphi, March 5th, 1855.
- Jealousy.* Charles Reade. Olympic, April 22nd, 1878.
- Jeames.* F. C. Burnand. Gaiety, August 26th, 1878.
- Jeanne d'Arc.* Tom Taylor. Queen's, April 10th, 1871.
- Jeanne Dubarry.* H. Herman. Charing Cross, May 15th, 1875.
- Jedbury, Junior.* Madeline Lucette Ryley. Terry's, February 14th, 1896. (Originally produced in America.)
- Jenkinses (The).* Planché. Drury Lane, December 9th, 1830.
- Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane.* H. R. Addison. Adelphi, August, 1833.
- Jest (The).* Murray Carson and Louis Parker. Criterion, November 10th, 1898.
- Jewess (The).* Planché. Drury Lane, November 16th, 1835.
- Jewess (The).* Adapted by Louis Ludovic from Mosenthal's "Deborah." Shaftesbury, June 27th, 1899.
- Jezebel, or The Dead Reckoning.* ("Le Pendu.") Dion Boucicault. Holborn, December 5th, 1870.
- Jilt (The).* Dion Boucicault. Prince of Wales, July 29th, 1886.  
(Produced for copyright purposes at the Elephant and Castle Theatre, July 13th, 1885.)

- Jilted.* Alfred Maltby. Criterion, July 28th, 1879.
- Jim the Penman.* Sir Charles Young, Bart. Haymarket, March 25th, 1886.
- Jingle.* James Albery. Lyceum, July 8th, 1878.
- Jo.* J. P. Burnett. Globe, February 21st, 1876.
- Joan of Arc.* Tom Taylor. Queen's, April 10th, 1871.
- Joan of Arc.* William Brough. Strand, March 29th, 1869.
- Joconde.* Nicolo Isouard. (Translated by Mr. Santley). Lyceum, October 25th, 1876.
- John-a-Dreams.* Haddon Chambers. Haymarket, November 8th, 1894.
- John Jasper's Wife.* Frank Harvey. Standard, May 8th, 1876.
- John of Procida, or The Bridals of Messina.* J. S. Knowles. Covent Garden, September, 1840.
- Jonathan Bradford, or The Murder at the Roadside Inn.* (The original of hundreds of melodramas.) Edward Fitzball. (Osbaldiston, Jonathan.) June 12, 1833.
- Jones the Avenger.* Talfourd. Olympic, November 24th, 1856.
- Joseph's Sweetheart.* Founded on Fielding's novel by Robert Buchanan. Vaudeville, March 8th, 1888.
- Journeys End in Lovers Meeting.* John Oliver Hobbes and George Moore. Daly's, June 5th, 1894.
- Joy is Dangerous.* ("La Joie Fait Peur." Madame de Girardin.) J. Mortimer. Drury Lane, February 9th, 1871.
- Juanna.* W. G. Wills. Court, May 7th, 1881.
- Judah.* H. A. Jones. Shaftesbury, May 21st, 1890.
- Judy.* Adapted from Percy Pickering's novel, "A Life Awry," by Roy Horniman. Prince of Wales, May 8th, 1899.
- Junius, or The Household Gods.* Lord Lytton. Princess's, February 26th, 1885.
- Just Like Roger.* W. Webster. Adelphi, April 15th, 1872.
- Kate Payton's Lovers.* Charles Reade. Queen's, December 20th, 1873.
- Kenilworth, or Ye Queen, Ye Earl, and Ye Maiden.* Strand, December 29th, 1858.
- Kevin's Choice.* (Libretto.) Miss Hazlewood. St. George's Hall, December 2nd, 1867.
- Kicks and Halfpence.* W. Brough and Doctor Franck. Lyceum, September 1st, 1858.
- Kind to a Fault.* William Brough. Strand, November 11th, 1867.
- King Arthur.* Comyns Carr. Lyceum, January 12th, 1895.
- King Charming.* Planché. Lyceum, December 26th, 1850.
- King Christmas.* Planché. Gallery of Illustration, December 26th, 1871.
- King Indigo.* F. C. Burnand. (Music by Johann Strauss.) Alhambra, September 24th, 1877.
- King of the Commons (The).* Rev. J. White. Princess's, May 20th, 1846.

- King of the Peacocks.* Planché. Lyceum, December 26th, 1848.
- King O'Scots.* Andrew Halliday. Drury Lane, September 26th, 1868.
- King René's Daughter.* Adapted by Sir (then Mr.) Theodore Martin, from the Swedish of Heinrk Herry. Haymarket, July 6th, 1855. Helen Faucit (who had played the part previously in the provinces) as Iolanthe. In 1849, two other translations, in which Mrs. Stirling and Mrs. Charles Kean played the heroine, had been presented in London.
- King's Butterfly.* Bellew and Chas. Dickens. Lyceum, October 22nd, 1864.
- King's Death Trap (The).* C. H. Hazlewood. Britannia, November 25th, 1867.
- King's Musketeers.* Lyceum, October, 1856.
- King's Outcast (The).* Gayer Mackay. Metropole, Camberwell, April 24th, 1899.
- King's Pleasure (The).* Alfred Thompson. (Amateur performance.) Gaiety, April 12th, 1870.
- King's Rival.* Tom Taylor and Charles Reade. St. James's, October 2nd, 1854.
- King's Wager, or Cottage and the Court.* T. E. Wilks. Victoria, December 4th, 1837.
- Kissi Kissi, or Pa, the Ma, and the Padishah.* F. C. Burnand. Opera Comique, July 12th, 1873.
- Kit Marlowe.* W. L. Courtney. (Marlowe Memorial Matinée for first time.) Shaftesbury, July 4th, 1890.
- Knight of Arva.* Dion Boucicault. Haymarket, November 22nd, 1848.
- Knights of the Round Table.* Planché. Haymarket, May 20th, 1854.
- L'Abbaye de Castro.* Dion Boucicault. Olympic, February, 1851.
- Ladies' Battle.* ("La Bataille de Dames.") T. W. Robertson, 1851.
- Ladies' Champion (The).* Harold Gwindon. Haymarket, May 18th, 1868.
- Lady Anne's Well, or The Warning Spirit.* W. Travers. Britannia, July 20th, 1868.
- Lady Audley's Secret.* (Adapted from Miss Braddon's novel.) George Roberts. St. James's, February 28th, 1863.
- Lady Bountiful.* A. W. Pinero. Garrick, May 25th, 1891.
- Lady Clancarty, or Wedded and Wooed.* Tom Taylor. Olympic, March 9th, 1874.
- Lady Clare.* (Adapted by Robert Buchanan from George Ohnet's "Le Maître de Forges.") Globe, April 11th, 1883.
- Lady in Difficulties.* Planché. Lyceum, October 15th, 1849.
- Lady Flora.* Charles F. Coghlan. Court, March 13th, 1875.
- Lady Gladys.* Robert Buchanan. Opera Comique, May 7th, 1894. (Copyright performance.)



- Lady of the Lake (The)*. Andrew Halliday. Drury Lane, September 21st, 1872.
- Lady of the Lake (The), Plaid in a New Tartan*. Reece. New Royalty, September 10th, 1866.
- Lady of the Lane (The)*. H. J. Byron. Strand, October 31st, 1872.
- Lady of Lyons (The)*. Bulwer Lytton. Covent Garden (anonymously), February 15th, 1838. The name of Edward Lytton Bulwer was first announced as that of the author of *The Lady of Lyons* in the play-bill of Saturday, February 24th, 1838.
- Lady of Lyons (burlesque)*. Byron. Strand, July 14th, 1859.
- Lady of Lyons Married and Settled (The)*. Herman C. Merivale. Gaiety, October 5th, 1878.
- Lady of Ostend (The)*. Adapted from the German by F. C. Burnand. Terry's, July 5th, 1899.
- Lady of Quality (A)*. Francis Hodgson Burnett and Stephen Townsend. First time in London, Comedy, March 9th, 1899.
- Lady from the Sea (The)*. Henrik Ibsen. (Translated by Eleanor Marx-Aveling.) Terry's, May 11th, 1891.
- Lady Windermere's Fan*. Oscar Wilde. St. James's, February 20th, 1892.
- L'Africaine*. F. C. Burnand. Strand, November 18th, 1865.
- Lalla Rookh*. Vincent Amcotts. Gallery of Illustration, June 19th, 1868.
- Lame Excuse (A)*. Frederick Hay. Prince of Wales's, April 19th, 1869.
- Lamed for Life*. Westland Marston. Royalty, June 12th, 1871.
- Lancers (The)*. ("Fils de Famille" M. Bayard.) Princess's, November 16th, 1853.
- Lancashire Lass (The)*. H. J. Byron. Queen's, July 24th, 1868.
- Land Rats and Water Rats*. Watts Phillips. Surrey, September 5th, 1868.
- Language of Flowers*. Wooller. Olympic, May 25th, 1852.
- Last of the Barons (The)*. L. H. du Terreaux. Strand, April 18th, 1872.
- Last of the Paladins (The)*. R. Reece. Gallery of Illustration. December 23rd, 1868.
- Last Chance (The)*. G. R. Sims. Adelphi, April 4th, 1885.
- Last Days of Pompeii (The)*. John Oxenford. Queen's, January 8th, 1872.
- Last Link of Love (The)*. C. H. Hazlewood. Britannia, February 25th, 1867.
- Last of the Legends (The)*. Gilbert A' Beckett. Charing Cross, September 1st, 1873.
- Last Moment (The)*. W. Travers. New East London, October 26th, 1867.
- Late Mr. Costello (The)*. Sydney Grundy. Comedy, December 28th, 1896.

- Late Lamented (The)*. Tom Taylor. Haymarket, November 19th, 1859.
- Late Ralph Johnston (The)*. Sutherland Edwards. Royalty, February 26th, 1872.
- Latest Edition of Black-Eyed Susan (The), or The Little Bill that was Taken Up*. F. C. Burnand. New Royalty, November 29th, 1866.
- Latin Love and War*. Macfarren. Haymarket, April 1st, 1839.
- L'Aventurière*. Émile Augier. Princess's, May 23rd, 1870.
- Law for Ladies*. ("La Code des Femmes.") Lyceum, March 16th, 1859.
- Law of the Lips*. Wooller. Sadler's Wells, August 4th, 1851.
- Lawyers (The)*. ("Les Avocats.") G. H. Lewis. Lyceum, May, 1853.
- Charles Mathews as Quality Court.
- Leading Strings*. A. C. Troughton. Olympic, October 21st, 1857.
- Leah, a Hearty Joke in a Cab-age*. W. Routledge. (Amateur performance.) Gallery of Illustration, January 23rd, 1869.
- Leah, or The Jewish Maiden*. (Adapted from Mosenthal's German play "Deborah.") Adelphi, October 1st, 1863.
- Leatherhugs the Great, How he Stormed, Reigned, and Mizzled*. J. C. Cheltnam. Adelphi, July 1st, 1872.
- Led Astray*. (Octave Feuillet's "La Tentation.") Dion Boucicault. Gaiety, July 1st, 1874.
- Legacy Love*. Ernest Cuthbert. Vaudeville, December 7th, 1872.
- Legion of Honour (The)*. Planché. Drury Lane, April 16th, 1831.
- Lend me Five Shillings*. Maddison Morton. Haymarket.
- Leprachaun, or Bad Luck's Good Luck with Good Looking After*. Edmund Falconer. Lyceum, March 2nd, 1859.
- Lesson (A)*. (Adapted from Lolotte of MM. Meilhac and Halévy, by F. C. Burnand.) Haymarket, November 26th, 1881.
- Lesson for Life*. Tom Taylor. Haymarket, December 27th, 1866.
- Lesson in Love (A)*. C. S. Cheltnam. St. James's, December 22nd, 1864.
- Lestocq*. W. T. Moncrieff. Victoria, March 2nd, 1835.
- L'Etrangère*. (English version.) Haymarket, June 3rd, 1876.
- Liars (The)*. H. A. Jones. Criterion, October 6th, 1897.
- Liberty Hall*. R. C. Carton. St. James's. December 3rd, 1892.
- Life Chase (A)*. John Oxenford and Horace Wigan. Gaiety, October 11th, 1869.
- Life in the Coal-Pits*. J. C. Levey. Victoria, February 26th, 1867.
- Life of an Actress*. Dion Boucicault. Adelphi, March 1st, 1862.
- Life for Life*. Westland Marston. Lyceum, March 6th, 1869.
- Life of Pleasure (A)*. Henry Pettitt and Augustus Harris. Drury Lane. September 21st, 1893.
- Life's Ransom (A)*. Westland Marston. Lyceum, February 16th, 1857.
- Life Signal (The)*. (Another version of "Cherry and Fair Star," both by C. H. Hazlewood.) Britannia, April 25th, 1867.
- Light*. Arthur J. Flaxman. Gaiety, November 3rd, 1877.
- Light in the Dark*. W. Sidney. New Greenwich, March 11th, 1867.
- Lighthouse (The)*. Wilkie Collins. Olympic, August 11th, 1857.

- Light of Love (The)*. Mrs. H. Young. February 25th, 1867.
- Lights of Home (The)*. G. R. Sims and Robert Buchanan. Adelphi, July 30th, 1892.
- Lights o' London (The)*. George R. Sims. Princess's, September 10th, 1881.
- Like and Unlike*. ("Thérèse ou Ange et Dimon.") Adelphi, 1856.
- Linda of Chamouni, or Not a Formosa*. Alfred Thompson. Gaiety, September 13th, 1869.
- Lion Limb*. Cecil Pitt. Britannia, September 25th, 1867.
- Liline and Valentin*. J. M. Layton. Music by Lecocq. Gaiety, September 13th, 1875.
- Little Change (A)*. Sydney Grundy. Haymarket, July 13th, 1872.
- Little Cricket (The)*. James Mortimer. Duke's, June 8th, 1878.
- Little Doctor Faust*. H. J. Byron. Gaiety, October 3rd, 1877.
- Little Don Cæsar de Bazan*. H. J. Byron. Gaiety, August 26th, 1876.
- Little Dorrit*. Strand, November 13th, 1856.
- Little Duke (The)*. English version by B. C. Stephenson and Clement Scott. Philharmonic, April 27th, 1878.
- Little Em'ly*. Andrew Halliday. Olympic, October 9th, 1869.
- Little Eyolf*. Ibsen. (Translated by William Archer.) Avenue, November 23rd, 1896.
- Little Fibs*. Miss E. Berrie. Charing Cross, September 11th, 1869.
- Little Girl (My)*. Adapted by Dion Boucicault from Besant and Rice's novel of the same name. Court, February 15th, 1882.
- Little Lord Fauntleroy*. (Adapted from Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's story of the same name by E. V. Seebohm.) Prince of Wales's, February 23rd, 1888.
- Little Mother*. Maddison Morton. Royalty, April 21st, 1870.
- Little Ray of Sunshine (A)*. Mark Ambient and Wilson Heriot. Royalty, December 31st, 1898.
- Little Robin Hood, or Quite a New Beau*. R. Reece. New Royalty, April 19th, 1871.
- Little Tom Tug, or, The Fresh Waterman*. F. C. Burnand. Opera Comique, November 12th, 1873.
- Little Treasure*. Haymarket, March 19th, 1863.
- Living at Ease*. Arthur Sketchley. Strand, October 5th, 1870.
- Living Too Fast on a Twelvemonth's Honeymoon*. Princess's, October 9th, 1854.
- Liz, or, That Lass o' Lowrie's*. Arthur Matthison and Joseph Hatton. Opera Comique, September 1st, 1877.
- Loan of a Lover (The)*. Planché. Olympic, September 29th, 1834.
- Locked In*. J. P. Wooler. Prince of Wales's, September 17th, 1870.
- Locked Out*. Howard Paul. Haymarket. July 12th, 1875.
- Lodgers and Dodgers*. Frederick Hay. Strand, May 13th, 1871.
- L'Oeil Crevé*. M. Hervé. Globe, June 15th, 1872.

- L'Oeil Crevé.* (English version.) H. B. Farnie. Opera Comique, October, 21st, 1872.
- London Assurance.* Dion Boucicault. Covent Garden, March 4th, 1841. (Revival.) Criterion, November 27th, 1890.
- London Day by Day.* G. R. Sims and Henry Pettitt. Adelphi, September 14th, 1889.
- London by Gaslight.* (Adapted from Augustin Daly's American piece, "Under the Gaslight.") Miss Hazlewood. Sadler's Wells. September 19th, 1868.
- London Pride, or, Living for Appearances.* James Kenney. St. James's, November 9th, 1859.
- Long Strike (A).* Dion Boucicault. Lyceum, September 15th, 1866.
- Loo, and The Party Who Took Miss.* H. B. Farnie. Strand, September 28th, 1874.
- Lord Bateman.* Sydney French. Alhambra, December 24th, 1875.
- Lord Bateman, or The Proud Young Porter, and the Fair Sophia.* Henry J. Byron. Globe, December 27th, 1869.
- Lord Dundreary Married and Done For.* H. J. Byron. Haymarket, June 13th, 1864.
- Lord Harry (The).* H. A. Jones and Wilson Barrett. Princess's, February 18th, 1886.
- Lord and Lady Algy.* R. C. Carton. Comedy, April 21st, 1898.
- Lords and Commons.* A. W. Pinero. Haymarket, November 24th, 1883.
- Lost and Found.* Music by Virginia Gabriel. Libretto by George Marsh. Gallery of Illustration, February 5th, 1870.
- Lost Hope.* Oxenford. Lyceum. February 16th, 1859. (Céleste Benefit.)
- Lost in London.* Watts Phillips. Adelphi, March 16th, 1867.
- Lost at Sea, a London Story.* Dion Boucicault and Henry J. Byron. Adelphi, October 2nd, 1869.
- Louis the Eleventh.* (Casimir Delavigne.) Princess's, January 13th, 1855. (Charles Kean.) Lyceum. (Henry Irving.) March 9th, 1878.
- Love.* J. S. Knowles. Covent Garden, 1838.
- Love and Fortune.* Planché. Princess's, September 24th, 1859.
- Love and Hate.* Horace Wigan. Olympic, June 23rd, 1859.
- Love and Honour.* Campbell Clarke. Globe, August 14th, 1875.
- Love and Hunger.* Maddison Morton. Adelphi, September 28th, 1859.
- Love and Money.* Charles Reade and Henry Pettitt. Adelphi, November 18th, 1882.
- Love Bird.* Libretto by Conway Edwardes. Music by A. Nicholson. Vaudeville, June 19th, 1872.
- Love Charm (The), or The Village Coquette.* Drury Lane, November 3rd, 1831.
- Love Chase (The).* J. S. Knowles. Haymarket, 1837.
- Love Knot (The).* Stirling Coyne. Drury Lane, March 8th, 1858.

- Love Test (A)*. Gaiety, June 22nd, 1872.
- Love in Idleness*. Louis Parker and Edward J. Goodman. Terry's, December 28th, 1897.
- Love of Life*. Tom Taylor and Merritt. Olympic, June 10th, 1878.
- Love in Livery*. J. P. Wooler. Princess's, May 7th, 1845.
- Love's Alarms*. Edward Fitzwilliam. Haymarket, November 17th, 1853.
- Love's Doctor*. Andrew Halliday. Royalty, January 27th, 1870.
- Love's Ordeal, or The Old and New Regime*. Edmund Falconer. Drury Lane, May 3rd, 1865.
- Love's Triumph*. Planché. Covent Garden, November 3rd, 1862.
- Loving Cup (A)*. Andrew Halliday. Royalty, November 26th, 1868.
- Loving Hearts*. G. F. Neville. Strand, May 21st, 1870.
- Low Water*. A. W. Pinero. Globe, January 12th, 1886.
- L. S. D.* Bertie Vyse. Royalty, June 29th, 1872.
- Lucifer Matches, or The Yankee Girl*. Anonymous—a sort of skit on "Faust." Adelphi, September 25th, 1856.
- Lucky Friday*. Alfred Wigan. Olympic, March 16th, 1855.
- Lucky Hit (A)*. ("La Belle Affaire.") Charles Appleyard. Royalty, November 21st, 1872.
- Lucrezia Borgia*. Sydney French. Marylebone, July 20th, 1867.
- Lucrezia Borgia, M.D., or La Grande Doctoresse*. Henry J. Byron, Holborn, October 28th, 1868.
- Lucy Wentworth, or The Village-born Beauty*. T. P. Prest. City of London (prize drama) October 28th, 1857.
- Mabel's Life, or A Bitter Bargain*. H. J. Byron. Adelphi, November 2nd, 1872.
- Macbeth*. (Burlesque.) Talfourd. Olympic, April 28th, 1853.
- Madame Angot*. (New version.) Frank Desprez. Royalty, June 4th, 1875.
- Madame Favart*. Offenbach. (Adapted by H. B. Farnie.) Strand, April 12th, 1879.
- Madame L'Archiduc*. H. B. Farnie. (Music by Offenbach.) Opera Comique, January 13th, 1876.
- Madame Sans-Gêne*. (Adapted by Comyns Carr from the French of MM. Victorien Sardou and Emile Moreau.) Lyceum, April 10th, 1897.
- Madcap*. (Adaptation of "La Chaste Suzanne.") R. Reece and H. B. Farnie. Royalty, February 7th, 1878.
- Madcap Prince (A)*. Robert Buchanan. Haymarket, August 3rd, 1874.
- Madeleine Morel*. D. E. Bandmann. Queen's, April 20th, 1878.
- Madeleine*. James Mortimer. Vaudeville, February 1st, 1873.
- Maelstrom (The)*. Mark Melford. Shaftesbury, April 9th, 1892. (Originally produced as "A Hidden Terror" at Prince of Wales's, Southampton, March 16th, 1891.)



- Magda*. (Adapted by Louis Parker from Hermann Sudermann's play "Heimath.") Lyceum, June 3rd, 1896.
- Maggie's Situation*. J. Maddison Morton. Court, January 27th, 1875.
- Magic Fife (The)*. Offenbach. Gaiety, January 25th, 1873.
- Magic Flute*. Planché. Drury Lane, March 10th, 1838.
- Magic Toys*. ("Les Pantins de Violette.") Lydia Thompson. Lyceum, October, 1860.
- Magistrate (The)*. A. W. Pinero. Court Theatre, March 21st, 1885. (Revived Terry's, April 13th, 1892.)
- Maid of Honour*. Balfe and Fitzball. Drury Lane, December 20th, 1847.
- Maid of Honour*. J. P. Wooller. Strand, May 16th, 1864.
- Maid of Mariendorpt (The)*. J. S. Knowles. Haymarket, 1838.
- Main Chance (The)*. H. B. Farnie. Royalty, April 15th, 1874.
- Malala*. Offenbach. Gaiety, April 8th, 1871.
- Mamma*. (Adapted by Sydney Grundy from Bisson and Mars' "Les Surprises du Divorce.") Court, September 24th, 1888.
- Mammon*. Sydney Grundy. Strand, April 7th, 1877.
- Manager (The)*. F. C. Burnand (Founded on "Le Mari de la Débutante" of MM. Meilhac and Halevy. Court, February 15th, 1882.
- Manager in Love (The)*. Haymarket, February 3rd, 1873.
- Man o' Airlie (The)*. W. G. Wills. Princess's, July 20th, 1867.
- Man in the Iron Mask (The)*. Adelphi, March 11th, 1899.
- Man in the Moon (The)*. E. L. Blanchard. Princess's, April 10th, 1871.
- Man in Possession (The)*. James Albery. Gaiety, December 4th, 1876.
- Man Proposes*. Sydney Grundy. Duke's, March 18th, 1878.
- Man and Wife*. Wilkie Collins. Prince of Wales's, February 22nd, 1873.
- Man is not Perfect*. ("L'Homme n'est par Parfait.") Benjamin Webster, jun. Adelphi, October 14th, 1867.
- Man of Quality (The)*. (Adapted by John Hollingshead from Sir John Vanbrugh's play "The Relapse, or Virtue in Danger.") Gaiety, May 7th, 1870.
- Man of Two Lives (The)*. Bayle Bernard. Drury Lane, March 29th, 1869.
- Man with Many Friends (The)*. Stirling Coyne. Haymarket, September 3rd, 1855.
- Manœuvres of Jane (The)*. H. A. Jones. Haymarket, October 29th, 1898.
- Man's Shadow*. (Adapted by Robert Buchanan from Jules Mary and George Grisier's drama "Roger la Honte,") September 12th, 1889. (Originally produced for copyright purposes in a very crude state at the Elephant and Castle Theatre, November 29th, 1888, under the title of "Roger la Honte, or Jean the Disgraced.")

- Manxman (The)*. (Adapted from Hall Caine's novel of the same name.) Shaftesbury, November 18th, 1895.
- Marble Heart (The)*, or *The Sculptor's Dream*. ("Les Filles de Marbre.") Charles Selby. Adelphi, May 31st, 1854. (Leigh Murray and Madame Celeste.)
- Margaret Catchpole, the Heroine of Suffolk*. E. Stirling, Surrey, March, 1845.
- Margery's Lovers*. Brander Matthews. Court, February 18th, 1884.
- Marie*. R. D'Oyly Carte. Opera Comique, August 26th, 1871.
- Marie Antoinette*. Palgrave Simpson. Princess's, February 15th, 1869.
- Marie de Meranie*. Westland Marston. Olympic, November, 1856.
- Mariner's Compass (The)*. Henry Leslie. Astley's, March 7th, 1865.
- Mariners of England (The)*. Robert Buchanan and Charles Marlowe. Olympic, March 9th, 1897. (Originally produced at Grand Theatre, Nottingham.)
- Marriage Certificate (The)*. C. H. Hazlewood. Britannia, June 10th, 1867.
- Marriage of Convenience (A)*. (Adapted by Sydney Grundy from Alexandre Dumas' Comedy "Un Mariage Sous Louis Quinze.") Haymarket, June 5th, 1897.
- Marriage of Figaro*. Planché. Covent Garden, March 15th, 1842.
- Marriage Lines*. J. Daly Besemeres. Court, March 17th, 1873.
- Married*. James Albery. Royalty, November 29th, 1873.
- Married for Money*. (Adaptation of Poole's "The Wealthy Widow, or They're Both to Blame," first played at Drury Lane, October 27th, 1827.) C. J. Mathews. Drury Lane, October 10th, 1855.
- Married in Haste*. Byron. Haymarket, October 2nd, 1875.
- Married Life*. J. B. Buckstone. Haymarket, 1834.
- Married, not Mated*. Frank Harvey. Olympic, April 27th, 1879.
- Martha*. Robert Reece. Gaiety, April 14th, 1873.
- Martin Chuzzlewit*. E. Stirling. Lyceum, July 8th, 1844. (Bailey, Mrs. Keeley ; Jonas, Emery ; Sairey Gamp, Keeley ; Tigg, Alfred Wigan.)
- Martin Chuzzlewit (new version)*. Horace Wigan. Olympic, March 2nd, 1868.
- Martyr (The)*. Templeton Lucas. Vaudeville, November 3rd, 1892. (Originally produced at the first Court Theatre, January 1872, under the title of "Browne the Martyr.")
- Marvels of Electricity (The)*. Holborn Amphitheatre, December 28th, 1868.
- Mary Pennington, Spinster*. W. R. Walkes. St. James's, April 24th, 1896.
- Mary Queen of Scots*. W. G. Wills. Princess's, February 23rd, 1874.
- Mary Stuart*. Hon. Lewis Wingfield. Court, November 20th, 1880.
- Mary Turner*. F. C. Burnand. New Holborn, October 25th, 1867.
- Mary Warner*. Tom Taylor. Haymarket, June 21st, 1869.
- Masaniello*. Brough. Olympic, July 2nd, 1857.

- Masks and Faces, or Before and Behind the Curtain.* Tom Taylor and Charles Reade. Haymarket, November 20th, 1852.
- Masqueraders (The).* H. A. Jones. St. James's, April 28th, 1894.
- Master (The).* Stuart Ogilvie. Globe, April 23rd, 1898.
- Master and Man.* Henry Pettitt and G. R. Sims. Princess's, December 18th, 1889. (Produced at Prince of Wales's, Birmingham, March 25th, 1889; reproduced at Pavilion and Grand Theatres before London production.)
- Master Builder (The).* Ibsen. (Translated by William Archer and Edmund Gosse.) Trafalgar Square (now Duke of York's), February 20th, 1893.
- Master Humphrey's Clock.* Fox Cooper. Victoria, May 26th, 1840.
- Master Jones's Birthday.* Maddison Morton. Princess's, August 24th, 1868.
- Master Passion (The), or The Outlaws of the Adriatic.* Falconer. Princess's, November 2nd, 1859.
- Master of Ravenswood.* Palgrave Simpson. Lyceum, Christmas, 1865.
- Matches.* Charles Glenney and A. E. Bagot. Comedy, January 17th, 1899.
- Match-maker (A).* Clo Graves and Gertrude Kingston. Shaftesbury, May 9th, 1896.
- Match-maker (The).* C. S. Cheltnam. Gaiety, October 11th, 1871.
- Matrimonial Prospectuses.* Strand, April 1st, 1852.
- Maud's Peril.* Watts Phillips. Adelphi, October 23rd, 1867.
- May and December.* (Adapted by Sydney Grundy from MM. Meilhac and Halévy's "La Petite Marquise.") Comedy, November 15th, 1890. (Originally adapted by Sydney Grundy and Joseph Mackey as "A Novel Reader," which the Censor refused to License.)
- May, or Dolly's Delusion.* R. Reece. Strand, April 4th, 1874.
- Mayfair.* (Adapted by A. W. Pinero from Sardou's "Maison Neuve.") St. James's, October 31st, 1885.
- Mayflower (The).* Louis N. Parker. Theatre Metropole, Camberwell, March 6th, 1899.
- Mazeppa.* H. J. Byron. Olympic, December 27th, 1858.
- Mazourka, or The Stick, the Pole, and the Tartar.* H. J. Byron. Strand, April 28th, 1864.
- Medal of Bronze, or The Queen of the Innocents.* Vollaire and H. G. Plunkett. Surrey, October 4th, 1862.
- Medea.* Robert Brough. Olympic, July 14th, 1856.
- Medea in Corinth.* W. G. Wills. Lyceum, July 8th, 1872.
- Medea, or The Libel on the Lady of Colchis.* Mark Lemon. Adelphi, July 10th, 1856.
- Medicine Man (The).* H. D. Traill and Robert Hichens. Lyceum, May 4th, 1898.
- Meg's Diversions.* H. T. Craven. New Royalty, October 17th, 1866.

- Melusine.* G. M. Layton. (Music by M. Hervé.) Holborn Amphitheatre, October 17th, 1874.
- Memories.* T. A. Palmer. Court, October 12th, 1878.
- Merry Duchess (The).* G. R. Sims. (Music by Fred Clay.) Royalty, April 23rd, 1883.
- Merry-Go-Round (The).* Seymour Hicks. (Lyrics by Aubrey Hopwood, music by Meyer Lutz.) Coronet, Notting Hill, April 24th, 1899.
- Merry Widow (The).* Leicester Buckingham. St. James's, January 31st, 1863.
- Merry Zingara (The), or The Topsy Gipsy and the Popsy Wopsy.* W. S. Gilbert. Royalty, March 21st, 1868.
- Mesmeric Mystery (A).* W. R. Osman. Victoria, August 17th, 1867.
- Methinks I See My Father.* St. James's, September 29th, 1837.
- Michael and His Lost Angel.* H. A. Jones. Lyceum, January 15th, 1896.
- Michael Strogoff.* MM. D'Ennery and Jules Verne. (Adapted by H. J. Byron.) Adelphi, March 14th, 1881.
- Middleman (The).* H. A. Jones. Shaftesbury, August 27th, 1889.
- Midsummer's Eve.* W. H. Yelland. (Ellen Terry played Puck.) Lyceum, October 2nd, 1861.
- Mighty Error (A).* Leonard Outram. (Suggested by Robert Browning's play "In a Balcony.") Avenue, July 14th, 1891.
- Mikado (The), or the Town of Titipu.* Libretto by W. S. Gilbert, music by Arthur Sullivan. Savoy, March 14th, 1885.
- Military Billy Taylor (The), or The War in the Cariboo Islands.* F. C. Burnand. Royalty, April 22nd, 1869.
- Milky White.* H. T. Craven. Strand, September 28th, 1864.
- Miller and His Men.* H. J. Byron and F. Talfourd. Strand, April 20th, 1860.
- Miller of Millberg (The).* Meyer Lutz. Gaiety, April 13th, 1872.
- Miller's Daughter (The).* Langton Williams. Haymarket, May 15th, 1865.
- Milliner's Bill (My).* G. W. Godfrey. Court, March 6th, 1884.
- Millionaire (The).* (Adapted by G. W. Godfrey from Edmund Yates's novel "Kissing the Rod.") Court, September 27th, 1883.
- Million of Money (A).* Henry Pettitt and Augustus Harris. Drury Lane, September 6th, 1890.
- Mimi.* Dion Boucicault. (Founded partly on Henri Murger's "Scènes de la Vie Bohème.") Court, November 7th, 1881.
- Mind the Shop.* R. Reece and Edward Righton. Globe, April 22nd, 1878.
- Mine of Wealth (A).* E. Towers. City of London. July 1st, 1867.
- Minnie, or Leonard's Love.* Henry J. Byron. Globe, March 29th, 1869.
- Miriam's Crime.* H. T. Craven. Strand, October 9th, 1863.
- Miser's Treasure (Tne).* James Mortimer. Olympic, April 29th, 1878.

- Misogynist (The)*. G. W. Godfrey. St. James's, November 23rd, 1895.  
(Originally produced Theatre Royal, Manchester, October 25th, 1895,  
under the title of "The Woman Hater.")
- Miss Chester*. Miss Marryat and Sir Charles Young. Holborn, October  
5th, 1872.
- Miss Eily O'Connor*. (Burlesque.) H. J. Byron. Drury Lane,  
November 28th, 1861.
- Miss Gwilt*. Wilkie Collins. Globe, April 15th, 1876.
- Miss Hoyden's Husband*. (Augustin Daly, from Sheridan's "Trip to  
Scarboroughh.") Shaftesbury, July 4th, 1890.
- Miss Multon*. (French version of "East Lynne.") Duke's, November  
23rd, 1878.
- Miss Tomboy*. (Revised and expurgated version of Sir John Vanbrugh's  
play "The Relapse," by Robert Buchanan.) Vaudeville, March 20th,  
1890.
- Missive from the Clouds (A)*. Princess's, September 18th, 1871.
- Mr. Joffin's Latch Key*. Nugent Robinson. Charing Cross, January  
25th, 1875.
- Mr. Webster At Home in Adelphi Fare of Three Removes and a Dessert*.  
Mark Lemon. Adelphi, April 1st, 1853.
- Mrs. Bepfat's Blunder*. W. Routledge. (Amateur performance.) Gal-  
lery of Illustration, January 23rd, 1869.
- Mrs. Green's Snug Little Business*. Charles Smith Cheltnam. Strand,  
January 16th, 1865.
- Mrs. Hilary Regrets*. Theyre Smith. Criterion, June 21st, 1892.
- Mrs. Lessingham*. George Fleming. Garrick, April 6th, 1894.
- Model Uncle (A)*. S. Z. M. Strauss. Drury Lane, October 26th, 1868.
- Modern Eve (A)*. Malcolm C. Salaman. Haymarket, July 2nd,  
1894.
- Monastery of St. Just (The)*. ("Don Juan d'Autriche," by Casimir  
Delavigne.) Oxenford. Princess's (Stella Colas), June 25th, 1864.  
(Produced originally at Covent Garden as "Don Juan of Austria,"  
April 23rd, 1836.)
- Money*. Bulwer Lytton. Haymarket, December 8th, 1840.
- Money Spinner (The)*. A. W. Pinero. (Originally played at Manchester,  
November 5th, 1880.) St. James's, January 8th, 1881.
- Monsieur de Paris*. Alicia Ramsey and Rudolph de Cordova. Royalty,  
April 16th, 1896. (Originally produced at Gaiety, Hastings, as "The  
Executioner's Daughter." April 6th, 1896.)
- Monsieur Jacques*. Morris Barnett. St. James's, January 12th, 1836.
- Monsieur le Duc*. Val Prinsep, A.R.A. St. James's, October 4th, 1879.
- Mont Blanc*. Henry and Athol Mayhew. Haymarket, May 25th, 1874.
- Montcalm*. Sir Charles Young. Queen's, September 28th, 1872.
- Monte Cristo*. Adelphi, October 17th, 1868.
- Moonstone (The)*. Wilkie Collins. Olympic, September 17th, 1877.
- Morden Grange*. F. C. Burnand. Queen's, December 4th, 1869.



- Mother-in-Law.* George R. Sims. Opera Comique, December 31st, 1881. (Originally produced at Prince of Wales's, Liverpool, April 23rd, 1881.)
- Mother of Three (A).* Clo Graves. Comedy, April 8th, 1896.
- Mother's Maid (My).* (Another version of the French "Edgar et sa Bonne.") Haymarket, November 18th, 1858.
- Moths.* (Adapted from Ouida's novel by H. J. Hamilton.) Globe, March 25th, 1882.
- Mountain Sylph.* ("This Magic Wove Scarf.") John Barnett. English Opera House, Lyceum, August 25th, 1834.
- Mountebank.* ("Belphegor.") Lyceum, Easter, 1865.
- Mountebanks (The).* W. S. Gilbert. (Music by Alfred Cellier.) Lyric, January 4th, 1892.
- Moving Tale (A).* Mark Lemon. Adelphi, June 19th, 1854.
- M.P.* T. W. Robertson. Prince of Wales's, April 23rd, 1870.
- Much Too Clever.* ("Une Corneille qui abat des Noix.") John Oxenford and Joseph Hatton. Gaiety, February 23rd, 1874.
- Musical Box (The).* F. C. Burnand. Gaiety, October 1st, 1877.
- Musketeers (The).* (Adapted from Dumas' "Three Musketeers," by Sydney Grundy.) Her Majesty's, November 3rd, 1898.
- My Awful Dad.* Charles Mathews. Gaiety, September 13th, 1875.
- My Daughter.* (Adapted from the German by Mrs. Bancroft.) Garrick, January 2nd, 1892.
- My Friend from Leatherhead.* Yates and Harrington. Lyceum, February 23rd, 1857.
- My Friend the Governor.* Planché. Olympic, September 29th, 1834.
- My Friend the Major.* Charles Selby. St. James's, October 2nd, 1854.
- My Lord and My Lady, or It Might Have Been Worse.* J. R. Planché. (Founded on Dumas' "Un Mariage sous Louis XV.") Haymarket, July 12th, 1861.
- My Name is Norval.* Oxenford. St. James's, January 18th, 1860.
- My Niece and My Monkey.* H. Herman. Folly, June 10th, 1876.
- My Wife's Baby.* Frederick Hughes. Royalty, September 7th, 1872.
- Mysteries of Audley Court (The).* John Brougham. Astley's, August 11th, 1866.
- Mysteries of Paris.* (Eugene Sue.) Charles Dillon. Marylebone, September, 1844.
- Mysterious Lady.* Planché. Lyceum, October 18th, 1852.
- Mystery of Edwin Drood (The).* Walter Stephens. Surrey, November 4th, 1871.
- Mystery, or Greed for Gold.* Walter Stephens. Olympic, April 5th, 1873.
- Nabob for an Hour.* John Poole. Covent Garden, March 21st, 1832.
- Nadjesda.* Maurice Barrymore. Haymarket, January 2nd, 1886.
- Nancy Sikes.* Cyril Searle. Olympic, July 9th, 1878.

- Narcisse*. (Founded by Herr Broch Vogel on Diderot's "Nevue de Rameau, 1760. Bandmann played title-rôle.) Lyceum, February 17th, 1868.
- National Guard, or Bride and no Bride*. Planché. Drury Lane, February 4th, 1830.
- National Question (A)*. Robert Reece. Globe, March 16th, 1878.
- Nature's above Art, or a Romance of the Nursery*. Edmund Falconer. Drury Lane, September 12th, 1863.
- Nearly Lost*. W. Travers. City of London, August 5th, 1867.
- Needful (The)*. H. T. Craven. St. James's, January 1st, 1868.
- Ne'er-do-Well (The)*. W. S. Gilbert. Olympic, February 25th, 1878.
- Neighbours*. Oxenford. (Adapted from Charles Goldoni's Comedy.) Strand, November 10th, 1866.
- Nell, or the Old Curiosity Shop*. Andrew Halliday. Olympic, November 19th, 1870.
- Nell Gwynne*. W. G. Wills. Royalty, May 1st, 1878.
- Nell Gwynne, or The King and the Actress*. H. T. Arden. Royalty, June 12th, 1871.
- Nemesis, or Not Wisely but Too Well*. H. B. Farnie. Strand, April 17th, 1873.
- Nerves*. ("Les Femmes Nerveuses.") Comyns Carr. Comedy, June 9th, 1890.
- Never Judge by Appearances*. Henri Drayton. Adelphi, July 7th, 1859.
- Never Too Late to Mend*. Charles Reade. Princess's, October 4th, 1865.
- New Baby (The)*. (Adapted by Arthur Bouchier from "Der Rabenvater" by H. Fischer and J. Jarno.) Royalty, April 28th, 1896. (Originally produced at the Gaiety Theatre, Hastings, April 6th, 1896.)
- New Don Quixote (The)*. Robert Buchanan and Charles Marlowe. (Copyright performance.) Royalty, February 19th, 1896.
- New Magdalen (The)*. Wilkie Collins. Olympic, May 19th, 1873.
- Newmarket: a Tale of the Turf*. William Parr Isaacson. Holborn, October 17th, 1874.
- New Men and Old Acres*. Tom Taylor and Augustus Dubourg. Haymarket, October 25th, 1869.
- New Planet (The), or Harlequin out of Place*. Planché. Haymarket, April 5th, 1847.
- New Servant (The)*. Planché. Olympic, September 29th, 1837.
- New Sub (The)*. Seymour Hicks. Court, April 27th, 1892.
- New Trial (A)*. (Adapted by Charles Coghlan from "La Morte Civile" of P. Giacometti.) Prince of Wales's, December 18th, 1880.
- New Woman (The)*. Sydney Grundy. Comedy, September 1st, 1894.
- New Wing (The)*. H. A. Kennedy. Strand, January 9th, 1892. (Originally produced at Strand, May 27th, 1890.)
- Next of Kin (The)*. Edmund Falconer. Lyceum, April 12th, 1860.
- Nice Girl (A)*. Gaiety, February 8th, 1873.

- Nicholas Nickleby*. Andrew Halliday. Adelphi, March 20th, 1875.
- Night and Morning*. Edmund Falconer. Drury Lane, January 8th, 1864.
- Night and Morning*. ("La Joie fait Peur.") Dion Boucicault. Gaiety, November 19th, 1871.
- Night Out (A)*. (Adapted by Charles Klein and revised by Seymour Hicks from "Hotel Libre-Exchange," by MM. George Feydeau and Maurice Desvallières.) Vaudeville, April 29th, 1896. (Originally produced in England at Theatre Royal, Newcastle-on-Tyne, as "A Night in Paris.")
- Night of Terror: a Musical Madness in Three Fyttes*. Charles Wyndham and Arthur Matthison. Folly, December 22nd, 1877.
- Nightingale (The)*. T. W. Robertson. Adelphi, January 15th, 1870.
- Nightingale's Wooing*. Arthur Rushton and Frank Arlon. Philharmonic Theatre, April 10th, 1871.
- Nine Days' Queen (The)*. Robert Buchanan. Gaiety, December 22nd, 1880.
- Nine Days' Wonder (A)*. Hamilton Aidé. Court, June 12th, 1875.
- Ninon*. W. G. Wills. Adelphi, February 7th, 1880.
- Nita's First*. T. G. Warren. Novelty, March 4th, 1884. (Originally produced at Theatre Royal, Oxford, December 14th, 1883.)
- Nitocris*. E. Fitzball. Drury Lane, October 8th, 1855.
- Nitocris*. Clo Graves. Drury Lane, November 2nd, 1887.
- Noble Vagabond (The)*. H. A. Jones. Princess's, December 22nd, 1886.
- Nobody's Child*. Watts Phillips. Surrey, September 14th, 1867.
- No Cards*. John Oxenford. Adelphi, November 30th, 1872.
- No Thoroughfare*. Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins. Adelphi, December 26th, 1867.
- No Thoroughfare*. George Grossmith. Victoria, March 22nd, 1869.
- Norma*. Planché. Drury Lane, June 24th, 1837.
- Normandy Pippins*. H. J. Byron. Criterion, April 18th, 1874.
- Norma Travestie*. Oxberry. Adelphi, December 6th, 1841. (Norma, Paul Bedford; Adalgisa, Wright; Pollio, Mrs. H. P. Grattan.)
- Not at all Jealous*. T. W. Robertson. Court, May 29th, 1871.
- Not a Bad Judge*. Planché. Lyceum, March 2nd, 1848.
- Not Guilty*. Watts Phillips. Queen's, February 13th, 1869.
- Not if I Know It*. H. J. Byron. Haymarket, June 17th, 1871.
- Not so Bad After All*. Wybert Reeve. Charing Cross, January 8th, 1870.
- Not so Bad as We Seem*. Bulwer Lytton. Piccadilly, Duke of Devonshire's House (Guild of Art and Literature), May 16th, 1851. Haymarket, February 28th, 1853.
- Not such a Fool as He Looks*. H. J. Byron. Globe, October 23rd, 1869.
- Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith (The)*. A. W. Pinero. Garrick, March 13th, 1895.

- Notre Dame, or The Gipsy Girl of Paris.* Adapted from Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris," by Andrew Halliday. Adelphi, April 10th, 1871. It ran for 192 nights at the Adelphi.
- Novel Reader (The).* (Adapted by Joseph Mackay and Sydney Grundy from "La Petite Marquise" of Meilhac and Halévy.) Globe, September 28th, 1882.
- Nowadays, a Tale of the Turf.* Wilson Barrett. Princess's, February 28th, 1889.
- Number Nip.* Mark Lemon and Shirley Brooks. Adelphi, February 2nd, 1854.
- Number Six Duke Street.* Martin Becher. Drury Lane, September 23rd, 1871.
- Number Twenty, or The Bastille of Calvados.* Joseph Hatton and James Albery. Princess's, November 30th, 1878.
- Nursej Chickweed.* Williams. Princess's, November 12th, 1859.
- Obi, or Three Fingered Jack.* John Fawcitt. Covent Garden and Victoria.
- Obliging a Friend.* George Conquest. Grecian, November 11th, 1867.
- Observation and Flirtation.* Horace Wigan. Strand, July 26th, 1860.
- Octoroon, or Life in Louisiana.* Dion Boucicault. Adelphi, November 18th, 1861.
- Odds, What They Were, Who Won, and Who Lost Them.* Sefton Parry. Holborn, October 1st, 1870.
- Odette.* (Sardou.) Adapted by Clement Scott. Haymarket, April 25th, 1882.
- O'Dowd (The).* Dion Boucicault. Adelphi. October 21st, 1880. An Irish version of "The Porter's Knot."
- Off the Line.* ("L'Homme n'est par Parfait.") Clement Scott. Gaiety, April 1st, 1871.
- Official Wife (My).* A. C. Gunter. Lyric, November 10th, 1892. (Copyright performance.)
- Oil and Vinegar.* H. J. Byron. Gaiety, November 4th, 1874.
- Old Chateau (The), or A Night of Peril.* Stirling Coyne. Haymarket, July 22nd, 1854.
- Old Chums.* H. J. Byron. Opera Comique, December 16th, 1876.
- Old Cronies.* Theyre Smith. St. James's, March 6th, 1880.
- Old Curiosity Shop.* E. Stirling. Adelphi, November 9th, 1840. (Wright, Swiveller; P. Bedford, Codlin; Mrs. Keeley, Nelly.)
- Old Folks (The).* Howard Paul. Strand, September 16th, 1867.
- Old Forge (The).* Charles Osborne. Gaiety, June 22nd, 1872.
- Old Gooseberry.* T. J. Williams. Olympic, October 9th, 1869.
- Old Heads and Young Hearts.* Boucicault. Haymarket, November 18th, 1844.
- Old Jew (An).* Sydney Grundy. Garrick, January 6th, 1894.
- Old Lady (The).* Haddon Chambers. Criterion, November 19th, 1892.

- Old London.* F. Boyle. Queen's, February 5th, 1873.
- Old Love and the New (The).* Bronson Howard. (Adapted to the English stage by James Albery.) Court, December 15th, 1880.
- Old Maids.* J. S. Knowles. Covent Garden, October, 1841.
- Old Man (An).* Robert Reece. Duke's, March 25th, 1876.
- Old Master (An).* H. A. Jones. Princess's, November 6th, 1880.
- Old Offenders.* Planché. Adelphi, July 21st, 1859.
- Old Sailors.* H. J. Byron. Strand, October 19th, 1874.
- Old Salt.* John Daly. Strand, January 11th, 1868.
- Old Score (An).* W. S. Gilbert. Gaiety, July 26th, 1869.
- Old Soldiers.* H. J. Byron. Strand, January 25th, 1873.
- Old Style and the New (The).* Bayle Bernard. Surrey, April 27th, 1852.
- Old and Young Stager.* W. Leman Rede. Olympic (Charles Mathews and Liston), December 7th, 1835.
- Oliver Twist.* C. Z. Barnett. Pavilion, May 21st, 1838.
- Oliver Twist.* (New version.) John Oxenford. Queen's, April 11th, 1868.
- Oliver Twist.* (Another version.) J. B. Johnstone. Surrey, May 18th, 1868.
- Olivette.* (Adapted by H. B. Farnie from "Les Noces d'Olivette" of Chicot and Duru.) Strand, September 18th, 1880.
- Olivia.* W. G. Wills. Royal Court, March 30th, 1878.
- Olympic Devils, or Orpheus and Eurydice.* Planché. Olympic, December 26th, 1831.
- Olympic Games.* F. C. Burnand. Olympic, April 22nd, 1867.
- Olympic Revels.* (George Colman's story, "The Sun Poker.") Planché. Olympic, January 3rd, 1831.
- Omadhoun (The).* H. P. Grattan. Queen's, November 24th, 1877.
- On 'Change, or The Professor's Venture.* (Adapted from the German "Ultimo" of Von Moser.) Strand, July 1st, 1885.
- On Guard.* W. S. Gilbert. Court, October 28th, 1871.
- On and Off.* (Adaptation of "Le Controleur des Wagons Lits," by Alexandre Bisson.) Vaudeville, December 1st, 1898.
- On the Cards.* (Adapted by Alfred Thompson from "L'Escamoteur.") Gaiety, December 21st, 1868.
- On the Jury.* Watts Phillips. Princess's, December 16th, 1871.
- On Strike.* Arthur A'Beckett. Court, October 14th, 1873.
- On the Sly.* Maddison Morton. Haymarket, October 24th, 1864.
- Once Upon a Time.* (Adapted from Ludwig Fulda's "Der Talisman," by Louis Parker and H. Beerbohm Tree.) Haymarket, March 28th, 1894.
- Once upon a Time there were Two Kings.* Planché. Lyceum, December 26th, 1853.
- One of the Best.* Seymour Hicks and George Edwardes. Adelphi, December 21st, 1895.



- One Hundred Years Old.* Olympic, July 10th, 1875.
- One Summer's Day.* H. V. Esmond. Comedy, September 16th, 1897.
- One Too Many.* Desmond L. Ryan. Princess's, April 29th, 1872.
- One Too Many for Him.* T. J. Williams. Surrey, February 10th, 1868.
- One Touch of Nature.* Webster. Adelphi, August 6th, 1859.
- One Tree Hill.* H. T. Craven. Strand, April 17, 1865.
- Only a Player.* D. E. Banmann. Princess's, March 1st, 1873.
- Only the Governess.* Arthur Sketchley. Holborn, March 30th, 1872.
- Only Way (The), A Tale of Two Cities.* (Adapted by Freeman Wills from Charles Dickens' novel.) Lyceum, February 16th, 1899.
- Oonagh.* Falconer. Her Majesty's, November 19th, 1866.
- Open to Correction.* Robert Brough. Adelphi, January 10th, 1870.
- Open Gate (The).* Haddon Chambers. Comedy, March 28th, 1887.
- Orange Girl (The).* Leslie. Surrey, October 28th, 1864.
- Orange Tree and the Bumble Bee (The), or The Little Princess who was Lost at Sea.* H. J. Byron. Vaudeville, May 13th, 1871.
- Ordeal by Touch.* Richard Lee. Queen's, May 4th, 1872.
- Oriana.* James Albery. Globe, February 15th, 1873.
- Orient Express (The).* F. C. Burnand. Daly's, October 25th, 1893.
- Orphan's Legacy (The).* Adolphe Faucquez. Grecian, June 10th, 1867.
- Orpheus in the Haymarket.* Planché and Offenbach. Haymarket, December 26th, 1865.
- Ought We to Visit Her?* Mrs. Edwardes and W. S. Gilbert. Royalty, January 17th, 1874.
- Our American Cousin.* Tom Taylor. Haymarket, November 16th, 1861.
- Our Boys.* H. J. Byron. Vaudeville, January 16th, 1875.
- Our Club.* F. C. Burnand. Strand, May 9th, 1878.
- Our Domestics.* (Adapted from "Nos Domestiques.") Frederick Hay. Strand, June 15th, 1867.
- Our Farm.* Edward Rose. Queen's, June 29th, 1872.
- Our Female American Cousin.* Charles Galer. Adelphi, April 30th, 1860.
- Our Friends.* George March. Olympic, May 6th, 1872.
- Our Girls.* H. J. Byron. Vaudeville, April 19th, 1879.
- Our Mary Anne.* Buckstone. Drury Lane, January, 1838.
- Our Own Antony and Cleopatra.* F. C. Burnand. Gaiety, September 8th, 1873.
- Our Own Correspondent.* J. Strachan. Charing Cross, August 14th, 1871.
- Our Pet.* Conway Edwardes. Charing Cross, November 12th, 1873.
- Ours.* T. W. Robertson. Prince of Wales, September 15th, 1866.
- Ours.* (Revival.) T. W. Robertson. Globe, February 18th, 1899.
- Out of the Frying Pan.* A. P. Graves and P. Toft. Holborn, May 4th, 1872.
- Out of the Frying Pan into the Fire.* Brittain Wright. City of London, July 8th, 1867.

- Out of Sight Out of Mind.* Haymarket, August 4th, 1859.
- Overland Route (The).* Tom Taylor. Haymarket, February 23rd, 1860.
- Over Proof, or What was found in a Celebrated Case.* F. C. Burnand, Royalty, November 6th, 1878.
- Oxygen, or Gas in Burlesque Metre.* R. Reece and H. B. Farnie. Folly, March 31st, 1877.
- Pacha's Pets, or The Bear and the Monkey.* ("L'Ours de Pacha.") Oxberry. Victoria, September, 1838.
- Painless Dentistry.* Martin Beecher. Adelphi, June 12th, 1875.
- Pair of Pigeons (A).* Edward Stirling. Lyceum, November 5th, 1857.
- Pair of Spectacles (A).* (Adapted by Sydney Grundy from Labiche and Delacour's "Les Petites Oiseaux.") Garrick, February 22nd, 1890.
- Palace of Truth (The).* W. S. Gilbert. Haymarket, November 19th, 1870.
- Pale Janet.* C. H. Hazlewood. Pavilion, August 31st, 1867.
- Pan, or The Loves of Echo and Narcissus.* Byron. Adelphi, April 10th, 1865.
- Pandora's Box, or The Young Spark and the Old Flame.* Byron. Prince of Wales, December 26th, 1866.
- Pantins de Violette (Les).* Adolphe Adam. Princess's, June 27th, 1870.
- Pantomime Rehearsal (A), and A Commission.* (Transferred from Toole's, December 2nd, 1891, to the Court. Originally produced at Terry's, June 6th, 1891.)
- Paper Wings.* Watts Phillips. Adelphi, February 29th, 1860.
- Paphian Bower (The), or Venus and Adonis.* Planché. Olympic, December 26th, 1832.
- Paquita, or Love in a Frame.* (Music by Mallandaine. Libretto by R. Reece.) Royalty, October 21st, 1871.
- Parents and Guardians (To).* Tom Taylor. Lyceum, September 14th, 1846.
- Paris.* Arthur Sketchley. Egyptian Hall, February 4th, 1864.
- Partners.* Robert Buchanan. (Partly founded on Alphonse Daudet's story "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné.") Haymarket, January 5th, 1888.
- Partners for Life.* H. J. Byron. Globe, October 7th, 1871.
- Parvenu (The).* G. W. Godfrey. Court, April 8th, 1882.
- Passion.* Walter Stephens. Vaudeville, February 8th, 1873.
- Passion Flower (The), or Woman and the Law.* (Adapted by Clement Scott from the Spanish play "Pasionaria" of Leopoldo Cano Y. Massas.) Olympic, March 13th, 1885. (Originally produced at Theatre Royal, Hull, July 28th, 1884.)
- Patience, or Bunthorne's Bride.* W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. Opera Comique, April 23rd, 1881.
- Patient Penelope, or The Return of Ulysses.* Burnand. Strand, November 25th, 1863.

- Patter versus Clatter.* C. J. Mathews. Covent Garden, 1841.
- Patrician and Parvenu, or Confusion Worse Confounded.* John Poole. Drury Lane, March 21st, 1835.
- Patrician's Daughter (The).* Westland Marston. Drury Lane. December 10th, 1842.
- Patriot Spy (A).* Surrey, November, 1859. (Originally produced at the Surrey Theatre, November, 1859.)
- Paula Lazarro, or The Ladrone's Daughter.* Mark Lemon. Drury Lane, January 9th, 1854.
- Paul Clifford.* Fitzball. Covent Garden, November, 1835.
- Pauline.* (Music by F. H. Cowen. Libretto by Henry Hersee.) Lyceum, November 22nd, 1876.
- Paul Lafarge, or Self Made.* Dion Boucicault. Princess's, March 7th, 1870.
- Paul Pry Married and Settled.* Charles Mathews. Haymarket, October 3rd, 1861.
- Paul and Virginia.* Arthur Wood. Olympic, October 15th, 1870.
- Paul's Return.* Watts Phillips. Princess's, February 15th, 1864.
- Paul Zegers, or The Dream of Retribution.* F. C. Burnand. Alfred, November 13th, 1871.
- Paved with Gold.* J. B. Johnstone. City of London, May 16th, 1868.
- Payable on Demand.* Tom Taylor. Olympic, July 11th, 1859.
- Pay to the Bearer—a Kiss.* Walter Gordon. Haymarket, July 6th, 1868.
- Peacock's Holiday.* Hermann C. Merivale. Court, April 16th, 1874.
- Pecksniff.* Harry Paulton. Folly, October 23rd, 1876.
- Peculiar Position.* Planché. Olympic, May 3rd, 1837.
- Peep of Day, or Savourneen Dheelish.* E. Falconer. Lyceum, November 9th, 1861.
- Peep-show Man (The).* T. J. Williams. Surrey, February 10th, 1868.
- Pelleas and Melisande.* Maurice Maeterlinck. Lyceum, October 29th, 1898. (Originally produced at the Prince of Wales Theatre, June 21st, 1898.)
- People's Idol (The).* Wilson Barrett and Victor Wignell. Olympic, December 4th, 1890.
- Perdita, or The Royal Milkmaid.* (Burlesque on the "Winter's Tale.") William Brough. Lyceum, September 15th, 1856.
- Perfect Love, or Oberon's Triumph.* R. Reece. February 25th, 1871.
- Périchole (La).* Offenbach. Princess's, June 27th, 1870. Royalty, January 30th, 1875.
- Périchole (La).* (New version.) Offenbach. Alhambra, November 9th, 1878.
- Peril.* (Adapted from "Nos Intimes" by Savile Rowe and Bolton Rowe.) Prince of Wales, September 30th, 1876.
- Peter and Paul.* Haymarket, 1842.
- Peter the Great.* Fitzball. Astley's, July 26th, 1852.

- Peter the Great.* Laurence Irving. Lyceum, January 1st, 1898.
- Peter the Shipwright.* Lortzing. Gaiety, April 15th, 1871.
- Petit Faust (Le).* Hervé. (Adapted by H. B. Farnie.) Lyceum, April 18th, 1870.
- Petite Mariée (La).* Lecocq. Opera Comique, May 6th, 1876.
- Pharisee (The).* Malcolm Watson and Mrs. Lancaster Wallis. Shaftesbury, November 17th, 1890.
- Philip.* Hamilton Aidé. Lyceum, February 7th, 1874.
- Philomel.* H. T. Craven. Globe, February 10th, 1870.
- Physician (The).* H. A. Jones. Criterion, March 25th, 1897.
- Picking up the Pieces.* Julian Sturgis. Court, November 14th, 1882.
- Pickwick.* James Albery. Lyceum, October 23rd, 1871.
- Pickwick Club.* E. Stirling. City of London, April 27th, 1837.
- Pickwick (Peregrinations of).* Leman Rede. Adelphi and Surrey, 1837.
- Pietra.* Mosenthal. (Adapted by John Oxenford.) Haymarket, December 7th, 1868.
- Pilgrim of Love, Fairy Romance.* Henry J. Byron. Haymarket, April 14th, 1860.
- Pilgrim's Progress (The).* (Founded on Bunyan's Allegory by G. G. Collingham.) Olympic, December 24th, 1897.
- Pillars of Society (The).* (Translated by William Archer from Ibsen's "Samfundets Støtter.") July 17th, 1889.
- Pike O'Callaghan, or The Irish Patriot.* Wybert Reeve. Surrey, February 7th, 1870.
- Pindee Singh.* C. H. Stephenson. Royal Alfred (late Marylebone), October 10th, 1868.
- Pink Dominos (The).* James Albery. Criterion, March 31st, 1877.
- Pipkin's Rural Retreat.* T. J. Williams. Adelphi, January 18th, 1866.
- Pirates of Penzance (The), or The Slave of Duty.* Libretto by W. S. Gilbert. Music by Arthur Sullivan. Opera Comique, April 3rd, 1880.
- Pirithous.* Burnand. Royalty, April 13th, 1865.
- Pizarro.* Collins. Drury Lane, September 22nd, 1856.
- Pizarro, or The Leopard of Peru.* (Burlesque.) Leicester Buckingham. Strand, April 24th, 1862.
- Plain English.* Thomas Morton. Holborn, September 25th, 1869.
- Play.* T. W. Robertson. Prince of Wales's, February 15th, 1868.
- Playing with Fire.* Brougham. Princess's, September 28th, 1861.
- Pleasure.* Paul Meritt and Augustus Harris. Drury Lane, September 3rd, 1887.
- Plot and Passion.* Tom Taylor and John Lang. Olympic, October 17th, 1853.
- Pluck : A Story of £50,000.* Henry Pettitt and Augustus Harris. Drury Lane, August 5th, 1882.
- Pluto and Proserpine, or The Belle and the Pomegranate.* Francis Talfourd. Haymarket, April 9th, 1858.

- Poetical Proposal (A)*. Martin F. Becher. Globe, March 20th, 1872.
- Pointsman (The)*. R. C. Carton and Cecil Raleigh. Olympic, August 29th, 1887.
- Polish Jew (The)*. J. Redding Ware. Grecian, March 4th, 1872.
- Poll and Partner Joe*. F. C. Burnand. St. James's, May 6th, 1871.
- Poll and My Partner Joe*. John Thomas Haines. Adelphi, October 6th, 1857.
- Pom*. Music and Libretto by E. Bucalossi. Royalty, March 25th, 1876.
- Poor Humanity*. Robinson. Surrey, April 11th, 1868.
- Poor Mr. Potton*. Clarence Mamlyn and H. M. Paull. Vaudeville, October 10th, 1895.
- Poor Strollers (The)*. Watts Phillips. January 18th, 1858.
- Poppleton's Predicaments*. C. M. Rae. Royalty, July 21st, 1870.
- Porter of Havre (The)*. (Libretto,) John Oxenford. (Music by Cagnoni.) Princess's, September 15th, 1875.
- Porter's Knot (The)*. ("Les Crochets du Père Martin.") John Oxenford. Olympic, December 2nd, 1858.
- Postboy (The)*. J. T. Craven. Strand, October 31st, 1860.
- Pot-Pourri*. James T. Tanner. (Lyrics by W. H. Risque; music by Napoleon Lambelet). Avenue, June 9th, 1899.
- Poupée (La)*. (Adapted by Arthur Sturgess from the French of Maurice Ordonneau; music by Edmond Audran). Prince of Wales's, February 24th, 1897.
- Pouter's Wedding*. [(Adapted from the French.) Maddison Morton. St. James's, June 19th, 1865.
- Près St. Gervais (Les)*. R. Reece. (Music by C. Lecocq.) Criterion, November 28th, 1874.
- Presumptive Evidence*. Dion Boucicault. Princess's, May 10th, 1869.
- Pretender (The)*. George Duncan. Princess's, May 27th, 1876.
- Pretty Druidess (The), or the Mother, the Maid, and the Mistletoe Bough*. W. S. Gilbert. Charing Cross, June 19th, 1869.
- Pretty Perfumeress (The)*. H. J. Byron. Alhambra, May 18th, 1874.
- Pretty Poll*. Robert Reece. St. James's, January 8th, 1876.
- Pride*. James Albery. Vaudeville. April 22nd, 1874.
- Pride of the Market*. Planché. Lyceum, October 18th, 1847.
- Prima Donna*. Boucicault. Princess's, September 18th, 1851.
- Prince and the Pauper (The)*. Joseph Hatton. (Founded on Mark Twain's romance.) Vaudeville. October 12th, 1891.
- Prince of Happy Land (The), or The Fawn in the Forest*. Planché. Lyceum, December 26th, 1851.
- Princess (The)*. W. S. Gilbert. Olympic, January 8th, 1870.
- Princess and the Butterfly (The), or The Fantastics*. A. W. Pinero. St. James's, March 29th, 1897.
- Princess Ida*. W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. Savoy, January 5th, 1884.



- Princess Toto.* (Libretto by W. S. Gilbert; music by Frederick Clay). Strand, October 2nd, 1876.
- Princess of Trebizonde (The).* Offenbach. (Adapted by Charles Lamb Kenney). Gaiety, April 16th, 1870.
- Printer's Devil.* Planché. Olympic, October 11th, 1838.
- Prisoner of Rochelle.* G. Dibdin Pitt. Surrey, January 23rd, 1834.
- Prisoner of Toulon (The), or The Peasant's Revenge.* Alfred Bates Richards. Drury Lane, March 2nd, 1868.
- Prisoner of War.* Douglas Jerrold. Drury Lane, February 8th, 1842.
- Prisoner of Zenda (The).* (Adapted from Anthony Hope's story of the same name by Edward Rose.) St. James's, January 7th, 1896.
- Private Secretary (The).* (Adapted from Von Moser's "Der Bibliothekar," by C. H. Hawtrey.) Prince's, March 29th, 1884. (Originally produced at Theatre Royal, Cambridge, November 14th, 1883.)
- Probust's Fix.* Drury Lane, February 28th, 1870.
- Prodigal Daughter (The).* Henry Pettitt and Augustus Harris. Drury Lane, September 17th, 1892.
- Professor's Love Story (The).* J. M. Barrie. Comedy, June 25th, 1894. (First produced in America.)
- Profligate (The).* A. W. Pinero. Garrick, April 24th, 1889.
- Progress.* T. W. Robertson. Globe, September 18th, 1869. Prince of Wales's, April 23rd, 1870.
- Promised Land (The), or The Search for the Southern Star.* Henry Pettitt. Grecian, September 13th, 1875.
- Promise of May (The).* Alfred Tennyson. Globe, November 11th, 1882.
- Promotion, or A Morning at Versailles in 1750.* Planché. Olympic, February 18th, 1833.
- Prompter's Box (The), a Story of the Footlights and the Fireside.* Henry J. Byron. Adelphi, March 23rd, 1870.
- Proof, or A Celebrated Case.* F. C. Burnand. Adelphi, April 20th, 1878.
- Proof Positive.* F. C. Burnand. Opera Comique, October 16th, 1875.
- Prude's Progress (The).* Jerome K. Jerome and Eden Phillpotts. Comedy, May 22nd, 1895. (Originally produced at Theatre Royal, Cambridge, May 16th, 1895.)
- Punch.* H. J. Byron. Vaudeville, May 26th, 1881.
- Pure Gold.* Westland Marston. Sadler's Wells, November 9th, 1863.
- Puss in Boots.* Planché. Olympic, December 26th, 1837.
- Put to the Test.* Dr. Westland Marston. Olympic, February 24th, 1873.
- Pygmalion and Galatea.* W. S. Gilbert. Haymarket, December 9th, 1871.
- Pygmalion, or The Statue Fair.* William Brough. Strand, April 20th, 1867.
- Q.E.D.* Frank Marshall. Court, January 25th, 1871.
- Quarter of a Million of Money (A).* E. Towers. New East London, February 17th, 1868.

- Queen and Cardinal.* Walter S. Raleigh. Haymarket, October 26th, 1881.
- Queen of Connaught (The).* Olympic, January 15th, 1877.
- Queen of the Frogs.* Planché. Lyceum, April 21st, 1851.
- Queen Mab.* G. W. Godfrey. Haymarket, March 21st, 1874.
- Queen of Manoa (The).* Haddon Chambers and Outram Tristram. Haymarket, September 15th, 1892.
- Queen of Spades.* Boucicault. Drury Lane, April, 1851.
- Queen Mary.* Alfred Tennyson. Lyceum, April 18th, 1876.
- Queen Mary's Bower.* Planché. Haymarket, October 10th, 1846.
- Queen Stork.* F. Waller. Prince of Wales, September 17th, 1870.
- Queen's Horse (The).* Planché. Olympic, December 3rd, 1838.
- Queen's Favourite (The).* (Adapted by Sydney Grundy from Scribe's "La Verre d'Eau.") Olympic, June 2nd, 1883.
- Queen's Proctor (The), or Decree Nisi.* (Adapted by Herman Merivale from "Divorçons" by Victorien Sardou and Emile de Najac.) Royalty, June 2nd, 1896. Copyright performance at Royalty, February 28th, 1896.
- Queen's Shilling (The).* G. W. Godfrey. Court, April 19th, 1879.
- Quick March.* Ferdinand Wallerstein. Queen's, February 5th, 1870.
- Quicksands, or The Pillars of Society.* (Adapted from Ibsen's Play by William Archer.) Gaiety, December 15th, 1881.
- Quiet Rubber (A).* Charles Coghlan. Court, January 8th, 1876.
- Quite by Accident.* F. Waller. Prince of Wales, September 11th, 1869.
- Rachel the Reaper.* Charles Reade. Queen's, March 9th, 1874.
- Rachel.* (Partly taken from Eugene Grange and Lambert Thiboust's "La Voleuse d'Enfants," by Sydney Grundy.) Olympic, April 14th, 1883.
- Rag Picker of Paris.* Stirling. Surrey, June 23rd, 1847.
- Ragged Robin.* (Adapted by Louis Parker from Jean Richepin's "Le Chemineau.") Her Majesty's, June 23rd, 1898.
- Railway Belle.* Mark Lemon. Adelphi, November 22nd, 1854.
- Rainy Day (A).* A. Smith. (Music by Virginia Gabriel). Gallery of Illustration. (Amateur performance.) May 23rd, 1868.
- Randall's Thumb.* W. S. Gilbert. Royal Court Theatre, January 25th, 1871.
- Ranelagh.* Palgrave Simpson. Haymarket, February 11th, 1854.
- Ranks and Riches.* Wilkie Collins. Adelphi, June 9th, 1883.
- Rape of the Lock.* (Burletta.) John Oxenford. Olympic under Madame Vestris, March 27th, 1837.
- Rapid Thaw (A).* T. W. Robertson. St. James's, March 2nd, 1867.
- Rapparee (The), or The Treaty of Limerick.* Dion Boucicault. Princess's, September 9th, 1870.
- Ravenswood.* (Adapted by Hermann Merivale from Sir Walter Scott's story "The Bride of Lammermoor.") Lyceum, September 20th, 1890.

- Reading for the Bar.* Sydney Grundy. Strand, October 2nd, 1876.
- Ready Money Mortiboy.* Walter Maurice and James Rice. Court, March 12, 1874.
- Ready and Willing.* Edward Towers. Effingham, March 13th, 1867.
- Realms of Joy (The).* F. Latour Tomline. Royalty, October 18th, 1873.
- Rebecca.* Andrew Halliday. Drury Lane, September 23rd, 1871.
- Rebels (The).* J. B. Fagan. Theatre Metropole, Camberwell, September 4th, 1899.
- Reconciliation (The).* G. F. Neville. Olympic, February 21st, 1876.
- Rector (The), a Story of Four Friends.* A. W. Pinero. Court, March 24th, 1883.
- Red Hands.* Gilbert a'Beckett. St. James's, January 30th, 1869.
- Red Lamp (The).* Outram Tristram. Comedy, April 20th, 1887.
- Red Mask (The).* Planché. Drury Lane, November 15th, 1834.
- Red Vial.* Wilkie Collins. Olympic, October 13th, 1858.
- Regent (The).* Planché. Drury Lane, October 18, 1834.
- Regular Fix (A).* Morton. Olympic, October 11th, 1860.
- Regular Turk (A).* Robert Soutar. Gaiety, February 3rd, 1877.
- Relief of Lucknow.* Boucicault. Drury Lane, September 19th, 1862.
- Rely on My Discretion.* Palmer. Royalty, January 17th, 1870.
- Remorse, or The Perils of a Night.* G. Lander Whiting. Victoria, November 1st, 1873.
- Rent Day.* Douglas Jerrold. Drury Lane, January 25th, 1832.
- Reputation, or The Court Secret.* Planché. Covent Garden, March 4th, 1833.
- Retained for the Defence.* (Taken from "L'Avocat d'un Grec.") John Oxenford. Olympic, May 25th, 1859.
- Retiring.* H. Williamson. Globe, May 1st, 1878.
- Rescue on the Raft (The).* George Conquest. Grecian, May 20th, 1867.
- Revelations of London.* (Another version of "Les Misérables.") Stevenson. Grecian, July 6th, 1868.
- Reverses.* H. B. Farnie. Strand, July 13th, 1867.
- Richard Cœur de Lion.* Andrew Halliday. Drury Lane, September 26th, 1874.
- Richard Savage.* J. M. Barrie and H. B. Marriott Watson. Criterion, April 16th, 1891.
- Richelieu.* Bulwer Lytton. Covent Garden, March 7th, 1839.
- Richelieu.* Lord Lytton. Lyceum, May 7th, 1892. (Originally produced by Macready at Covent Garden, March 7th, 1839.)
- Richelieu Redressed.* Robert Reece. Olympic, October 27th, 1873.
- Rifle (The), and How to Use It.* J. Bridgeman. Haymarket, September 22nd, 1859.
- Rightful Heir (The).* Bulwer Lytton. ("Le Capitaine Paul" of Dumas.) Lyceum, October 3rd, 1868.
- Rights and Wrongs of Women.* Maddison Morton. Haymarket, May 24th, 1856.

- Rights of Women (The)*. Emma Schiff. Globe, January 9th, 1871.
- Rip Van Winkle, or The Sleep of Twenty Years*. Dion Boucicault. Adelphi, September 4th, 1865.
- Rip Van Winkle*. (Music by Planquette. Libretto by M. Meilhac, P. Gide, and H. B. Farnie.) (Fred. Leslie as Rip.) Comedy, October 14th, 1882.
- Riquet with the Tuft*. Planché. Olympic, December 26th, 1836.
- Rise of Dick Halward (The)*. Jerome K. Jerome. Garrick, October 19th, 1895.
- Rise and Fall of Richard the Third (The), or A New Front to an Old Dickey*. F. C. Burnand. Royalty, September 24th, 1868.
- Rival Othellos*. Byron. Strand, November 28th, 1861.
- Rival Romeos*. H. B. Farnie. St. James's, April 8th, 1871.
- Riverside Story (A)*. Mrs. Bancroft. Haymarket, May 22nd, 1890.
- Road to Ruin*. Haymarket, September 17th, 1859.
- Roadside Inn*. ("Robert Macaire.") (Taken from "L'Auberge des Adrets.") Lyceum, January, 1865.
- Robert Macaire, or The Two Murderers*. ("Les Auberges des Adrets.") Charles Selby. Victoria, December 3rd, 1834.
- Robert Macaire*. Lyceum, March 16th, 1859.
- Robert Macaire, or The Roadside Inn Turned Inside Out*. Henry J. Byron. Globe, April 16th, 1870.
- Robert the Devil*. W. S. Gilbert. Gaiety, December 21st, 1868.
- Robert Rabagas*. Stephen Fiske. St. James's, February 25th, 1873.
- Robbing Roy, or Scotched and Kilt*. F. C. Burnand. Gaiety, November 11th, 1879.
- Robespierre, or the Fete Day and the Fall*. Drury Lane. September 21st, 1840.
- Robespierre, or Two Days of the Revolution*. Bayle Bernard. Adelphi, October 5th, 1840.
- Robespierre*. (Adapted by Laurence Irving from the French of Sardou.) Lyceum, April 15th, 1899.
- Robin Hood*. Blanchard. Drury Lane, December 26th, 1858.
- Robin Goodfellow*. R. C. Carton. Garrick, January 5th, 1893.
- Robin Hood*. F. C. Burnand. Olympic, January 17th, 1863.
- Robinson Crusoe*. H. B. Farnie. Folly, November 11th, 1876.
- Rob Roy*. Sidney French. Marylebone, June 29th, 1867.
- Robust Invalid (The)*. Charles Reade. (Adapted from Molière's "Malade Imaginaire.") Adelphi, June 15th, 1870.
- Rocket (The)*. A. W. Pinero. Gaiety, December 10th, 1883. (Originally produced at Prince of Wales, Liverpool, July 30th, 1883.)
- Rogue's Comedy (The)*. H. A. Jones. Garrick, April 21st, 1896.
- Roi Carotte (Le)*. (English version by H. S. Leigh.) Alhambra, June 3rd, 1872.
- Romance of a Day*. Planché. Covent Garden, February 3rd, 1831.
- Romantic Attachment (A)*. Haymarket, February 15th, 1866.

- Romantic Idea*. Planché. Lyceum, March 8th, 1849.
- Romany Rye (The)*. G. R. Sims. Princess's, June 10th, 1882.
- Romeo and Juliet*. (Burlesque.) Halliday. Strand, November 3rd, 1859.
- Romulus and Remus, or The Two Run-'uns*. R. Reece. Vaudeville, December 23rd, 1872.
- Room for the Ladies*. J. P. Wooler. Charing Cross, September 11th, 1869.
- Rose of Arragon*. Sheridan Knowles. Haymarket, June 4th, 1842.
- Rose Michel*. Campbell Clarke. Gaiety, March 27th, 1875.
- Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*. W. S. Gilbert. (Travestie on "Hamlet.") Vaudeville, June 3rd, 1891.
- Rosmerholm*. Translated by Charles Archer from Ibsen's play. Vaudeville, February 23rd, 1891.
- Rouge et Noir*. (La Vie d'un Joueur.) Henry Leslie. Lyceum, Christmas, 1866.
- Rough and Ready*. Paul Meritt. Adelphi, January 31st, 1874.
- Round the World in Eighty Days*. Jules Verne. Princess's, March 15th, 1875.
- Roving Commission (A)*. John Daly. Royalty, April 7th, 1869.
- Royal Divorce (A)*. W. G. Wills. September 10th, 1891.
- Royal Marriage (A)*. John Douglas. Standard, April 20th, 1868.
- Royal Oak (The)*. Henry Hamilton and Augustus Harris. Drury Lane, September 23rd, 1889.
- Ruddigore, or The Witch's Curse*. W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. Savoy, January 22nd, 1887. (Name spelt afterwards Ruddigore.)
- Runaways (The)*. Mrs. Aria. Criterion, May 11th, 1898.
- Runaway Girl (A)*. Seymour Hicks and Harry Nicholls. Music by Ivan Caryl and Lionel Monckton. Gaiety, May 21st, 1898.
- Run of Luck (A)*. Henry Pettitt and Augustus Harris. Drury Lane, August 28th, 1886.
- Russia, or The Exiles of Siberia*. H. B. Farnie and R. Reece. Queen's, October 27th, 1877.
- Ruth*. (Another version of Mosenthal's "Deborah.") Reginald Moore. Princess's, July 7th, 1868.
- Ruth Oakley*. A. Harris and T. Williams. Marylebone, January 15th, 1857.
- Ruy Blas Righted*. R. Reece. Vaudeville, January 3rd, 1874.
- Sailor and His Lass (A)*. Robert Buchanan and Augustus Harris. Drury Lane, October 15th, 1883.
- Sailor's Knot (A)*. Henry Pettitt. Drury Lane, September 5th, 1891.
- Saints and Sinners*. H. A. Jones. Vaudeville, September 25th, 1884. (Originally produced at Margate, September 17th, 1884.)
- Salammbô, the Lovely Queen of Carthage*. Holborn, May 6th, 1871.



- Salthello Orini*. ("Illegitimate Tragedy.") Haymarket, July 26th, 1875.
- Sampson's Wedding*. G. F. Rowe. Lyceum, March 30th, 1870.
- Sam's Arrival*. John Oxenford. Strand, September 12th, 1862.
- Saved by a Song*. H. R. Addison. (Music by E. J. Loder.) Princess's, December 21st, 1868.
- Scandal*. Arthur Matthison. Royalty, June 1st, 1878.
- Scarlet Dick, and The Road and its Riders*. J. B. Howe. Britannia, July 24th, 1867.
- Scarlet Letter (The)*. Stephen Coleridge and Norman Forbes. (Founded on Nathaniel Hawthorne's novel.) Royalty, June 4th, 1888. (Produced for copyright purposes, Royalty, May 9th, 1888.)
- Scar on the Wrist (The)*. Palgrave Simpson and Claude Templar. St. James's, March 9th, 1878.
- Scholar (The)*. (Adapted from Scribe's "Le Savant.") Buckstone. Haymarket, July, 1835.
- School*. T. W. Robertson. Prince of Wales, January 16th, 1869.
- School for Scheming*. Boucicault. Haymarket, February 4th, 1847.
- School for Intrigue (The)*. J. Mortimer. Olympic, December 1st, 1873.
- School for Saints (A)*. John Oliver Hobbes. (Copyright performance.) Lyceum, March 30th, 1896.
- Schoolfellows*. Douglas Jerrold. Strand, February 16th, 1835.
- Schoolmistress (The)*. A. W. Pinero. Court, March 27th, 1886.
- Scotch Sisters (The), or The Trials of Jeanie and Effie Deans*. New Royalty, February 19th, 1863.
- Scuttled Ship (The)*. Charles Reade. Olympic, April 2nd, 1877.
- Seagulls*. C. Maltby and F. Stainforth. Royalty, August 10th, 1869.
- Sea Nymphs (The)*. R. Reece and H. B. Farnie. (Music by Lecocq.) Folly, September 15th, 1877.
- Seats of the Mighty (The)*. (Adapted by Gilbert Parker from his novel of the same name.) Her Majesty's (opening night of the new theatre), April 28th, 1897.
- Second Mrs. Tanqueray (The)*. A. W. Pinero. St. James's, May 27th, 1893.
- Second Thoughts*. G. C. Herbert. Court, April 6th, 1874.
- Secret Agent (The)*. Stirling Coyne. Haymarket, March 14th, 1855.
- Secretary (The)*. S. Knowles. Drury Lane, April 24th, 1843.
- Secret Service*. Planché. Drury Lane, April 29th, 1834.
- Secret Service*. William Gillette. Adelphi, May 15th, 1897. (Originally produced in America.)
- Seeing Toole*. John Hollingshead and R. Reece. Gaiety, September 3rd, 1873.
- Self*. John Oxenford and Horace Wigan. Mirror, September 27th, 1875.
- Self Made*. George Vining. St. James's, January 18th, 1862.

- Sense and Sensation, or The Seven Sisters of Thule.* Tom Taylor. Olympic, May 16th, 1864.
- Sentenced to Death.* George Conquest and Henry Pettitt. Grecian, October 14th, 1875.
- Sequel (The).* Louis N. Parker. Vaudeville, July 15th, 1891.
- Séraphine.* Victorien Sardou. Queen's, May 1st, 1869.
- Serf (The), or Love Levels All.* Tom Taylor. Olympic, June 30th, 1865.
- Serge Pavine.* (Adapted from the French of George Ohnet by Clement Scott.) Avenue, June 4th, 1891.
- Serpent on the Hearth (The).* Palgrave Simpson. Adelphi, August 2nd, 1869.
- Servant or Suitor.* Royalty, May 20th, 1872.
- Settling Day.* Tom Taylor. Olympic, March 4th, 1865.
- Seven Ages of Woman.* Sketch by E. L. Blanchard. St. Martin's Hall, December 10th, 1855. Sadler's Wells, March 19th, 1856.
- Seven Champions of Christendom.* Planché. Lyceum, April 9th, 1849.
- Shadows.* Charles L. Young. Princess's, May 27th, 1871.
- Shadow of the Sword (The).* Robert Buchanan. Olympic, April 8th, 1882. (Originally produced at Brighton, May 9th, 1881.)
- Shadow Tree Shaft.* T. W. Robertson. Princess's, February 6th, 1867.
- Shamrock of Ireland (The).* J. B. Howe. Britannia, May 20th, 1867.
- Shaughran (The).* Dion Boucicault. Drury Lane, September 4th, 1875.
- Shave You Directly.* Shirley Brooks. Lyceum, February 22nd, 1849.
- Sheep in Wolf's Clothing.* ("Une Femme qui déteste son Mari.") Tom Taylor. Olympic, February 19th, 1857.
- Shilly-Shally.* Charles Reade and Anthony Trollope. Gaiety, April 1st, 1872.
- Shocking Events.* Buckstone. Olympic, January, 1838.
- Shooting Stars.* (Music by Hervé.) Folly, November 22nd, 1877.
- Shop Girl (The).* H. J. Dam. (Music by Ivan Caryll. Additional numbers by Adrian Ross and Lionel Monckton.) Gaiety, November 24th, 1894.
- Short and Sweet.* A. C. Troughton. Strand, October 10th, 1861.
- Should this Meet the Eye.* C. A. Maltby. Lyceum, June 10th, 1872.
- Shylock.* (Burlesque.) Talfourd. Olympic, July 4th, 1853.
- Sid.* Paul Meritt. Grecian, June 12th, 1871.
- Siege of Corinth.* Planché. Drury Lane, November 8th, 1836.
- Siege of Rochelle.* Fitzball. Drury Lane, October 29th, 1835; Drury Lane, 1843.
- Siege of Troy (The).* Robert Brough. Lyceum, December 26th, 1858.
- Sign of the Cross (The).* Wilson Barrett. Lyric, January 4th, 1896. (Originally produced in America. First time in England, Grand Theatre, Leeds, October 14th, 1895.)
- Sight of St. Paul's (In).* Sutton Vane. Princess's, August 1st, 1896.
- Silence.* C. H. Ross. Holborn, May 6th, 1871.

- Silent Battle (The)*. Isaac Henderson. Criterion, December 8th, 1892. (Originally produced as "Agatha" at the Criterion on May 24th, 1892.)
- Silent Protector (A)*. T. J. Williams. Prince of Wales, March 7th, 1868.
- Silent System (The)*. T. J. Williams. Strand, July 3rd, 1862.
- Silken Fetters*. Leicester Buckingham. (Taken from Scribe's "Une Chaîne," played at the Théâtre Française in 1841. Previously done at Adelphi, in 1842, under title of "The Breach of Promise of Marriage.") Haymarket, November 14th, 1863.
- Silver Falls (The)*. G. R. Sims and Henry Pettitt. Adelphi, December 29th, 1888.
- Silver Key (The)*. (Adapted by Sydney Grundy from "Mdle. de Belle Isle," by Dumas (Père). Her Majesty's, July 10th, 1897.
- Silver King (The)*. H. A. Jones and Henry Herman. Princess's, November 16th, 1882; revived, Lyceum, September 2nd, 1899.
- Silver Shield (The)*. Sydney Grundy. Strand, May 19th, 1885.
- Silver Wedding*. J. P. Wooller. Strand, January 24th, 1861.
- Sin of a Life (The)*. Nelson Lee. Victoria, September 28th, 1867.
- Sin of St. Hulda (The)*. Stuart Ogilvie. Shaftesbury, April 9th, 1896.
- Siren (The)*. J. Palgrave Simpson. Lyceum, November 27th, 1869.
- Sir George and a Dragon, or We are Seven*. F. C. Burnand. Strand, March 31st, 1870.
- Si Slocum*. Clifton W. Tayleure. Olympic, December 18th, 1876.
- Sister's Love (A)*. H. F. Youle. (Amateur performance.) New Holborn, July 24th, 1867.
- Sister's Penance (A)*. Tom Taylor and Dubourg. Adelphi, November 26th, 1866.
- Sister's Sacrifice (The), or The Orphans of Valneige*. Lyceum, January 20th, 1859.
- Sisterly Service*. Wooller. Strand, February 9th, 1860.
- Six Months Ago*. (Adapted from the French.) Merivale. Olympic, July 26th, 1867.
- Slasher v. Clasher*. Maddison Morton. Adelphi, November 16th, 1848.
- Slaves of the Ring*. Sydney Grundy. Garrick, December 29th, 1894.
- Sleeping Beauty in the Wood*. Planché. Covent Garden, April 20th, 1840.
- Slice of Luck (A)*. (Adapted.) Maddison Morton. Adelphi, June 17th, 1867.
- Slight Mistakes*. H. Herman. Folly, January 31st, 1876.
- Slow Man (The)*. Mark Lemon. Adelphi, November 16th, 1854.
- Smoke*. Benjamin Webster. Adelphi, December 26th, 1870.
- Snaefel*. Paul Meritt and Henry Spry. Gaiety, June 30th, 1873.
- Snowball (The)*. Sydney Grundy. Strand, February 2nd, 1879.
- Snowdrop*. Burnand. Royalty, November 21st, 1864.
- Society*. T. W. Robertson. Prince of Wales, November 11th, 1865.

- Society Butterfly (A)*. Robert Buchanan and Henry Murray. Opera Comique, May 10th, 1894.
- Soft Sex (The)*. (Said to be by Charles Mathews.) Haymarket, August 31st, 1861.
- Sold Again*. Robert Soutar. Gaiety, August 26th, 1876.
- Soldier Boy (My)*. Alfred Maltby and Frank Lindo. Criterion, January 3rd, 1899.
- Soldier's Courtship (A)*. John Poole. Drury Lane, December 3rd, 1833.
- Somebody Else*. Planché. Haymarket, December 4th, 1844.
- Sonnambula*. Byron. Prince of Wales Theatre, April 15th, 1865.  
(First night of Marie Wilton's management.)
- Sophia*. (Founded by Robert Buchanan on incidents in Tom Fielding's novel "Tom Jones.") Vaudeville, April 12th, 1886.
- Son of the Soil (A)*. Herman C. Merivale. Court, September 4th, 1872.
- Sorcerer (The)*. W. S. Gilbert. (Music by Arthur Sullivan.) Opera Comique, November 17th, 1877.
- Sorrows of Satan (The)*. Herbert Woodgate and Paul M. Berton. Shaftesbury, January 9th, 1897. (Taken from the novel by Marie Corelli of the same name.)
- Sour Grapes*. H. J. Byron. Olympic, October 4th, 1873.
- Sowing the Wind*. Sydney Grundy. Comedy, September 30th, 1893.
- Spanish Curate*. Planché. Covent Garden, October 13th, 1840.
- Spectre Knight (The)*. James Albery. (Music by Alfred Cellier.) Opera Comique, February 9th, 1878.
- Spectresheim*. R. Reece. Alhambra, August 14th, 1875.
- Spendthrift (The), or The Scrivener's Daughter*. James Albery. Olympic, May 24th, 1875.
- Sphinx (The)*. (English version by Campbell Clarke of Octave Feuillet's French play of same name.) Haymarket, August 22nd, 1874.
- Spiders and Flies, or Caught in the Web*. Elliot Galer. Grecian, October 8th, 1868.
- Splendid Investment (A)*. Bayle Bernard. Olympic, February 19th, 1857.
- Sporting Life*. Cecil Raleigh and Seymour Hicks. Shaftesbury January 22nd, 1898. (Originally produced at Shakespeare Theatre, Clapham, October 18th, 1897.)
- Spring Gardens*. Planché. Haymarket, October 15th, 1846.
- Spur of the Moment (The)*. H. J. Byron. Globe, May 4th, 1872.
- Squire (The)*. A. W. Pinero. St. James's, December 29th, 1881.
- Squire of Dames (The)*. (Adapted from the younger Dumas' "L'Ami des Femmes," by R. C. Carton.) Criterion, November 5th, 1895.
- Squire of Ringwood Chase*. J. P. Wooller. New Royalty, May 1st, 1865.
- Stage Land*. G. R. Douglas. Vaudeville, January 2nd, 1875.
- Star of India (The)*. G. R. Sims and Arthur Shirley. Princess's, April 4th, 1896.
- Step by Step*. Palgrave Simpson. St. James's, October 29th, 1864.

- Stephen Digges.* (Balzac's "Peau de Chagrin.") Oxenford. Adelphi, September 14th, 1864.
- Steeplechase.* Morton. Adelphi, March 23rd, 1865.
- Still Alarm (The).* Joseph Arthur and A. C. Wheeler. Princess's, August 2nd, 1888. (Originally produced in America.)
- Still Waters Run Deep.* Tom Taylor. Olympic, May 15th, 1855.
- Stolen Kisses, or The Lion and the Mouse.* Paul Meritt. Globe, July 2nd, 1877.
- Storm Beaten.* Robert Buchanan. (Founded on the plot of the same author's novel "God and the Man.") Adelphi, March 14th, 1883.
- Story of the '45 (The).* Watts Phillips. Drury Lane, November 12th, 1860.
- Story of Procida.* St. James's, November 4th, 1867.
- Story Telling.* Planché. Haymarket, December 16th, 1846.
- Story of Waterloo (A).* Dr. Conan Doyle. Lyceum, May 4th, 1895, (Originally produced at Prince's Theatre, Bristol, September 21st, 1894.)
- Strafford.* Robert Browning. Covent Garden, May 1st, 1837.
- Strange Adventures of Miss Brown (The).* Robert Buchanan and Charles Marlowe. Vaudeville, June 26th, 1895.
- Stranger (The), Stranger than Ever.* R. Reece. Queen's, November 4th, 1868.
- Strathmore.* Westland Marston. Haymarket, January 20th, 1844.
- Streets to the Hulks (The), or The Old World and the New.* George Conquest. Grecian, May 17th, 1869.
- Streets of London (The).* Dion Boucicault. Adelphi, May 7th, 1891. (Originally produced at Princess's, August, 1864.)
- Strike (The).* Dion Boucicault. (Revival.) Novelty, August 24th, 1896. (First produced at the Lyceum as "The Long Strike." September 16th, 1866.)
- Striking the Hour.* W. H. Pitt. City of London, May 20th, 1867.
- Struck Oil, or The Pennsylvania Dutchman.* Adelphi, April 17th, 1876.
- Students (The) of Jena.* Planché. Drury Lane, June 4th, 1833.
- Substitute (A).* James Payn. Court, November 4th, 1876.
- Success, or a Hit if you Like It.* Planché. Adelphi, December 12th, 1825.
- Sue.* Bret Harte and T. Edgar Pemberton. (Founded on Bret Harte's story "The Judgment of Bolinas Plain.") Garrick, June 10th, 1898. Evening Bill, June 29th.
- Such is the Law.* Tom Taylor and Paul Meritt. St. James's, April 20th, 1878.
- Suit of Tweeds (A).* Frederick Hay. Strand, January 14th, 1867.
- Summer Storms.* Tom Parry. Adelphi, October 19th, 1854.
- Sunlight and Shadow.* R. C. Carton. Avenue, November 1st, 1890.
- Sunset.* Jerome K. Jerome. (Founded on Lord Tennyson's poem "The Sisters.") Comedy, February 13th, 1888.



- Sunshine through the Clouds.* ("La Joie fait Peur.") Lyceum, June 15th, 1854.
- Sunshine and Shadow.* (Adapted by Augusta Thomson.) Marylebone, March 25th, 1867.
- Swan and Edgar (The), or The Fairy Lake.* Sutherland Edwards and Charles Kenney. St. James's. November 16th, 1859.
- Sweethearts.* W. S. Gilbert. Prince of Wales, November 7th, 1874.
- Sweet Lavender.* A. W. Pinero. Terry's, March 21st, 1888.
- Sweet Nancy.* (Founded by Robert Buchanan on Rhoda Broughton's Novel "Nancy.") Produced at the Lyric, July 12th, 1890; transferred to Royalty, October 6th, 1890.
- Sweet Will.* H. A. Jones. Shaftesbury, July 25th, 1890.
- Swordsman's Daughter (The).* (Adapted by Brandon Thomas and Clement Scott from "Le Maître d'Armes" by MM. Grisier and Jules Mary.) Adelphi, August 31st, 1895.
- Tailor's Home (The).* Pavilion, November 4th, 1858.
- Taken From Life.* Henry Pettitt. Adelphi, December 31st, 1881.
- Taken From Memory.* Mrs. S. Lane. Britannia, November 10th, 1873.
- Taken In and Done For.* Charles Selby. Strand, May 10th, 1849.
- Taking the Census.* Blanchard. Strand, May 5th, 1851.
- Talbot's Trust.* Theodore A. Tharp. Globe, September 13th, 1875.
- Tale of a Coat.* W. Brough and Dr. Franck. Haymarket, November 6th, 1858.
- Tale of a Train.* Emery. Drury Lane, March 18th, 1856.
- Tale of Two Cities.* Tom Taylor. Lyceum, January 30th, 1860.
- Tale Twice Told (A).* J. P. Wooler. Olympic, September 29th, 1858.
- Talisman.* Brough. Drury Lane, March 28th, 1853.
- Talking Fish.* Coyne. Adelphi, May 26th, 1859.
- Tame Cuts.* Edmund Yates. Prince of Wales, December 12th, 1868.
- Taming a Truant.* Horace Wigan. Olympic, March 19th, 1863.
- Tantalus, or Many a Slip 'Twixt Cup and Lip.* Arthur Matthison and Charles Wyndham. Folly, October 14th, 1878.
- Tares.* Mrs. Oscar Beringer. Prince of Wales, January 31st, 1888.
- Tears, Idle Tears.* ("Marcel.") Clement Scott. Globe, December 4th, 1872.
- Telemachus, or the Island of Calypso.* Planché. Olympic, December 26th, 1834.
- Tell and the Strike of the Cantons, or The Pair, The Meddler, and The Apple.* Talfourd. Strand, December 26th, 1859.
- Templars (The).* Slous. Princess's, November 9th, 1850.
- Tempter (The).* H. A. Jones. Haymarket, September 20th, 1893.
- Tender Chord (The).* James Mortimer. Charing Cross, April 10th, 1873.
- Ten of 'Em.* (Adapted by Arthur Matthison. Music by Franz von Suppé.) Drury Lane, December 2nd, 1874.
- Tenant for Life (A).* W. Phelps. Saddler's Wells, November 4th, 1858.

- Teresa*. George Pleydell Bancroft. Garrick, September 8th, 1898.  
(Produced at Métropole Theatre, Camberwell, May 16th, 1898.)
- Termagant (The)*. Louis Parker and Murray Carson. Her Majesty's, September 1st, 1898.
- That Blessed Baby*. J. G. Moore. Adelphi, February 14th, 1856.
- That House in High Street*. Mr. Stuart. Strand, July 30th, 1856.
- Theodora*. (Adapted by Robert Buchanan from Sardou's Play.) Princess's, May 5th, 1890. (Produced at Theatre Royal, Brighton, November 18th, 1889.)
- Theodora, Actress and Empress*. Watts Phillips. Surrey, April 9th, 1866.
- Theseus and Ariadne, or The Marriage of Bacchus*. Planché. Lyceum, April 24th, 1848.
- Thespiis among the Olympians*. W. S. Gilbert. Gaiety, December 26th, 1871.
- Thirty Years of a Woman's Life*. Buckstone. Adelphi, January, 1834.
- Three Millions of Money*. F. Lyster and M. Mackay. St. James's, October 14th, 1876.
- Three Musketeers (The)*. Lyceum, October 16th, 1856.
- Three Musketeers (The)*. (Version of Alexandre Dumas' novel by Henry Hamilton.) Globe, October 22nd, 1898. (Originally produced at Theatre Métropole, Camberwell, September 12th, 1898.)
- Three Volumes (In)*. Taylor Bilkins. Strand, February 27th, 1871.
- Through Fire and Water*. Walter Gordon. Adelphi, June 29th, 1865.
- Thunderstorm (The)*. H. J. Byron. Holborn, April 4th, 1874.
- Ticket-of-Leave Man (The)*. Tom Taylor. Olympic, May 27th, 1863.
- Tide and Time*. Henry Leslie. Surrey, March 9th, 1867.
- Tide of Time (The)*. Bayle Bernard. December 16th, 1858.
- Time and the Hour*. Palgrave Simpson and Felix Dale. Queen's, June 29th, 1868.
- Times (The)*. A. W. Pinero. Terry's, October 24th, 1891.
- Time's Triumph*. H. J. Byron. Charing Cross, May 12th, 1873.
- Tit for Tat*. Talfourd. Olympic, January 23rd, 1855.
- To be Continued in Our Next*. W. James. Marylebone, June 17th, 1867.
- To Oblige Benson*. ("Un Service à Blanchard.") Taylor. Olympic, March 6th, 1854.
- Tom Cobb*. W. S. Gilbert. St. James's, April 24th, 1875.
- Tom Cringle*. E. Fitzball. Surrey, May 26th, 1834.
- Tom Pinch*. (From "Martin Chuzzlewit," by Joseph Dilleys and Lewis Clifton.) Vaudeville, March 10th, 1881.
- Tomkins the Troubadour*. Queen's, August 31st, 1868.
- Tom Thrasher*. Augustus Harris. Adelphi, July 6th, 1868.
- Toole at Sea*. R. Reece. Gaiety, December 3rd, 1874.
- Too Much Johnson*. (Founded on Maurice Ordonneau's "La Plantation Thomassin.") Garrick, April 18th, 1898. (Originally produced in America.)

- Too True.* H. T. Craven. Duke's, January 22nd, 1876.
- Topseyturveydom.* W. S. Gilbert. Criterion, March 21st, 1874.
- Tosca (La).* (Translated by F. C. Grove and Henry Hamilton from Sardou's play of the same name.) Garrick, November 28th, 1889.
- Tottles.* H. J. Byron. Gaiety, December 22nd, 1875.
- Tourist's Ticket (A).* T. J. Williams. Globe, April 1st, 1872.
- Tragedy Queen* (Tiridate, Mrs. Sterling). Oxenford. Lyceum, October 1855.
- Transgressor (The).* A. W. Gattie. Court, January 27th, 1894.
- Travelling Carriage (The).* Planché. Drury Lane, October 25th, 1835.
- Tree of Knowledge (The).* R. C. Carton. St. James's, October 25th, 1897.
- Trelawny of the "Wells."* A. W. Pinero. Court, January 20th, 1898.
- Trial by Jury.* W. S. Gilbert. (Music by Arthur Sullivan). Royalty, March 27th, 1875.
- Trial of Effie Deans.* Boucicault. Westminster Theatre (Astley's), January 26th, 1863.
- Tricks of the Turf.* Victoria, May 13th, 1867.
- Trilby.* (Adaptation of George du Maurier's novel of the same name by Paul Potter.) Originally produced, in England, at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, September 7th, 1895. Haymarket, London, October 30th, 1895. First produced in America.
- Trip to India (A).* Mr. Bennett. Criterion, November 25th, 1875.
- Trip to Midgettown.* Olympic, September 2nd, 1899.
- Triumph of Arms (A).* W. Foulton. Olympic, December 16th, 1872.
- Triumph of the Philistines (The), or How Mr. Jorgan Preserved the Morals of Market Pewbury under Very Trying Circumstances.* H. A. Jones. St. James's, May 11th, 1895.
- Trombalcazar.* Offenbach. (Adapted for the English Stage by C. H. Stephenson.) Gaiety, August 22nd, 1870.
- Trotty Veck.* Mrs. Charles Calvert. Gaiety, December 26th, 1872.
- True to the Core* (Prize Drama). A. Slous. Surrey, September 8th, 1866.
- Trumpet Call (The).* G. R. Sims and Robert Buchanan. Adelphi, August 1st, 1891.
- Truth.* Bronson Howard. Criterion, February, 1879. Originally produced in New York as "Hurricanes," 1878.
- Trying a Magistrate.* J. L. Toole. Globe, December 17th, 1877.
- Turn Him Out.* T. J. Williams. Strand, August 17th, 1863.
- Turn of the Tide (The).* F. C. Burnand. Queen's, May 29th, 1869.
- Turning the Tables.* John Poole. Drury Lane, November 11th, 1830.
- Tweedie's Rights.* James Albery. Vaudeville, May 27th, 1871.
- Twenty Minutes' Conversation under an Umbrella.* A. W. Dubourg, Haymarket, July 4th, 1873.
- Twenty Pounds a Year, and All Found.* H. J. Byron. Folly, April 17th, 1876.
- Twice Killed.* John Oxenford. Olympic, November 26th, 1836.

- Twin Sisters (The)*. Emma Schiff. Charing Cross, April 18th, 1870.
- 'Twixt Ace and Crown, or The Lady Elizabeth*. Tom Taylor. Queen's, January 22nd, 1870.
- Two can Play at that Game*. A. W. Pinero. Lyceum, June 8th, 1878.
- Two Figaros (The)*. Planché. Olympic, November 30th, 1836.
- Two Flats and a Sharp*. Alfred Maltby. Globe, December 17th, 1873.
- Two Harlequins (The)*. M. E. Jonas. (English words by Gilbert A'Beckett.) Gaiety, December 21st, 1868.
- Two Heads Better than One*. Drury Lane, January 23rd, 1857.
- Two Hundred a Year*. A. W. Pinero. Globe, October 6th, 1877.
- Two in the Bush*. Murray Carson. Olympic, August 15th, 1891.
- Two Little Vagabonds*. (Adapted by G. R. Sims and Arthur Shirley from "Les Deux Gosses," by Pierre Decourcelle.) Princess's, September 23rd, 1896.
- Two Loves and a Life*. Tom Taylor and Charles Reade. Adelphi, March 20th, 1854.
- Two Orphans (The)*. John Oxenford. Olympic, September 14th, 1874.
- "Two" Much Alike*. G. Grossmith, jun., and A. R. Rogers. (Amateur performance.) Gallery of Illustration, February 12th, 1870.
- Two Puddifoots (The)*. (Adapted.) J. Maddison Morton. Olympic, October 14th, 1867.
- Two Roses*. James Albery. Vaudeville, June 4th, 1870.
- Two Thorns (The)*. James Albery. St. James's, March 4th, 1871.
- Tyranny of Tears*. Haddon Chambers. Criterion, April 6th, 1899.
- Uncle*. H. J. Byron. Gaiety, February 1st, 1879.
- Uncle Baby*. W. Gilbert. Lyceum, October 31st, 1863.
- Uncle Dick's Darling*. Henry J. Byron. Gaiety, December 13th, 1869.
- Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Fitzball. Olympic, September 20th, 1852.
- Uncle Tom's Cabin*. George Fawcett Rowe. Princess's, August 31st, 1878.
- Uncle's Will*. Theyre Smith. Haymarket, October 24th, 1870.
- Uncle Zachary*. (Adaptation by Oxenford of old French farce, "L'Oncle Baptiste," played under the title of "Peter and Paul" at Haymarket in 1842.) Olympic, March 8th, 1860.
- Under the Earth, or Sons of Toil*. (Version of "Hard Times.") Astley's, April 22nd, 1867.
- Under the Gaslight*. Pavilion, July 20th, 1868.
- Undergraduate (The)*. J. C. Freund. Queen's, June 22nd, 1872.
- Under the Red Robe*. (Adapted by Edward Rose from Stanley Weyman's novel of the same name.) Haymarket, October 17th, 1896.
- Under the Screw, or A Young Wife's Trials*. T. Mead. Elephant and Castle, October 6th, 1873.
- Under a Veil*. Sir Randal Roberts. Olympic, May 15th, 1876.
- Undine, or The Spirit of the Waters*. Haymarket, February 4th, 1859.
- Undine*. R. Reece. Olympic, June 27th, 1870.
- Unequal Match (An)*. Tom Taylor. Haymarket, November 7th, 1857.

- Unfinished Gentleman.* Charles Selby. Adelphi, December 2nd, 1834.
- Union Jack (The).* Henry Pettitt and Sydney Grundy. Adelphi, July 19th, 1888.
- Unlimited Confidence.* A. C. Troughton. Strand, February 1st, 1864.
- Ulph the Minstrel.* Reece. New Royalty, March 31st, 1866.
- Up for the Cattle Show.* Harry Lemon. Adelphi, December 7th, 1867.
- Ups and Downs of Deal and Black-Eyed Susan (The).* Marylebone, June 10th, 1867.
- Up the River.* R. Reece and H. B. Farnie. (Music by Hervé.) Folly, September 15th, 1877.
- Up in the World.* Arthur Sketchley. Strand, February 9th, 1871.
- Upper Crust (The).* H. J. Byron. Folly, March 31st, 1880.
- Upper Hand (The).* Charles Winthrop and Walter Lisle. Terry's, May 29th, 1899.
- Used Up.* Adapted from "L'Homme Blasé," by C. J. Mathews. 1845.
- Vagabonds (The).* (Late "Ne'er-do-Weel," partly re-written by the author.) Olympic, March 25th, 1878.
- Vagabond King (The).* Louis Parker. Court, November 4th, 1897. (Originally produced Métropole Theatre, Camberwell, October 18th, 1897.)
- Valentine and Orson.* Albert Smith. Adelphi, November 7th, 1855.
- Vampire (The).* Robert Reece. Strand, August 15th, 1872.
- Vanderdecken.* W. G. Wills and Percy Fitzgerald. Lyceum, June 8th, 1878.
- 'Varsity Boat Race (The).* C. H. Stephenson and Fred Robson. Olympic, Gaiety, April 6th, 1870.
- Vendetta.* Walter Stephens. (Amateur performance.) St. George's Hall, April 17th, 1868. (I was there, and in it.—C. S.)
- Venus and Adonis.* Burnand. Haymarket, March 29th, 1864.
- Vert-Vert.* H. Herman and Richard Mansell. St. James's, May 2nd, 1874.
- Very Last Days of Pompeii (The).* R. Reece. Vaudeville, February 13th, 1872.
- Very Little Faust and More Mephistopheles.* F. C. Burnand. Charing Cross, August 18th, 1869.
- Vesta.* H. B. Farnie. St. James's, February 9th, 1871.
- Vesta's Temple.* Henry Labouchere. Court, November 14th, 1872.
- Vicarage (The), a Fireside Story.* ("Le Village," by Octave Feuillet.) Clement Scott. Prince of Wales, March 31st, 1877.
- Vicar of Bray (The).* (Libretto by S. Grundy, music by E. Solomon.) Globe, July 22nd, 1882.
- Vicar of Wakefield (The).* J. T. Douglass. Standard, October 31st, 1870.
- Victims.* Tom Taylor. Haymarket, July 9th, 1857.



- Vie Parisienne (La)*. Offenbach. (Translated by F. C. Burnand.) Holborn, March 30th, 1872.
- Village Blacksmith (The), a Story of Three Christmas Eves*. Henry J. Leslie. Greenwich, February 10th, 1868.
- Villa in Italy (My)*. C. Marsham Rae. Charing Cross, August 14th, 1871.
- Village Priest (A)*. (Adapted by Sydney Grundy from William Busnach and Caivin's "Le Secret de la Terreuse.") Haymarket, April 3rd, 1890.
- Village Tale (A)*. C. Reade. Strand, April 13th, 1852.
- Violet's Playthings*. (Adapted by Augusta Thomson.) Marylebone, April 1st, 1867.
- Violin Maker of Cremona (The)*. ("Le Luthier de Crémone.") Henry Neville. Olympic, July 2nd, 1877.
- Violin Players (The)*. (Adapted by Alfred Berlyn from François Coppée's "Le Luthier de Crémone.") Shaftesbury, April 22nd, 1890.
- Virginian (The)*. Bartley Campbell. St. James's, November 20th, 1876.
- Virginius*. (Revival.) Sheridan Knowles. Olympic, May 7th, 1892. (Produced at Covent Garden, May 17th, 1820.)
- Virginius, or The Trials of a Fond Papa*. Leicester Buckingham. St. James's, October 1st, 1859.
- Visit (A)*. (Translated by William Archer from the Danish of Edward Brandes.) Royalty, March 4th, 1892.
- Vivandière (La), or True to the Corps*. W. S. Gilbert. Queen's, January 22nd, 1868.
- Vivianne, or The Romance of a French Marriage*. George Canninge. Olympic, July 6th, 1878.
- Volunteers' Ball*. Williams and Burnand. Strand, July 19th, 1860.
- Voyage Dans La Lune (Le)*. (Adapted by H. S. Leigh. Music by Offenbach.) Alhambra, April 15th, 1876.
- Wager (The)*. J. A. Kappey. Gaiety, November 23rd, 1872.
- Wait for an Answer*. Harry Lemon. Holborn, September 25th, 1869.
- Wait and Hope*. H. J. Byron. Gaiety, March 1st, 1871.
- Waiting for the Underground*. K. H. du Terreaux. Strand, August 27th, 1866.
- Walker, London*. J. M. Barrie. Toole's, February 25th, 1892.
- Waltz by Arditi (A)*. John Oxenford. Adelphi, March 7th, 1874.
- Wandering Heir (The)*. Charles Reade. Queen's, November 15th, 1873.
- Wandering Jew (The)*. Leopold Lewis. Adelphi, April 14th, 1873.
- Wanted, Husbands for Six*. (Adapted by C. Kenny.) Drury Lane, March 11th, 1867.
- Wanted, a Thousand Spirited Young Milliners for the Gold Diggings*. Stirling Coyne. Olympic, October 2nd, 1852.
- War*. T. W. Robertson. St. James's, January 16th, 1871.
- War to the Knife*. Byron. Prince of Wales, June 10th, 1865.

- Warning to Bachelors (A)*. James Mortimer. December 9th, 1871.
- Watch Cry (The)*. (Adaptation, by Palgrave Simpson, of "Lazare le Patre.") Lyceum, November 6th, 1865.
- Watch Dog of the Walsinghams (The)*. J. Palgrave Simpson. Surrey, October 16th, 1869.
- Water Carrier (The)*. Cherubini. Princess's, October 27, 1875.
- Wat Tyler*. G. A. Sala. Gaiety, December 20th, 1869.
- Way of the World*. Planché. Haymarket, December 17th, 1842.
- Weaker Sex (The)*. A. W. Pinero. Court, March 16th, 1889. (First produced at Theatre Royal, Manchester, September 28th, 1888.
- Weak Woman*. H. J. Byron. Strand, May 6th, 1875.
- Wealth*. H. A. Jones. Haymarket, April 27th, 1889.
- Weather Hen (The)*. Berte Thomas and Granville Barker. Terry's, June 29th, 1899.
- Wedding Eve (The)*. J. B. Howe. Britannia, April 8th, 1867.
- Wedding Gown*. Douglas Jerrold. Drury Lane, January 2nd, 1834.
- Wedding March (The)*. F. Latour Tomline. W. S. Gilbert. Court, November 15th, 1873.
- What Happened to Jones*. George H. Broadhurst. Strand, April 9th, 1898. Originally produced in America.
- What Will they say at Brompton?* Coyne. Olympic, November 23rd, 1857.
- What Will the World Say?* George Pleydell Bancroft. Terry's, January 26th, 1899.
- When a Man's in Love*. Anthony Hope and Edward Ross. Court, October 19th, 1898.
- Wheel of Fortune*. Sadlers' Wells. December 11th, 1858.
- Wheels within Wheels*. R. C. Carton. Court, May 23rd, 1899.
- Where's the Cat?* James Albery. Criterion, November 20th, 1880.
- Where's Your Wife?* Bridgeman. Strand, September 21st, 1863.
- Which is Which?* Theyre Smith. Court, July 10th, 1871.
- While there's Life there's Hope*. John Brougham. Strand, July 1st, 1863.
- Whiskey Demon, or The Dream of the Reveller (The)*. Pavilion, November 9th, 1867.
- Whitebait at Greenwich*. Maddison Morton. Adelphi, November 14th, 1853.
- White Boy*. Taylor. Olympic, September 27th, 1866.
- White Cat (The)*. Planché. Covent Garden, March 28th, 1842.
- White Cat (The)*. (Adapted by Henry S. Leigh.) Queen's, December 2nd, 1875.
- White Fawn (The)*. Adapted from "Biche au Bois," by F. C. Burnand. Holborn, April 13th, 1868.
- White Hat (The)*. Adelphi, April 14th, 1873.
- White Heather (The)*. Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton. Drury Lane, September 16th, 1897.

- White Hood (The)*. Planché. Lyceum, November 11th, 1850.
- White Lie (A)*. Sydney Grundy. Court, May 25th, 1889. (First produced at Theatre Royal, Nottingham, February 8th, 1889.)
- White Lie (A)*. (Revised version.) Sydney Grundy. Avenue, January 7th, 1893.
- White Phantom (The)*. Cecil Pitt. Marylebone, October 19th, 1867.
- White Pilgrim (The)*. Herman C. Merivale. Court, February 14th, 1874.
- White Rose (The)*. G. R. Sims and Robert Buchanan. Adelphi, April 23rd, 1892.
- Whittington*. H. B. Farnie. (Music by Offenbach.) Alhambra. December 26th, 1874.
- Who Did It, or The Tract of Crime*. Britannia, December 18th, 1867.
- Who Killed Cock Robin?* Charles Mathews. Haymarket, November 13th, 1865.
- Whose the Heir?* (Music by Virginia Gabriel.) (Libretto by G. March.) Gallery of Illustration, March 5th, 1869.
- Who's to Win Him?* T. J. Williams. Lyceum, January 20th, 1868.
- Who's Your Friend?* Planché. Haymarket, August 22nd, 1843.
- Why Smith Left Home*. George H. Broadhurst. Strand, May 1st, 1899. (Original English production. New Grand, Margate, April 27th, 1899.)
- Wicked World (The)*. W. S. Gilbert. Haymarket, January 4th, 1873.
- Widowers' Houses*. Bernard Shaw. Royalty, December 9th, 1893.
- Widow's Wedding (The)*. Edward Fitzball. St. James's, October 1st, 1859.
- Widow's Weeds*. John Oxenford and Horace Wigan. Strand, March 19th, 1870.
- Wife (The)*. Sheridan Knowles. Covent Garden, April, 1833.
- Wife's Dentist (My)*. Wilks. Haymarket, 1840.
- Wife's Maid (My)*. Williams. Adelphi, August 8th, 1864.
- Wife of Mantua*. Sheridan Knowles. Lyceum, March 21st, 1836.
- Wife's Portrait (The)*. Westland Marston. Haymarket, March 10th, 1862.
- Wife's Sacrifice (A)*. (Adapted by Sydney Grundy and Sutherland Edwards from D'Ennery and Tarbe's "Martyre!") St. James's, May 25th, 1886.
- Wife's Second Floor*. Maddison Morton. Princess's, June 22nd, 1843.
- Wife's Secret (The)*. George W. Lovell. Haymarket, January 17th, 1848.
- Wife Well Won (A)*. Edmund Falconer. Haymarket, December 30th, 1867.
- Wife and No Wife*. H. A. Heraud. Haymarket, July 23rd, 1855.
- Wig and Gown*. James Albery. Globe, April 6th, 1874.
- Wild Charley*. C. H. Hazlewood. Britannia, October 28th, 1867.

- Wild Duck (The)*. Ibsen. Royalty. (Independent Theatre performance.) May 5th, 1894.
- Wildfire*. H. B. Farnie and R. Reece. Alhambra, December 24th, 1877.
- Wild Goose (A)*. John Lester Wallack. (Edited by Dion Boucicault.) Haymarket, April 29th, 1867.
- Wild Rabbit (The)*. George Arliss. Criterion, July 25th, 1899.
- William Simpson*. Percy Fitzgerald. Olympic, December, 1872.
- William Tell*. Arthur J. O'Neil. Sadlers' Wells, October 19th, 1867.
- William Tell Told Again*. R. Reece. Gaiety, December 21st, 1876.
- William Tell with a Vengeance*. Henry J. Byron. Strand, October 5th, 1867.
- William and Susan*. W. G. Wills. St. James's, October 9th, 1880.
- Willikins and His 'Dinah*. Stirling Coyne. Haymarket, March 16th, 1854.
- Willow Marsh*. Adolphe Fauquez. Sadlers' Wells, October 9th, 1862.
- Will of Wise King Kino (The)*. James Albery. Princess's, September 13th, 1873.
- Windsor Castle*. Burnand. (Music by Frank Musgrave.) Strand, June 5th, 1865.
- Winning Card (The)*. (Adapted from the French.) A. Wood. Haymarket, October 14th, 1867.
- Winning Suit*. Lewis Filmore. February 19th, 1863.
- Witch (The)*. (Adapted from "Die Hexe" of Fitger by C. Marsham Rae. Princess's, April 26th, 1887.
- Witch Finder (The)*. Buchanan. Sadlers' Wells, October 8th, 1864.
- With Flying Colours*. Seymour Hicks and Fred. G. Latham. Adelphi, August 19th, 1899.
- Without Love*. Edmund Yates and A. W. Dubourg. Olympic, December 16th, 1872.
- Wives as They Were and Maids as They Are*. Mrs. Inchbald. Olympic, November 24th, 1856.
- Wizard of the Wilderness (The)*. Gaiety, March 8th, 1873.
- Wolf in Sheep's Clothing (A)*. Tom Taylor. Lyceum, February, 1857.
- Woman*. Boucicault. Covent Garden, October 2nd, 1843.
- Woman (The) I Adore*. J. M. Morton. Haymarket, October 9th, 1852.
- Woman of Business (A)*. Webster. Adelphi, August 29th, 1864.
- Woman of No Importance (A)*. Oscar Wilde. Haymarket, April 19th, 1893.
- Woman, or Love Against the World*. Falconer. Lyceum, August 22nd, 1861.
- Woman in Mauve (The)*. Watts Phillips. Haymarket, March 18th, 1865.
- Woman of the People (The)*. Benjamin Webster, junior. Olympic, August 5th, 1878.
- Woman's Revenge (A)*. Henry Pettitt. Adelphi, July 1st, 1893.

- Woman's Whim (A)*. Walter Stephens. (Amateur performance.) St. George's Hall, December 3rd, 1867.
- Woman in White (The)*. Wilkie Collins. Olympic, October 9th, 1871.
- Woman's Wit, or Love's Disguises*. Sheridan Knowles. Covent Garden, May 23rd, 1838.
- Woman of the World (The)*. Stirling Coyne. Olympic, February 17th, 1868.
- Women, or Love Against the World*. Lyceum, August, 1861.
- Won by a Head*. Tom Taylor. Queen's, March 29th, 1869.
- Won at Last*. Wybert Reeve. Charing Cross, October 30th, 1869.
- Wonderful Duck (The)*. (Translated by Charles Lamb Kenney.) Opera Comique, May 31st, 1873.
- Wood-Barrow Farm*. Jerome K. Jerome. Comedy, June 18th, 1888.
- Woodcock's Little Game*. M. Morton. St. James's, October 6th, 1864.
- Working the Oracle*. Blanchard. Princess's, March 6th, 1862.
- Workmen of Paris (The), or The Dramas of the Wine Shop*. Adelphi, November 30th, 1864.
- World (The)*. Paul Meritt, Henry Pettitt, and Augustus Harris. Drury Lane, July 31st, 1880.
- World (The), and the Stage*. Palgrave Simpson. Haymarket, March 12th, 1859.
- Wreck Ashore (The)*. Buckstone. Haymarket, October, 1830.
- Wrecked, but not Lost*. C. H. Stephenson. City of London, November 9th, 1867.
- Wrinkles, a Tale of Time*. H. J. Byron. Prince of Wales, April 13th, 1876.
- Yellow Dwarf (The), and The King of the Gold Mines*. Planché. Olympic, December 26th, 1854.
- Yellow Passport (The)*. Henry Neville. Olympic, November 7th, 1868.
- Yeomen of the Guard (The), or The Merryman and His Maid*. W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. Savoy, October 3rd, 1888.
- Yorick's Love*. (Adapted from the Spanish by W. D. Howells.) Lyceum, April 12th, 1884. (Originally produced in America.)
- Young Folks' Ways*. Mrs. Burnett and W. H. Gillette. St. James's, October 20th, 1883. (Originally produced in the United States under the title of "Esmeralda.")
- Young and Handsome*. Planché. Olympic, December 26th, 1856.
- Young Hearts and Old Heads*. Boucicault. Haymarket, November 18th, 1844.
- Young Husbands*. Mr. Bingham. (Pseudonym of John Daly.) Sadler's Wells, September 10th, 1852.
- Young Lad from the Country (A)*. Oxenford. Drury Lane, November 21st, 1864.
- Young Man in Green (The), or The Volunteer Review*. T. J. Williams. Lyceum, February 1st, 1869.



*Young Mrs. Winthrop.* Bronson Howard. Court, November 6th, 1884.

(Originally produced in America, a copyright performance having been given at the Theatre Royal, Marylebone, September 21st, 1882.)

*Young Rip Van Winkle.* R. Reece. Folly, April 17th, 1876.

*Young Widow (The).* St. James's, September 29th, 1837.

*Your Vote and Interest.* Alfred Maltby. Court, February 4th, 1874.

*Youth.* Paul Meritt and Augustus Harris. Drury Lane, August 6th, 1881.

*Yule Log (The).* B. Webster. Adelphi, February 17th, 1873.

*Zampa, or The Buccaneer and the Little Dear.* T. F. Plowman. Court, October 2nd, 1872.

*Zillah.* Palgrave Simpson and Claude Templar. Lyceum, August 2nd, 1879.

*Zoo (The).* R. Rowe. (Music by Arthur Sullivan.) St. James's, June 5th, 1875.

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